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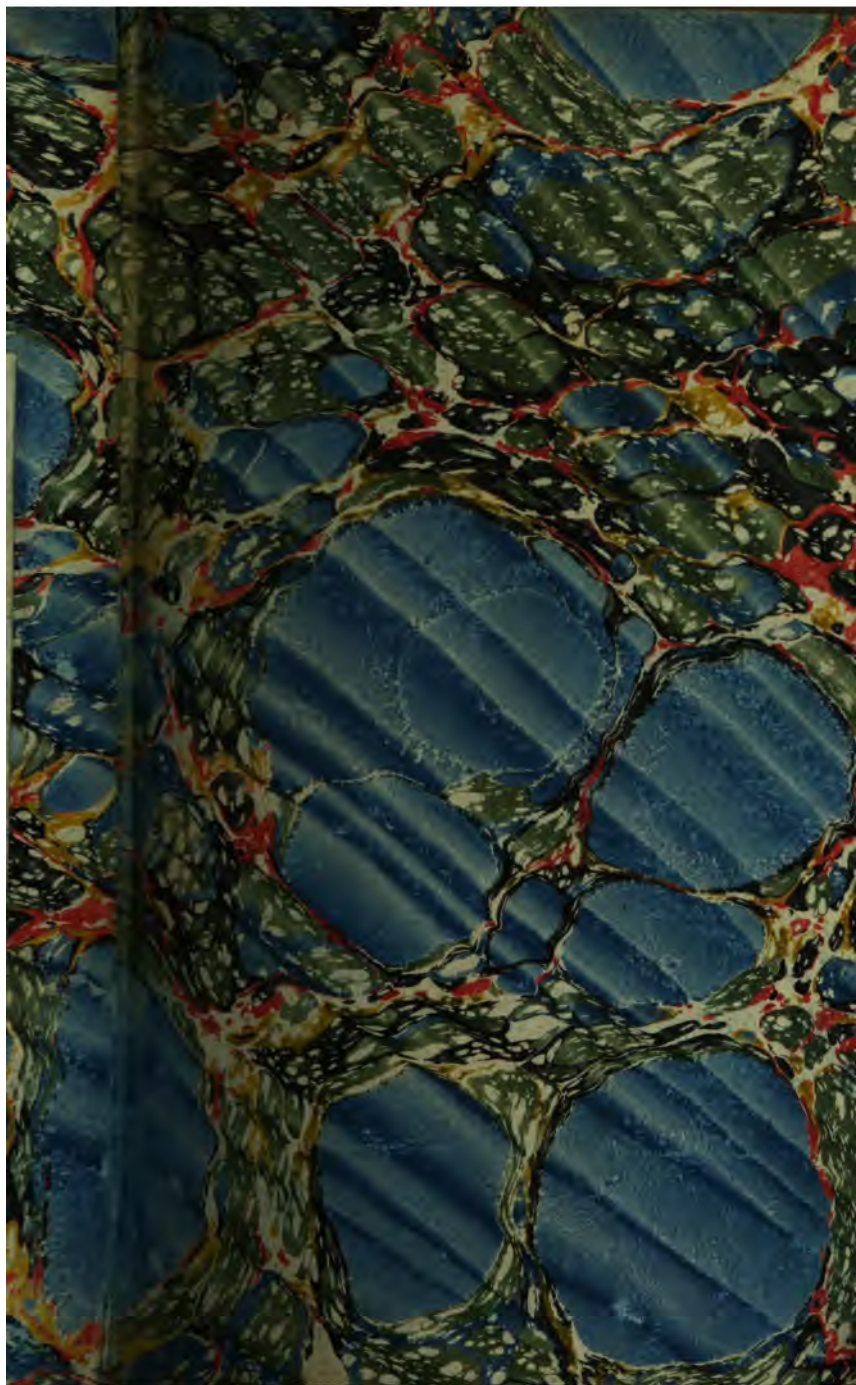
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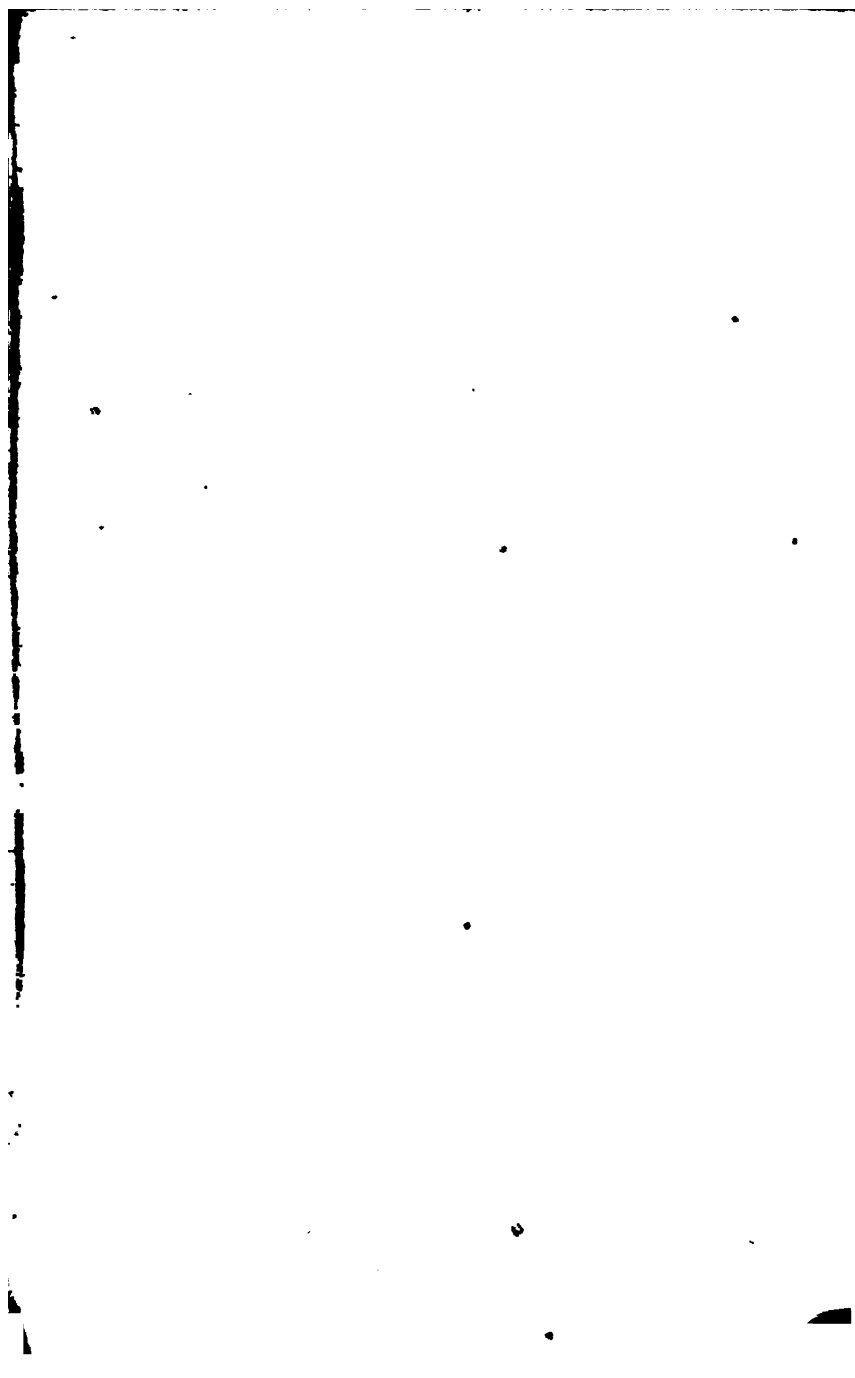
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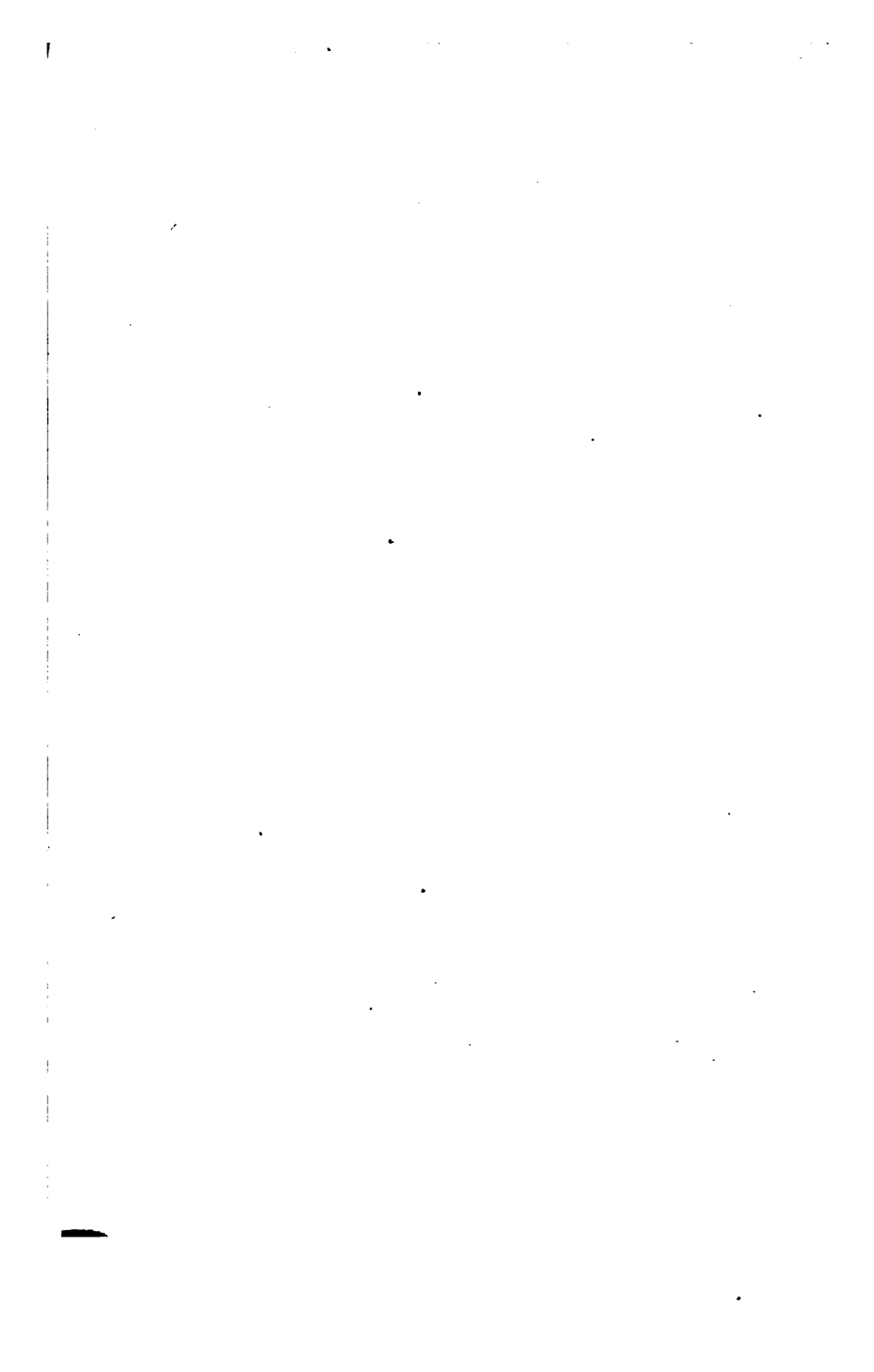
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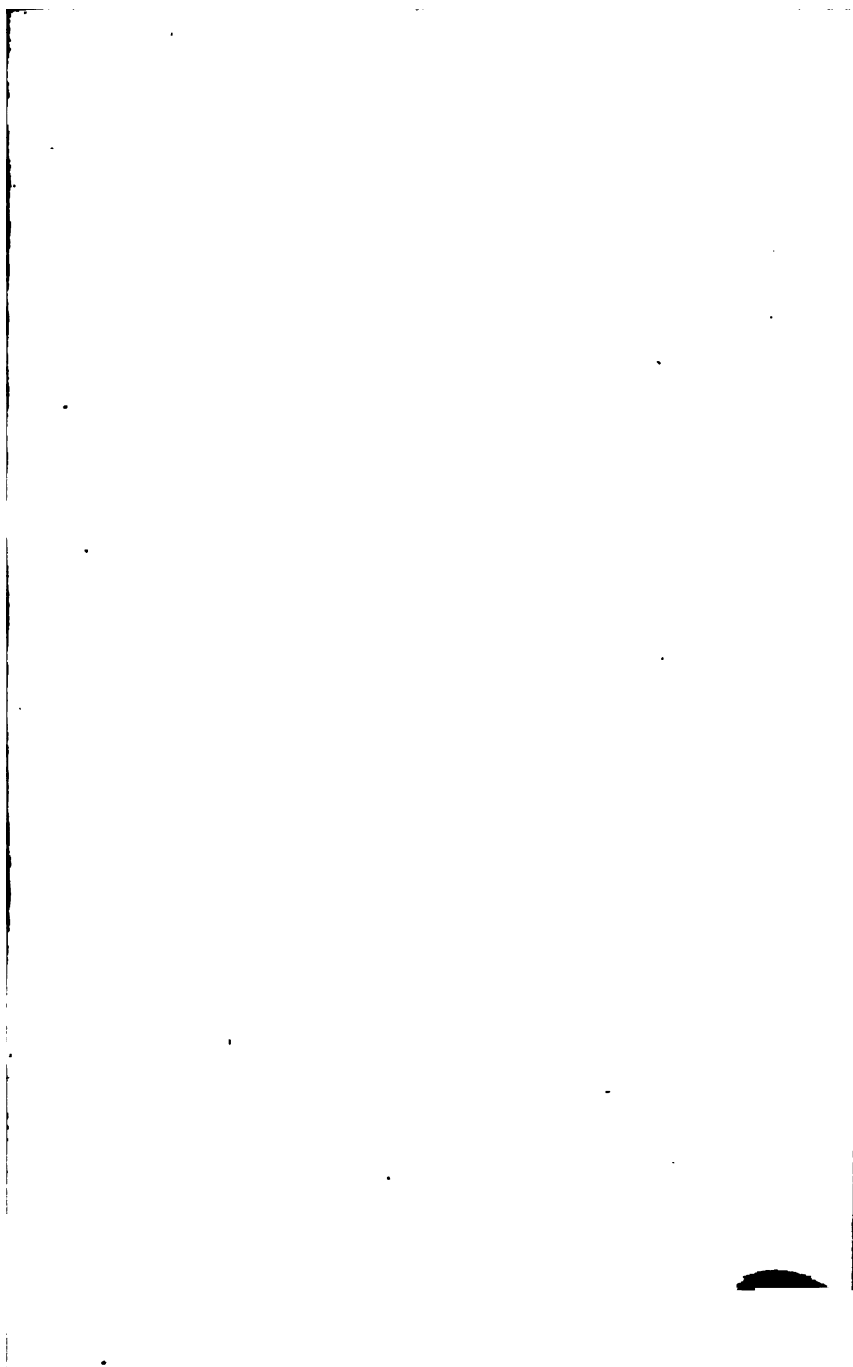


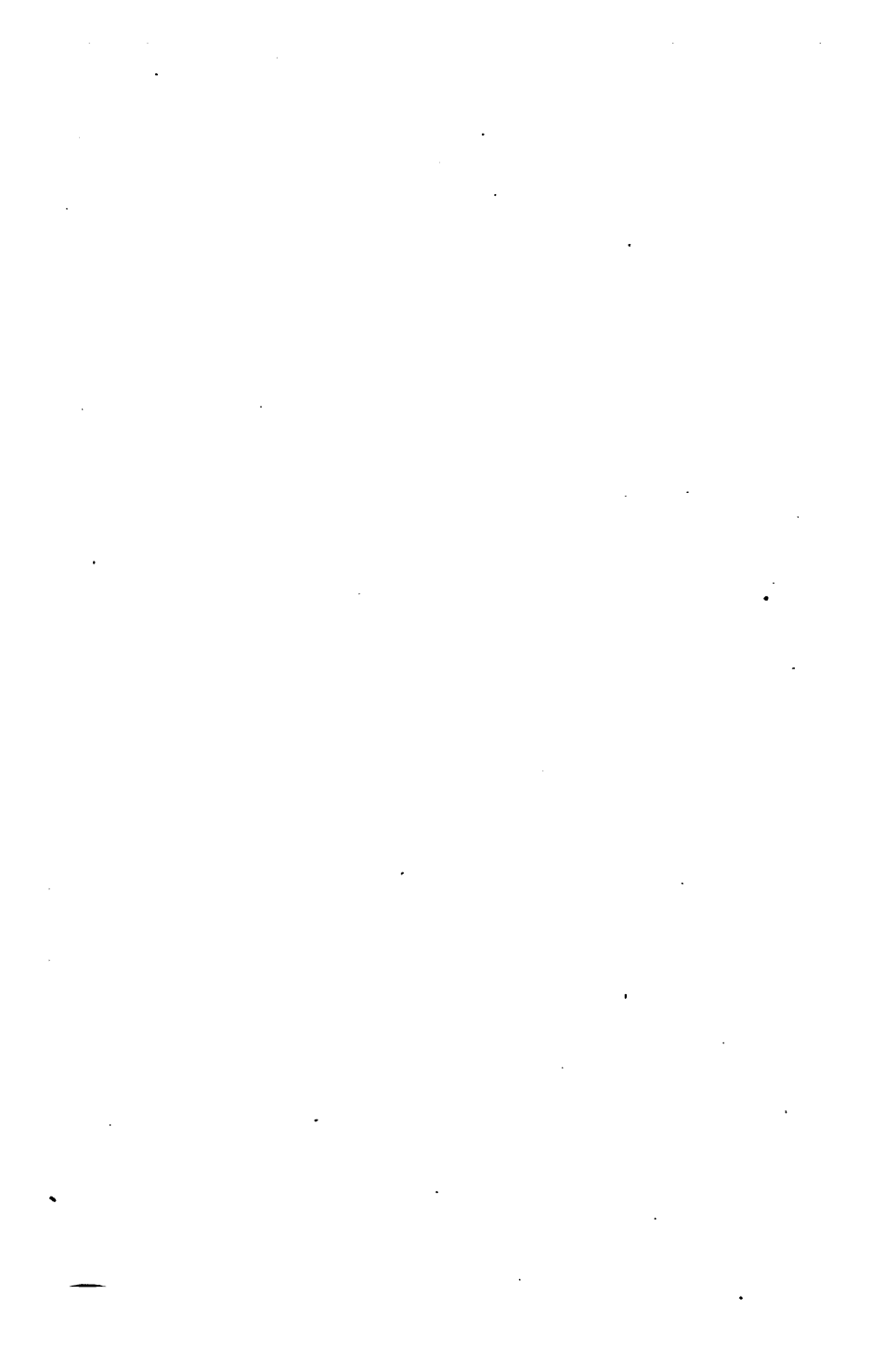












A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW EDITION:

WITH
ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE
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AND THE EDITOR.

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M.DCCC.XXV.

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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME V.

THE MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE.

LINGUA: OR, THE COMBAT OF THE TONGUE AND
THE FIVE SENSES.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

RAM-ALLEY: OR, MERRY TRICKS.

M.DCCC.XXV.



THE
MISERIES
OF
INFORCED MARRIAGE.

VOL. V.

B



GEORGE WILKINS, like many other minor poets of his time, hath had no memorials concerning him transmitted to us. He wrote no Play alone, except that which is here reprinted; but he joined with John Day and William Rowley, in *The Travels of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, an Historical Play*, printed in 4to, 1607. He was also the Author of *Three Miseries of Barbary, Plague, Famine, Civill Warre*. 4to. B. L. No date.*

¹ Catalogue of the Library of John Hutton. Sold at Essex-House, 1764, p. 121.

* The whole title of the tract, which Mr. Reed does not appear to have seen, as he quotes it only from a sale catalogue, is as follows :—

“Three Miseries of Barbary—Plague, Famine, Civill Warre: with a relation of the death of Mahamet the late Emperour; and a brief report of the now present wars between the three brothers. Printed by W. J. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold in Paternoster Rowe, at the signe of the Sunne.”

It is without date, and the name of the author, Geo. Wilkins, is subscribed to a dedication, “To the right worshipfull the whole Company of Barbary Merchants.” The tract is written in an ambitious stile, and the descriptions are often striking; but there is nothing but the similarity of name to connect it with *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir FRANCIS ILFORD.

WENTLOE.

BARTLEY.

WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

THOMAS SCARBOROW, } *his Brothers.*

JOHN SCARBOROW,

Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Lord FALCONBRIDGE.

Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Doctor BAXTER.

GRIPE, *the Usurer.*

BUTLER.

CLOWN.

SECRETARY.

STEWARD.

PAGE.

CHILDREN.

CLARE, *Daughter to Sir John Harcop.*

KATHERINE, *Wife to William Scarborow.*

SISTER to William Scarborow.

THE
MISERIES
OF
INFORCED MARRIAGE.*

*Enter Sir FRANCIS ILFORD, WENTLOE, and
BARTLEY.*

Bartley. BUT Frank, Frank, now we are come to the house, what shall we make to be our business?

Ilford. Tut, let us be impudent enough, and good enough.

Wentloe. We have no acquaintance here, but young Scarborow.

Ilford. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee, Wentloe, thou art not worthy to wear ³gilt spurs, clean linen, nor good cloaths.

* "This Comedy (as Langbaine improperly calls it) has been a great part of it revived by Mrs. Behn, under the title of *The Town Fop, or Sir Timothy Tawdry*."

³ *gilt spurs*] These were among the articles of extravagance in which the youth of the times used to indulge themselves. They are mentioned by Fennor, in *The Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 32. "—thinks himselfe much graced (as to be much beholding to them) as to be entertained among gallants, that were wrapt up in satten suites, cloakes lined with velvet, that scorned to weare any other then beaver hats and gold bands, rich swords and scarfes, silke stockings and gold fringed garters, or russet bootes and *gilt spurres*; and so compleate cape ape, that he almost dares take his corporal oath the worst of them is worth (at least) a thousand a yeare, when heaven knowes the best of them all for a month, nay, sometimes a yeare together, have their pockets worse furnished then Chandelors boxes, that have nothing but two-pences, pence, halfe pence, and leaden tokens in them."

Wentloe. Why, for God's sake?

Ilford. By this hand, thou art not a man fit to table at an ordinary, keep knights company to bawdy-houses, nor beggar thy taylor.

Wentloe. Why, then, I am free from cheaters, clear from the pox, and escape curses.

Ilford. Why, dost thou think there is any Christians in the world?

Wentloe. I, and Jews too, brokers, puritans, and sergeants.

Ilford. Or dost thou mean to beg after charity, that goes in a cold suit already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here? I tell thee, Wentloe, thou canst not live on this side of the world, feed well, 'drink tobacco, and be honoured into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men; I, and so far in too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bartley. True, and then you shall be accounted a gallant of good credit.

Enter CLOWN.

Ilford. But stay, here is a scrape-trencher arrived: How now ^bblue bottle, are you of the house?

Clown. I have heard of many black jacks, sir, but never of a blue bottle.

Ilford. Well, sir, are you of the house?

^a *drink tobacco*] See Note 38 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, vol. III.

The following quotation from the "Perfumung of Tobacco, and "the great abuse committed in it," 1611, shews in opposition to Mr. Gilchrist's conjecture (*Vide* vol. III. §99) that *drinking* tobacco did not mean extracting the juice by chewing it, but refers to drawing and drinking the smoke of it. "The smoke of tobacco (the which Dodoneus called rightly Henbane of Peru) *drunke* and *drawen*, by a pipe, filleth the membranes (*meninges*) of the braine and astonisheth and filleth many persons with such joy and pleasure, and sweet losse of senses, that they can by no means be without it." In fact to *drink* tobacco was only another term for *smoaking* it, and in addition to the quotations in Note 38 of the *Honest Whore* many others might be brought forward. C.

^b *blue bottle*] Alluding to the colour of the habits of servants. See Note 8 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Clown. No, sir, I am twenty yards without, and the house stands without me.

Bartley. Pr'ythee tell's who 'owes this building?

Clown. He that dwells in it, sir.

Iford. Who dwells in it then?

Clown. He that owes it.

Iford. What's his name?

Clown. I was none of his god-father.

Iford. Does master Scarborow lie here?

Clown. I'll give you a rime for that, sir:
Sick men may lie, and dead men in their graves,
Few else do lie abed at noon, but drunkards, punks,
and knaves.

Iford. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clown. What am I the better for thy question?

Iford. Why nothing.

Clown. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Wentloe. S'blood this is a philosophical fool.

Clown. Then I, that am a fool by art, am better than you that are fools by nature. [*Exit.*]

Scarborow. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Iford. And well encountered my little villain of fifteen hundred a year. S'foot what makest thou here in this barren soil of the North, when thy honest friends miss thee at London?

Scarborow. Faith, gallants, 'tis the country where my father lived, where first I saw the light, and where I am loved.

Iford. Lov'd, aye as courtiers love usurers, and that is just as long as they lend them money. Now dare I lay—

Wentloe. None of your land, good knight, for that is laid to mortgage already.

Iford. I dare lay with any man that will take me up.

Wentloe. Who list to have a lubberly load.

[*Sings this.**]

* *owes* i. e. owns. See Note 27 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

* The omission of this stage direction, which is found in the old copies, has hitherto rendered what follows it unintelligible. Per-

Ilford. Sirrah wag, this rogue was son and heir to Antony Now-now, and Blind Moon. And he must needs be a scurvy musician, that hath two fiddlers to his fathers: but tell me in faith, art thou not, nay I know thou art, call'd down into the country here by some hoary knight or other, who, knowing thee a young gentleman of good parts, and a great living, hath desired thee to see some pitiful piece of his workmanship, a daughter I mean: is't not so?

Scarborow. About some such preferment I came down.

Ilford. Preferment's a good word: And when do you commence into the cuckold's order, the preferment you speak of? ⁷ when shall we have gloves: when, when?

Scarborow. Faith, gallants. I have been guest here but since last night.

Ilford. Why, and that is time enough to make up a dozen marriages, as marriages are made up now-a-days. For look you, sir: the father, according to the fashion, being sure you have a good living, and without incumbrance, comes to you thus:—takes you by the hand thus:—wipes his long beard thus:—or turns up his mustacho thus:—walks some turn or two thus:—to shew his comely gravity thus:—And having wash'd his foul mouth thus:—at last breaks out thus.—

Wentloe. O God! let us hear no more of this?

Ilford. Master Scarborow, you are a young gentleman; I knew your father well, he was my worshipful good neighbour, for our demeans lay near together. Then sir,—you and I must be of more near acquaintance.—At which, you must make an eruption thus:—O God (sweet sir)—

Bartley. S'foot, the knight would have made an excellent Zany, in an Italian comedy.

Ilford. Then he goes forward thus: Sir, myself am lord of some thousand a year, a widower, (master

haps, "Who list to have a lubberly load," is a line in some old ballad. C.

⁷ *When shall we have gloves?* A custom still observed at weddings.

Scarborow) I have a couple of young gentlewomen to my daughters, a thousand a year will do well divided among them; ha, wilt not master Scarborow?—At which you out of your education must reply thus.—The portion will deserve them worthy husbands: on which tinder he soon takes fire, and swears you are the man his hopes shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Wentloe. If I did not like her, should he swear himself* to the devil, I would make him forsworn.

Ilford. Then putting you, and the young pugs too, in a close room together—

Wentloe. If he should lie with her there, is not the father partly the bawd?

Ilford. Where the young puppet, having the lesson before from the old fox, gives the son half a dozen warm kisses, which after her father's oaths, takes such impression in thee, thou straight call'st by Jesu, mistress, I love you:—when she has the wit to ask, But, sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy cock sparrow humour replyest, I (before God) as I am a gentleman will I; which the father over-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, swears he is glad to see this; nay, he will have you contracted straight, and for a need makes the priest of himself.

Thus in one hour, from a quiet life,

Thou art sworn in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bartley. But can they love one another so soon?

Ilford. Oh, it is no matter now-a-days for love; 'tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Wentloe. But will your father do this too, if he know the gallant breathes himself at some two or three bawdy houses in a morning?

Ilford. Oh the sooner; for that and the land together, tell the old lad, he will know the better how to deal with his daughter.

The wise and ancient fathers know this rule,

Should both wed maids, the child would be a fool.

* "Himself," omitted by Mr. Reed, and restored now from the old copy of 1611. C.

Come wag, if thou hast gone no further than into the ordinary fashion, meet, see and kiss, give over : marry not a wife to have a hundred plagues for one pleasure : let's to London, there's variety : and change of pasture makes fat calves.

Scarborow. But change of women bald knaves, sir knight.

Ilford. Wag, and thou beest a lover but three days, thou wilt be heartless, sleepless, witless, mad, wretched, miserable, and indeed a stark fool. And by that thou hast been married but three weeks, though thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wouldst be a man monstrous, a cuckold, a cuckold.

Bartley. And why is a cuckold monstrous, knight ?

Ilford. Why, because a man is made a beast by being married. Take but example thyself from the moon, as soon as she is delivered of her great belly, doth she not point at the world with a pair of horns, as who should say, Married men, ye are cuckolds.

Scarborow. I construe more divinely of their sex : Being maids, methinks they are angels ; and being wives,

They are sovereigns, cordials that preserve our lives,*
They are like our hands that feed us ; this is clear,
They renew man, as spring renews the year.

Ilford. There's ne'er a wanton wench that hears thee, but thinks thee a coxcomb for saying so : marry none of them ; if thou wilt have their true characters, I'll give it thee.—Women are the purgatory of men's purses, the paradise of their bodies, and the hell of their minds ; marry none of them. * Women are in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils. Here are married men enough, know this : marry none of them.

* It has been suggested with some plausibility that we should read this line

" They are sovereign cordials that preserve our lives."

But the quarto has it as it is printed in the text. C.

* Women are in churches, &c.] See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Othello*. A. 2. S. 1.

Scarborow. Men that traduce by custom, shew sharp wit

Only in speaking ill; and practise it
Against the best of creatures, divine women,
Who are God's agents here, and the heavenly eye
By which this orb hath her maturity:
Beauty in women gets the world with child,
Without whom she were barren faint and wild.
They are the stems on which do angels grow,
From whence virtue is stil'd, and arts do flow.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP, and his daughter CLARE.

Iford. Let them be what flowers they will; and they were roses, I will pluck none of them for pricking my fingers. But soft, here comes a voider for us: and I see, do what I can, as long as the world lasts, there will be cuckolds in it. Do you hear, child, here's one come to blend you together: he has brought you a kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands.

Though thou hadst Argus' eyes, be sure of this,
Women have sworn with more than one to kiss.

Harcop. Nay, no parting, gentlemen. *Hem.*

Wentloe. S'foot does he make punks of us, that he hems already?

Harcop. Gallants,
Know old John Harcop keeps a wine cellar,
Has travel'd, been at court, known fashions,
And unto all bear habit like yourselves,
The shapes of gentlemen, and men of sort,
I have a health to give them ere they part.

Wentloe. Health knight, not as drunkards give their healths I hope; to go together by the ears when they have done?

Harcop. My healths are welcome: welcome, gentlemen.

Iford. Are we welcome, knight, in faith?

Harcop. Welcome in faith, sir.

Iford. Pr'ythee tell me, hast not thou been a whore-master?

Harcop. In youth I swill'd my fill at Venus' cup,
Instead of full draughts now I am fain to sup.

Ilford. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:

Dost thou hear he is a good fellow of our stamp?
Make much of his father. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent SCARBOROW and CLARE.

Scarborow. The father and the gallants have left me here with a gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her I am a villain: heaven grant her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex, but to speak to me first: for, by this hand, I have not so much steel of immodesty in my face, to parley to a wench without blushing. I'll walk by her, in hope she can open her teeth.—Not a word?—Is it not strange a man should be in a woman's company all this while and not hear her tongue.—I'll go further.—God of his goodness! not a syllable. I think if I should take up her cloaths too, she would say nothing to me.—With what words, trow, does a man begin to woo. Gentlewoman, pray you what is't a clock?

Clare. Troth, sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I answer you: I cannot tell.

Scarborow. And if you cannot tell, beauty, I take the adage for my reply: you are naught to keep sheep.

Clare. Yet I am big enough to keep myself.

Scarborow. Pr'ythee tell me: are you not a woman?

Clare. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scarborow. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clare. To distinguish betwixt himself and myself.

Scarborow. Why, I am a man.

Clare. That's more than I know, sir.

Scarborow. To approve I am no less: thus I kiss thee.

Clare. And by that proof I am a man too, for I have kist you.

Scarborow. Pr'ythee tell me, can you love?

Clare. O lord, sir, three or four things: I love my meat, choice of suiters, cloaths in the fashion, and, like a right woman, I love to have my will.

Scarborow. What think you of me for a husband?

Clare. Let me first know, what you think of me for a wife?

Scarborow. Troth, I think you are a proper gentlewoman.

Clare. Do you but think so?

Scarborow. Nay, I see you are a very perfect proper gentlewoman.

Clare. It is great pity then I should be alone without a proper man.

Scarborow. Your father says I shall marry you.

Clare. And I say God forbid, sir: alas! I am a great deal too young.

Scarborow. I love thee by my troth.

Clare. O pray you do not so; for then you stray from the steps of gentility, the fashion among them is to marry first, and love after by leisure.

Scarborow. That I do love thee, here by heaven I swear

And call it as a witness to this kiss.

Clare. You will not inforce me I hope, sir?

Scarborow. Make me this woman's husband! thou art my Clare,

Accept my heart, and prove as chaste as fair.

Clare. O God! you are too hot in your gifts; should I accept them, we should have you plead nonage, some half a year hence, sue for reversement, and say the deed was done under age.

Scarborow. Pr'ythee do not jest.

Clare. No (God is my record) I speak in earnest: and desire to know

Whether ye mean to marry me, yea or no?

Scarborow. This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.

Clare. For better, for worse?

Scarborow. Aye, till death us ^odepart, love.*

Clare. Why, then, I thank you, sir, and now I am like to have

That I long look'd for : A husband.

How soon from our own tongues is the word said,

Captives our maiden-freedom to a head.

Scarborow. Clare, you are now mine, and I must let you know,

What every wife doth to her husband owe :

To be a wife, is to be dedicate,

Not to a youthful course, wild, and unsteady,

But to the soul of virtue, obedience,

Studying to please, and never to offend.

Wives have two eyes created, not like birds

To roam about at pleasure, but for two centinels,

To watch their husbands' safety as their own.

Two hands; one's to feed him, the other herself :

Two feet; and one of them is their husbands.

They have two of every thing, only of one,

Their chastity, that should be his alone.

Their very thoughts they cannot term ^{to} their own,

Maids being once made wives, can nothing call

^o depart] i. e. part. In this sense the word was formerly used, as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7.:

"Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money, &c."

Cynthia's Revels, A. 1. S. 4.: "— it is a relick I could not so easily have *departed* with."

Ibid. A. 2. S. 4.: "— he will not *depart* with the weight of a soldered crown."

Ibid. A. 4. S. 2.: "I have denied it Princes; nevertheless to you (the true female twins of perfection) I am won to *depart* with all."

The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakspear and Fletcher, A. 2. S. 1.:

"I may *depart* with little while I live."

* This is obviously quoted from the marriage ceremony: as Mr. Todd has shewn, the dissenters in 1661 did not understand *depart* in the sense of *separate*, which led to the alteration of the Liturgy, "till death us *do part*." In the *Salisbury Manual* of 1555 it stands thus—"I, N, take thee, M, to my wedded wyf to have and to holde fro this day forwarde, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sicknesse and in hele, tyl deth us *departs*."

C.

^{to} them one. First Edition; and it is followed in the 2d edition.

Rightly their own ; they are their husbands all :

If such a wife you can prepare to be,

Clare, I am yours : and you are fit for me.

Clare. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.

Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,

Cloath them in winter, tender them in age :

Or as ewes love unto their eanlings lives,
Such should be husband's custom to their wives.

If it appear to them they have straid amiss,

They only must rebuke them with a kiss ;

Or clock them, as hens' chickens, with kind call,

Cover them under their wing, and' pardon all :

No jars must make two beds, no strife divide them,

Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is given,

Death only parts, since they are knit by heaven :

If such a husband you intend to be,

I am your Clare, and you are fit for me.

Scarborow. By heaven—

Clare. Advise before you swear, let me remember
you,

Men never give their faith and promise marriage,

But heaven records their oath : if they prove true,

Heaven smiles for joy ; if not it weeps for you :

Unless your heart, then, with your words agree,

Yet let us part, and let us both be free.

Scarborow. If ever man, in swearing love, swore true,
My words are like to his. Here comes your father.

*Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP, ILFORD, WENTLOE, BART-
LEY, and BUTLER.*

Harcop. Now, master Scarborow.

Scarborow. Prepar'd to ask how you like that we
have done,

Your daughter's made my wife, and I your son.

Harcop. And both agreed so ?

Both. We are, sir.

Harcop. Then long may you live together, have store
of sons !

Ilford. 'Tis no matter who is the father.

Harcop. But, son, here is a man of yours is come from London.

Butler. And brought you letters, sir.

Scarborow. What news from London, Butler?

Butler. The old news, sir, the ordinaries are full of cheaters, some citizens are bankrupts, and many gentlemen beggars.

Scarborow. Clare here is an unwelcome pursuivant; My lord and guardian writes to me, with speed I must return to London.

Harcop. And you being ward to him, son Scarborow, And know him great, it fits that you obey him.

*Scarborow.** It does, it does, for by an ancient law, We are born free heirs, but kept like slaves in awe. Who are for London, Gallants?

Ilford. Switch and Spur, we will bear you company.

Scarborow. Clare, I must leave thee, with what unwillingness,

Witness this dwelling kiss upon thy lip;
And though I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my heart doth in thy bosom lie;
Three years I am yet a ward, which time I'll pass,
Making thy faith my constant looking-glass,
Till when—

Clare. Till when you please, where'er you live or lie,
Your love's here worn, your presence in my eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LORD FALCONBRIDGE, and Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Lord. Sir William,
How old say you is your kinsman, Scarborow?

William. Eighteen, my lord, next Pentecost.

Lord. Bethink you, good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout myself; so by that account
There's full three winters yet he must attend,
Under our awe, before he sue his livery:
Is it not so?

* By a misprint the three following lines have been till now given to Harcop. C.

" equal] even. First edition.

William. Not a day less, my lord.

Lord. Sir William, you are his uncle, and I must speak

That am his guardian; would I had a son
Might merit commendations "equal with him.
I'll tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where caterpillar vice dare not to touch:
He is himself with so much gravity,
Praise cannot praise him with hyperbole:
He is one whom older look upon as on a book,
Wherein are printed noble sentences
For them to rule their lives by. Indeed he is one,
All emulate his virtues, hate him none.

William. His friends are proud to hear this good of him.

Lord. And yet sir William being as he is,
Young, and unsettled, though of virtuous thoughts,
By genuine disposition, yet our eyes
See daily precedents, hopeful gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their own will,
Divert the good is look'd from them to ill;
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note:
With company they keep, such revelling
With panders, parasites, prodigies of knaves,
That they sell all, even their old fathers graves.
Which to prevent, we'll match him to a wife,
Marriage restrains the scope of single life.

William. My lord speaks like a father for my kinsman.

Lord. And I have found him one of noble parentage,
A niece of mine; nay I have broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure
As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleased of all that's hers to make him king.

William. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor BAXTER.

Lord. Also I have appointed doctor Baxter,
Chancellor of Oxford, to attend me here:

"equal] even. First Edition.

And see he is come. Good master doctor.

Baxter. My honourable lord.

William. ¹² I have possess'd you with this business,
master doctor.

Baxter. To see the contract 'twixt your honoured
niece

And master Scarborough.

Lord. 'Tis so, and I did look for him by this.

Baxter. I saw him leave his horse as I came up.

Lord. So, so.

Then he will be here forthwith: you, master Baxter,
Go usher hither straight young Katherine,
Sir William here and I will keep this room
Till you return.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scarborow. My ¹³ honourable lord.

Lord. 'Tis well done, Scarborough.

Scarborow. Kind uncle.

William. Thanks, my good coz.

Lord. You have been welcome in your country,
Yorkshire?

Scarborow. The time that I spent there, my lord,
was merry.

Lord. 'Twas well, 'twas very well! and in your ab-
sence,

Your uncle here and I have been bethinking
What gift 'twixt us we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With fair increase, as from a crystal spring.

Enter DOCTOR and KATHERINE.

Scarborow. My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands have been to me like bounties purse,
Never shut up; yourself my foster-nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, prove me so rude,
But I'll accept, to shun ingratitude.

Lord. We accept thy promise, now return thee this,
A virtuous wife, accept her with a kiss.

¹² I have possess'd you] See Note 7 to *The City Night-cap*, vol. XI.

¹³ honourable] honoured. Second and third editions.

Scarborow. My honourable lord.

Lord. Fear not to take her, man: she will fear neither,

Do what thou canst being both abed together.

Scarborow. O but, my lord.

Lord. But me? a dog of wax! come kiss, and agree, Your friends have thought it fit, and it must be.

Scarborow. I have no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord. How, sawce-box?

Scarborow. O pardon me, my lord, the unripeness of my years,

Too green for government, is old in fears

To undertake that charge.

Lord. Sir, sir, and sir knave, then here is a mellowed experience knows how to teach you.

Scarborow. O God.

Lord. O Jack,

¹⁴ Have both our cares, your uncle and myself, Sought, studied, found out, and for your good, A maid, a niece of mine, both fair and chaste; And must we stand at your discretion?

Scarborow. O good, my lord,

Had I two souls, then might I have two wives:

Had I two faiths, then had I one for her;

Having of both but one, that one is given

To Sir John Harcop's daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, what's that? let me hear that again.

Scarborow. To Sir John Harcop's Clare I have made an oath.

Part me in twain, yet she's one half of both.

This hand, the which I wear, it is half hers:

Such power hath faith and troth 'twixt couples young,

Death only cuts that knot tied with the tongue.

Lord. And have you knit that knot, sir?

Scarborow. I have done so much, that if I wed not her,

My marriage makes me an adulterer:

In which black sheets I wallow all my life,

My babes being bastards, and a whore my wife.

Enter SECRETARY.

Lord. Ha, is't even so? my Secretary there,
Write me a letter straight to sir John Harcop,
I'll see, sir Jack, and if that Harcop dare,
Being my ward, contract you to his daughter.

[Exit Secretary.]

Enter STEWARD.

My steward too, post you to Yorkshire,
Where lies my youngster's land: and, sirrah,
Fell me his wood, make havock, spoil and waste.

[Exit Steward.]

Sir, you shall know that you are ward to me,
I'll make you poor enough: then mend yourself.

William. O, cozen!

Scarborow. O, uncle!

Lord. Contract yourself, and where you list,
I'll make you know me, sir, to be your guard.

Scarborow. World, now thou seest what 'tis to be a
ward.

Lord. And where I meant myself to have disburst
Four-thousand pounds, upon this marriage
Surrendered up your land to your own use,
And compass'd other portions to your hands,
Sir, I'll now yoke you still.

Scarborow. A yoke indeed.

Lord. And spight of they dare contradict my will,
I'll make thee marry to my chambermaid. Come, coz.

[Exit.]

Baxter. Faith, sir, it fits you to be more advis'd.

Scarborow. Do not you flatter for preferment, sir?

William. O but, good coz!

Scarborow. O but, good uncle, could I command my
love,

Or cancel oaths out of heaven's brazen book,
Ingross'd by God's own finger, then you might speak.
Had men that law to love, as most have tongues
To love a thousand women with, then you might speak.
Were love like dust, lawful for every wind,
To bear from place to place; were oaths but puffs,

Men might forswear themselves; but I do know,
Though sin being past with us, the act's forgot,
The poor soul groans, and she forgets it not.

William. Yet hear your own case.

Scarborow. O, 'tis too miserable!

That I, a gentleman, should be thus torn
From mine own right, and forc'd to be forsworn.

William. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salve it with advice, not with despair;
You are his ward, being so, the law intends,
He is to have your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage:
If you rebel 'gainst these injunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you; which for himself,
He straight thus prosecutes; he wastes your land,
Weds you where he thinks fit:* but if yourself
Have of some violent humour match'd yourself,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To merce your purse, and in a sum so great,
That shall for ever keep your fortunes weak,
Where otherwise if you be rul'd by him,
Your house is rais'd by matching to his kin.

Enter FALCONBRIDGE.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be cross'd by such
a jack? he wed
Himself, and where he list: sirrah malapert, I'll ham-
per you,
You that will have your will, come get you in:
I'll make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wish thy birth had been thy murderer.

Scarborow. Fate pity me, because I am inforc'd:
For I have heard those matches have cost blood,
Where love is once begun, and then withstood.

[*Exeunt.*

* The word *sir* was inserted here as if only to spoil the mea-
sure. C.

¹⁵ To merce] i. e. amerce. S.

ACT II.

Enter ILFORD, and a PAGE with him.

Ilford. Boy, hast thou delivered my letter?

Boy. Aye, sir, I saw him open the lips on't.

Ilford. He had not a new suit on, had he?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his wardrobe, sir; but I saw a lean fellow, with sunk eyes, and shamble legs, sigh pitifully at his chamber-door, and intreat his man to put his master in mind of him.

Ilford. O, that was his taylor, I see now he will be blest, he profits by my counsel: he will pay no debts before he be arrested, nor then neither, if he can find e'er a beast that dare but be bail for him; but he will seal i'th' afternoon?

Boy. Yes, sir; he will imprint for you as deep as he can.

Ilford. Good, good, now have I a parson's nose, and smell tithe coming in then. Now let me number how many rooks I have half-undone already this term by the first return: four by dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queans, of which some be courtiers, some country gentlemen, and some citizens' sons. Thou art a good Frank,¹⁶ if thou pergest thus, thou art still a companion for gallants, mayst keep a catamite, take physick at the spring and the fall.

Enter WENTLOE.

Wentloe. Frank, news that will make thee fat, Frank.

Ilford. Pr'ythee rather give me somewhat will keep me lean,

I have no mind yet to take physick.

Wentloe. Master Scarborough is married, man.

Ilford. Then heaven grant he may, (as few married men do,) make much of his wife.

Wentloe. Why? wouldst have him love her, let her command all, and make her his master?

¹⁶ if thou pergest] i. e. goest on. *Pergo.* Lat. . S.

Ilford. No, no; they that do so, make not much of their wives, but give them their will, and its the marring of them.

Enter BARTLEY.

Bartley. Honest Frank, valourous Frank, a portion of thy wit, but to help us in this enterprize, and we may walk London streets, and cry pish at the sergeants.

Ilford. You may shift out one term, and yet die in the counter: these are the scabs now that hang upon honest Job; I am Job, and these are the scurvy scabs; but what's this your pot seeths over withall?

Bartley. Master Scarborow is married, man.

Wentloe. He has all his land in his own hand.

Bartley. His brother's and sister's portions.

Wentloe. Besides four thousand pounds in ready money with his wife.

Ilford. A good talent by my faith, it might help many gentlemen to pay their taylors, and I might be one of them.

Wentloe. Nay, honest Frank, hast thou found a trick for him? if thou hast not, look here's a line to direct thee. First draw him into ¹⁷ bands for money, then to dice for it: then take up stuff at the mercers; straight to a punk with it: then mortgage his land, and be drunk with that: so with them and the rest, from an ancient gentleman, make him a young beggar.

Ilford. What a rogue this is, to read a lecture to me, and mine own lesson too, which he knows I have made perfect to nine hundred fourscore and nineteen. A cheating rascal, will teach me! I that have made them, ¹⁸ that have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all

¹⁷ bands] See Note 219 to *Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

¹⁸ that have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all, &c.] In a similar vein of humour, but much more exquisite, Mr. Addison, speaking of Sir Roger de Coverly, says, "he told me some time since, that, upon his courting the perverse widow, he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he

on their backs this morning; been fain to pawn it afore night: and they that have stalked like a huge elephant, with a castle on their necks, and removed that to their own shoulders in one day which their fathers built up in seven years, been glad by my means, in so much time as a child sucks, to drink bottle-ale, though a punk pay for't. And shall this parrot instruct me?

Wentloe. Nay, but Frank.

Ilford. A rogue that hath fed upon me, and the fruit of my wit like pullen¹⁹ from a pantler's chippings, and now I have put him into good cloaths to shift two suits in a day, that could scarce shift a patch'd shirt once in a year, and say his prayers when he had it: hark, how he prates.

Wentloe. Besides, Frank, since his marriage, he stalks me like a cashier'd captain discontent; in which melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an ocean, will make him and all his, ours for ever.

Ilford. Says mine own rogue so? give me thy hand then, we'll do't, and there's earnest. (*Strikes him.*) S'foot you chittiface, that looks worse than a collier through a wooden window, an ape afraid of a whip, ~~an~~ a knave's head, shook seven years in the weather upon²⁰ London-Bridge, do you catechize me?

Wentloe. Nay, but valourous Frank, he that knows the secrets of all hearts, knows I did it in kindness.

"would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the sheering of his sheep for her under petticoats." *Spectator*, No. 295.

In Wilson's *Discourse upon Usury*, 1572, the subsequent passage occurs: "Thus master merchant, when he hath robbed the poore gentleman and furnisht him in this manner to get a little apparel upon his back, girdeth him with this pompe in the taile: Lo, sayethe hee, yonder goeth a very strong stowt gentleman, for he carieth upon his backe a faire manour, land and all, and may therefore well be standard bearer to any prince, christian, or heathen."

¹⁹ pullen] See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

²⁰ London-bridge] The place most commonly used for exposing the heads of traitors.

Iford. Know your seasons : besides, I am not of that species for you to instruct. Then know your seasons.

Bartley. S'foot friends, friends, all friends: here comes young Scarborow; should he know of this, all our designs were prevented.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Iford. What ! melancholy, my young master, my young married man ? God give your worship joy.

Scarborow. Joy of what, Frank ?

Iford. Of thy wealth; for I hear of few that have joy of their wives.

Scarborow. Who weds as I have to inforced sheets, His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Iford. Thou having so much wit, what a devil meant'st thou to marry ?

Scarborow. O speak not of it,
Marriage sounds in mine ear like to a bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a doleful knell.

Iford. A common course, those men that are married in the morning, to wish themselves buried ere night.

Scarborow. I cannot love her.

Iford. No news neither ; wives know that's a general fault amongst their husbands.

Scarborow. I will not lie with her.

Iford. *Cætera volunt* she'll say still;
If you will not, another will.

Scarborow. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not love her ?

Iford. As other women do, either to be maintain'd by you, or to make you a cuckold. Now, sir, what come you for ?

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. As men do in haste, to make an end of their business.

Iford. What's your business ?

Clown. My business is this, sir, this, sir, and this, sir.

Iford. The meaning of all this, sir ?

Clown. By this is as much as to say, sir, my master

has sent unto you ; by this is as much as to say, sir, my master has him humbly commended unto you, and by this is as much as to say, my master craves your answer.

Ilford. Give me your Letter : and you shall have this, sir, this, sir, and this, sir.

Clown. No, sir.

Ilford. Why, sir ?

Clown. Because, as the learned have very well instructed me, *Qui supra nos, nihil ad nos*, and though many gentlemen will have to do with other men's business, yet from me know, the most part of them prove knaves for their labour.

Wentloe. You ha' the knave i'faith, Frank.

Clown. Long may he live to enjoy it. From Sir John Harcop of Harcop, in the county of York, Knight, by me his man, to yourself my young master, by these presents greeting.

Ilford. How cam'st thou by these good words ?

Clown. As you by your good cloaths, took them upon trust, and swore I would never pay for them.

Scarborow. Thy master, Sir John Harcop, writes to me,

That I should entertain thee for my man ;
His wish is acceptable, thou art welcome, fellow.
Oh but thy master's daughter, sends an article
Which makes me think upon my present sin ;
Here she remembers me to keep in mind
My promis'd faith to her, which I ha' broke.
Here she remembers me I am a man,
Black'd o'er with perjury, whose sinful breast,
Is character'd like those curst of the blest.

Ilford. How now my young bully, like a young wench forty weeks after the loss of her maiden-head, crying out.

Scarborow. Trouble me not. Give me pen, ink, and paper,

I will write to her. O ! but what shall I write ?
Mine own excuse, why no excuse can serve
For him that swears, and from his oath doth swerve.

Or shall I say, my marriage was inforc'd?
'Twas bad in them, not well in me to yield.
Wretched they two whose marriage was compell'd,
I'll only write that which my grief hath bred,
Forgive me, Clare, for I am married:
'Tis soon set down, but not so soon forgot,
Or worn from hence.

Deliver it unto her, there's for thy pains.
Would I as soon could cleanse these perjur'd stains!

Clown. Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy mud into fair water: you have paid for my tears, and mine eyes shall prove bankrouts, and break out for you; let no man persuade me, I will cry, and every town betwixt Shoreditch-church and York-bridge shall bear me witness. [Exit.

Scarborow. Gentlemen, I'll take my leave of you, She that I am married to, but not my wife, Will London leave, in Yorkshire lead our life. [Exit.

Iford. We must not leave you so my young gallant, we three are sick in state, and your wealth must help to make us whole again. For this saying is as true as old: Strife nurst 'twixt man and wife makes such a flaw, How great so e'er their wealth, 'twill have a thaw.

[Exeunt.
Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP with his Daughter CLARE, and two younger Brothers, THOMAS, and JOHN SCARBOROW.

Harcop. Brothers to him ere long shall be my son, By wedding this young girl: you are welcome both, Nay kiss her, kiss her, though that she shall be Your brother's wife, to kiss the cheek is free.

Thomas. Kiss, S'foot what else? thou art a good plump wench, I like you well, pr'ythee make haste and bring store of boys, but be sure they have good faces, that they may call me uncle.

John. Glad of so fair a sister, I salute you.

Harcop. Good, good i'faith, this kissing's good i'faith,

I lov'd to smack it too when I was young,

But mum : they have felt thy cheek, Clare, let them hear thy tongue.

Clare. Such welcome as befits my Scarborough's brothers,

From me his troth-plight wife be sure to have,
And though my tongue prove scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.

Thomas. Tut, that's not that we doubt on, wench ;
but do you hear, sir John, what do you think drew me
from London, and the Inns of court, thus far into
Yorkshire ?

Harcop. I guess to see this girl, shall be your sister.

Thomas. Faith, and I guess partly so too, but the
main was, and I will not lie to you, that your coming
now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted
with you aforehand, that after my brother had married
your daughter, I his brother might borrow some money
of you.

Harcop. What ? do you borrow of your kindred,
sir ?

Thomas. S'foot what else, they having interest in my
blood, why should not I have interest in their coin ?
Besides, sir, I being a younger brother, would be
ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of
any man that would lend, especially of my affinity, of
whom I keep a calendar. And look you, sir, thus I go
over them. First o'er my uncles, after o'er mine aunts,
then up to my nephews, straight down to my nieces,
to this couzen Thomas, and that couzen Jeffrey, leaving
the courteous claw given to none of their elbows, even
unto the third and fourth remove of any that hath
interest in our blood. All which do upon their sum-
mons made by me, duly and faithfully provide for ap-
pearance, and so as they are. I hope we shall be, more
indear'd intirely better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Harcop. You are a merry gentleman.

Thomas. 'Tis the hope of money makes me so ; and
I know none but fools use to be sad with it.

John. From Oxford am I drawn, from serious studies

Expecting that my brother still had sojourn'd
With you, his best of choice, and this good knight.

Harcop. His absence shall not make our hearts less
merry

Than if we had his presence. A day ere long
Will bring him back, when one the other meets,
At noon i'th' church, at night between the sheets.
We'll wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill up,
The sharpner of the wit is a full cup.
And so to you, sir.

Thomas. Do, and I'll drink to my new sister, but
upon this condition, that she may have quiet days,
little rest o' nights, have pleasant afternoons, be pliant
to my brother, and lend me money whenso'er I'll bor-
row it.

Harcop. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weak, and we must bear with them,
Your frolick healths are only fit for men.

Thomas. Well, I am contented; women must to the
wall, though it be to a feather-bed. Fill up then.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. From London am I come,
Though not with pipe and drum, yet I bring matter,
In this poor paper, will make my young mistress,
Delighting in kisses, do as all maidens will,
Hearing of such an ill, as to have lost,
The thing they wish'd most,
A husband, a husband, a pretty sweet husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, and at last ho, ho, ho, as I do.

Clare. Return'd so soon from London? what's the
news?

Clown. O mistress, if ever you have seen Demoni-
ceaclear look into mine eyes, mine eyes are Severn,
plain Severn; the Thames, nor the river of Tweed, are
nothing to them: nay, all the rain that fell at Noah's
flood had not the discretion that my eyes have, that
drunk but up the whole world, and I have drown'd all
the way betwixt this and London.

Clare. Thy news, good Robin.

Clown. My news, mistress, I'll tell you strange news,

the dust upon London way, being so great, that not a lord, gentleman, knight, or knave, could travel, lest his eyes should be blown out: at last, they all agreed to hire me to go before them, when I, looking but upon this letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rain'd from the beginning of April 'till the last of May.

Clare. A letter from my Scarborough? give it thy mistress.

Clown. But mistress.

Clare. Pr'ythee be gone,
I would not have my father, nor these gentlemen,
Be witness of the comfort it doth bring.

Clown. Oh, but mistress.

Clare. Pr'ythee be gone,
With this, and the glad news, leave me alone.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Thomas. 'Tis your turn knight; take your liquor, know I am bountiful; I'll forgive any man any thing that he owes me, but his drink, and that I'll be paid for.

Clare. Nay, gentlemen, the honesty of mirth
Consists not in carousing with excess;
My father hath more welcomes than in wine.
Pray you, no more.

Thomas. Says my sister so? I'll be ruled by thee then; but do you hear? In hope hereafter you'll lend me some money: Now we are half drunk, let's go to dinner. Come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet CLARE.

Clare. I am glad you're gone.
Shall I now open't? no, I'll kiss it first,
Because this outside last did kiss his hand.
Within this fold, (I'll call't a sacred sheet,)
Are writ black lines, where our white hearts shall meet:
Before I ope this door of my delight,
Methinks I guess how kindly he doth write,
Of his true love to me; as chuck, sweet-heart,
I pr'ythee do not think the time too long,
That keeps us from the sweets of marriage rites:

And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my lips his sheet to write upon:
With like desire methinks as mine own thoughts,
Ask him now here for me to look upon;
Yet at the last thinking his love too slack,
Ere it arrive at my desired eyes,
He hastens up his message with like speed,
Even as I break this ope, wishing to read:
Oh: what's here? mine eyes are not mine own;
Sure th'are not,
Though you have been my lamps this sixteen years,
[*Lets fall the letter.*

You do belie my Scarborough reading so;
Forgive him, he is married, that were ill:
What lying lights are these? look, I have no such letter,
No wedded syllable of the least wrong
Done to a troth-plight virgin like myself.
Beshrew you for your blindness: *forgive him, he is married!*

I know my Scarborough's constancy to me
Is as firm knit, as faith to charity,
That I shall kiss him often, hug him thus,
Be made a happy and a fruitful mother
Of many prosperous children like to him;
And read I, he was married! ask'd forgiveness?
What a blind fool was I; yet here's a letter,
To whom directed too? *to my beloved Clare.*
Why la:

Women will read, and read not that they saw.
'Twas but my fervent love misled mine eyes,
I'll once again to the inside, *forgive me, I am married:*
William Scarborough. He has set his name to't too.
O, perjury! within the hearts of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongue proclaimeth them.

Enter THOMAS SCARBOROW.

Thomas. Sister, God's precious, the cloth's laid, the
meat cools, we all stay, and your father calls for you.

Clare. Kind sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
I'll but peruse this letter and come straight.

Thomas. Pray you make haste, the meat stays for us,
and our stomach's ready for the meat ; for believe this,
Drink makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he that's drunk o'er night, i'th' morning's dry :
Seen and approved. [Exit.]

Clare. He was contracted mine, yet he unjust
Hath married to another : what's my estate then ?
A wretched maid, not fit for any man ;
For being united his with plighted faiths,
Whoever sues to me commits a sin,
Besiegeth me, and who shall marry me
Is like myself, lives in adultery, (O God,
That such hard fortune, should betide my youth !)
I am young, fair, rich, honest, virtuous,
Yet for all this, whoe'er shall marry me,
I'm but his whore, live in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure
For which I was created, born unto :
Let me live ne'er so honest, rich or poor,
If I once wed, yet I must live a whore.
I must be made a strumpet 'gainst my will,
A name I have abhorr'd ; a shameful ill,
I have eschewed, and now cannot withstand it
In myself. I am my father's only child,
In me he hath a hope, though not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His land shall be possess'd, his age delighted.
And though that I should vow a single life
To keep my soul unspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage :
So that my grief doth of that weight consist,
It helps me not to yield, nor to resist ;
And was I then created for a whore ? a whore,
Bad name, bad act, bad man, makes me a scorn :
Than live a strumpet better be unborn.*

* The line was formerly mispointed and misprinted thus ;

" Then live a strumpet. Better be unborn."

Clare means, that it were better never to have been born than to live a strumpet. C.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Sister, pray you, will you come? Your father and the whole meeting stays for you.

Clare. I come, I come; I pray return: I come.

John. I must not go without you.

Clare. Be thou my usher, sooth I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

He writes here *To forgive him, he is married*:

False gentleman: I do forgive thee with my heart;

Yet will I send an answer to thy letter,

And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,

And here's my agent ready: *Forgive me, I am dead.*

'Tis writ, and I will act it. Be judge, you maids,

Have trusted the false promises of men:

Be judge you wives, the which have been inforc'd

From the white sheets you lov'd, to them ye loathed:

Whether this axiom may not be assured,

—*Better one sin, than many be endured:*

My arms imbracings, kisses, chastity,

Were his possessions; and whilst I live

He doth but steal those pleasures he enjoys,

Is an adulterer in his married arms,

And never goes to his defiled bed,

But God writes sin upon the tester's head.

I'll be a wife now, help to save his soul

Though I have lost his body; give a slake

To his iniquities, and with one sin,

Done by this hand, end many done by him.

Farewel the world then, farewel the wedded joys,

Till this I have hop't for, from that gentleman!

Scarborow, forgive me: thus thou hast lost thy wife,

Yet record world,* though by an act too foul,

A wife thus died, to cleanse her husband's soul.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Harcop. God's precious, for his mercy, where's this wench?

Must all my friends and guests attend on you?

Where are you, Minion?

* The quarto, 1611, reads "Yet record *would*," and it may be right. In the next line, the old reading is "A wife thus *did*" and not "thus *died*." The alterations were made without notice. C.

Clare. Scarborow, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Harcop. That sad voice was not hers I hope: Who's this,

My daughter?

Clare. Your daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried,
Prays Scarborow to forgive her: she is dead. [*Dies.*]

Harcop. Patience good tears, and let my words have way!

Clare, my daughter! help, my servants there:

Lift up thine eyes, and look upon thy father,

They were not born to lose their light so soon:

I did beget thee for my comforter,

And not to be the author of my care.

Why speakst thou not? some help, my servants there,

What hand hath made thee pale? or if thine own,

What cause hadst thou, that wert thy father's joy,

The treasure of his age, the cradle of his sleep,

His all in all? I pr'ythee speak to me:

Thou art not ripe for death, come back again;

Clare, my Clare, if death must needs have one,

I am the fittest, pr'ythee let me go;

Thou dying whilst I live, I am dead with woe.

Enter THOMAS, and JOHN SCARBOROW.

Thomas. What means this outcry?

John. O ruthful spectacle.

Harcop. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen, child,

But kind and loving to thy aged father:

Awake, awake! if't be thy lasting sleep,

Would I had not sense for grief, nor eyes to weep.

John. What paper's this? the sad contents do tell me,

My brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,

And she replies, for him she hath kill'd herself.

Harcop. Was that the cause that thou hast soil'd thyself

With these red spots, these blemishes of beauty?

My child, my child; was't perjury in him,

Made thee, so fair, act now so foul a sin;

That he deceived thee in a mother's hopes,
Posterity, the bliss of marriage?
Thou hast no tongue to answer no, or I,
But in red letters writes : *for him I die.*
Curse on his traitorous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, children, and possessions!
Be all his days like winter, comfortless!
Restless his nights, his wants ²¹ remorseless!
And may his corpse be the physician's stage,
Which, plaid upon stands not to honoured age!
Or with diseases may he lie and pine,
Till grief wax blind his eyes, as grief doth mine! [*Exit.*]

John. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pitied.

Enter SCARBOROW, *his wife* KATHERINE, ILFORD,
WENTLOE, BARTLEY and BUTLER.

Ilford. What ride by the gate, and not call? that
were a shame i' faith.

Wentloe. We'll but taste of his beer, kiss his daughter,
and to horse again. Where's the good knight, here?

Scarborow. You bring me to my shame unwillingly.

Ilford. Shamed of what? for deceiving of a wench,
I have not blush'd, that have don't to a hundred of
'em?

In women's love he's wise doth follow this,
Love one so long till her another kiss.*

Where's the good knight, here?

John. O brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatal tragedy.

Peruse this letter first, and then this corpse.

Scarborow. O wronged Clare! accursed Scarborow!
I writ to her, *that I was married,*
She writes to me, *forgive her, she is dead.*
I'll balm thy body with my faithful tears,
And be perpetual mourner at thy tomb;
I'll sacrifice this comet into sighs,

²¹ *Remorseless,*] i. e. Pityless, without pity. See Note on *Othello*,
edit. 1778, vol. X. S.

* The sense seems to require that it should stand—

"Love one so long till he another kiss." C.

Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gave
Shall turn distempered to appease the wrath
For this blood-shed, and I am guilty of.

Katherine. Dear husband!

Scarborow. False woman, not my wife, though married to me:

Look what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The murder of a creature, equal'd heaven
In her creation, whose thoughts, like fire,
Never look'd base, but ever did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours undid her:
Eye her, view her, though dead, yet she does look,
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed book
Of the best paper, never look'd into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her own too; but who was cause of it?
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee for't.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Harcop. They do bely her that do say she's dead;
She is but stray'd to some by-gallery,
And I must have her again. Clare, where art thou,
Clare?

Scarborow. Here, laid to take her everlasting sleep.

Harcop. He lies that says so;
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that say it,
For if she be a villain like thyself,
A perjur'd traitor, recreant, miscreant,
Dog; a dog, a dog, has don't.

Scarborow. O Sir John Harcop!

Harcop. O Sir John villain! to betroth thyself
To this good creature, harmless, harmless child;
Thy kernell, hope, and comfort of my house,
Without inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her soul in th' compass of an oath,
Take that oath from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her!

Scarborow. Shame on them were the cause of it.

Harcop. But hark, what thou hast got by it:
Thy wife is but a strumpet, thy children bastards

Thyself a murderer, thy wife accessary,
Thy bed a stews, thy house a brothel.

Scarborow. O, 'tis too true!

Harcop. I, made a wretched father, childless.

Scarborow. I, made a married man, yet wifeless.

Harcop. Thou the cause of it?

Scarborow. Thou the cause of it? *[To his wife.*

Harcop. Curse on the day that e'er it was begun,
For I an old man am undone, undone. *[Exit.*

Scarborow. For charity, have care upon that father,
Lest that his grief bring on a more mishap.

*[Exeunt Thomas and John Scarborow.**

This to my arms my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho' I have lost her, to thy grave I'll bring;
Thou wert my wife, and I'll thy requiem sing.
Go you to the country, I'll to London back:
All riot now, since that my soul's so black.

[Exit, with Clare.

Katherine. Thus am I left like sea-tost-mariners,
My fortunes being no more than my distress;
Upon what shore soever I am driven,
Be it good or bad, I must account it heaven:†
Tho' married, I am reputed no wife,
Neglected of my husband, scorn'd, despis'd:
And tho' my love and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his beck, his heedless eye
Receives my services unworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better days when bad be gone.
You are my guide, whither must I, Butler?

Butler. Toward Wakefield, where my master's living
lies.

Katherine. Toward Wakefield, where thy master
we'll attend;
When things are at the worst, 'tis hop'd they'll mend.

* Their exit is not marked, but as their re-entrance is noticed afterwards, it is to be presumed that they followed the old man out.

† Perhaps misprinted for *haven*. C.

Enter THOMAS, and JOHN SCARBOROW.

Thomas. How, now, sister, no further forward on your journey yet?

Katherine. When grief's before one, who'd go on to grief?

I'd rather turn me back to find some comfort.

John. And that way sorrow's hurtfuller than this,
My brother having brought unto a grave
That murder'd body whom he call'd his wife,
And spent so many tears upon her hearse,
As would have made a tyrant to relent;
Then kneeling at her coffin, this he vow'd,
From thence he never would embrace your bed.

Thomas. The more fool he.

John. Never from hence acknowledge you his wife:
Where others strive to enrich their father's name,
It should be his only aim to beggar ours,
To spend their means should be his only pride:
Which with a sigh confirm'd, he's rid to London,
Vowing a ²² course, that by his life so foul
Men ne'er should join the hands without the soul.

Katherine. All is but grief, and I am arm'd for it.

John. We'll bring you on your way in hope thus strong,

Time may at length make strait what yet is wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter ILFORD, WENTLOE, BARTLEY.

Wentloe. He's our own, he's our own! come, let's make use of his wealth, as the sun of ice: melt it, melt it.

Ilford. But art sure he will hold his meeting?

Wentloe. As sure as I am now, and was dead drunk last night.

Ilford. Why then so sure will I be arrested by a

²² a course, that by] Example by, &c. Second and Third Editions.

couple of serjeants, and fall into one of the unlucky cranks about Cheapside, called counters.

Bartley. Withall, I have provided Mr. Gripe the usurer, who upon the instant will be ready to step in, charge the serjeants to keep thee fast, and that now he will have his five hundred pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.

Wentloe. When it follows, young Scarborow shall be bound for the one; then take up as much more, we share the one half, and help him to be drunk with the other.

Ilford. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Bartley. Why dost laugh, Frank?

Ilford. To see that we and usurers live by the fall of young heirs, as swine by the dropping of acorns. But he's come. Where be these rogues: shall we have no tendance here?

Scarborow. Good day, gentlemen.

Ilford. A thousand good days, my noble bully, and as many good fortunes as there were grasshoppers in Egypt, and that's covered over with good luck: but nouns, pronouns, and participles! where be these rogues here? what, shall we have no wine here?

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Anon, anon, sir.

Ilford. Anon, goodman rascal, must we stay your leisure? giv't us by and by, with a-pox to you.

Scarborow. O, do not hurt the fellow. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Ilford. Hurt him! hang him, scrape-trencher, stair-wearer,* wine-spiller, mettle-clanker, rogue by generation. Why, dost hear, Will? If thou dost not use these grape-spillers as you do their pottle-pots, quoit them down stairs three or four times at a supper, they'll grow as saucy with you as serjeants, and make bills more unconscionable than taylors.

* *Star-wearer*, Mr. Reed allowed it to stand, but as applied to a drawer it seems nonsense: the old copies read "*stare-wearer*," which means no doubt, *stair-wearer*, or wearer of the stairs by going up and down them so frequently at call.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Here's the pure and neat grape, gentlemen, I ha't for you.²³

Ilford. Fill up: what have you brought here, good-man-rogue?

Drawer. The pure element of claret, sir.

Ilford. Have you so, and did not I call for Rhenish, you mungrel? [*Throws the wine in the Drawer's face.*]

Scarborow. Thou need'st no wine; I pr'ythee be more mild.

Ilford. Be mild in a tavern? 'tis treason to the red²⁴ lattice, enemy to their sign post, and slave to humour: Pr'ythee, let's be mad;

Sings this.

Then fill our heads with wine

Till every pate be drunk, then piss i'the street

Jostle all you meet,

And swagger with a punk,

As thou wilt do now and then: thank me thy good master, that brought thee to it.

Wentloe. Nay, he profits well, but the worst is he will not swear yet.

Scarborow. Do not belie me: if there be any good in me that's the best: oaths are necessary for nothing, they pass out of a man's mouth, like smoak through a chimney, that files²⁵ all the way it goes.

²³ assure you] Second and Third Editions.

²⁴ red lattice] "Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house; hence the present *chequers*." Mr. Steevens observes (note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.) that "perhaps the reader will express some surprise, when he is told, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left hand street of Pompeii (No. 9.) presented by Sir William Hamilton (together with several others equally curious) to the Antiquary Society."

Marston, in the First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 5. makes Balurdo say: "No, I am not Sir Jeffrey Balurdo: I am not as well known by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice."

²⁵ files] i. e. defiles. See note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778, vol. IV. p. 524. S.

Wentloe. Why then I think tobacco to be a kind of swearing, for it furs our nose pockily.

Scarborow. But, come, let's drink ourselves into a stomach afore supper.

Ilford. Agreed. I'll begin with a new health. Fill up.

*To them that make land fly,
By wine, whores, and a dye.
To them, that only thrives,
By kissing others' wives.
To them that pay for cloaths,
With nothing but with oaths :
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt.
This health my hearts !
But who their taylors pay,
Borrow, and keep their day,
We'll hold him like this glass,
A brainless empty ass,
And not a mate for us.
Drink round my hearts.*

[drinks.

Wentloe. An excellent health.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Master Ilford, there's a couple of strangers beneath desires to speak with you.

Ilford. What beards have they? gentlemen-like-beards, or broker-like-beards?

Drawer. I am not so well acquainted with the art of face-mending, sir: but they would speak with you.

Ilford. I'll go down to them.

Wentloe. Do; and we'll stay here and drink tobacco.²⁵

Scarborow. Thus like a fever that doth shake a man From strength to weakness, I consume myself.

I know this company their custom vile,
Hated, abhorr'd of good-men, yet like a child,
By reason's rule, instructed how to know
Evil from good, I to the worser go.

Why do you suffer this, you upper powers,

²⁵ drink tobacco! See note 38, to Second Part of *Honest Whore*, vol. III.

That I should surfeit in the sin of taste,
Have sense to feel my mischiefs, yet make waste
Of heaven and earth?

Myself will answer, what myself doth ask.
Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame,
For vice being foster'd once, comes impudence,
Which makes men count sin, custom, not offence:
When all like me, their reputation blot,
Pursuing evil, while the good's forgot.

*Enter ILFORD led in by a couple of SERJEANTS, and
GRIPE the usurer.*

Serjeant. Nay, never strive, we can hold you.

Ilford. I, me, ²⁷and the devil too and he fall into
your clutches: let go your tugging; as I am a gentleman,
I'll be your true prisoner.

Wentloe. How now: what's the matter, Frank?

Ilford. I am fallen into the hands of serjeants: I am
arrested.

Bartley. How, arrested? a gentleman in our company?

Ilford. Put up, put up; for sin's sake put up, let's
not all sup in the Counter to night, let me speak with
master Gripe the creditor.

Gripe. Well: what say you to me, sir?

Ilford. You have arrested me here, master Gripe.

Gripe. Not I, sir, the serjeants have.

Ilford. But at your suit, master Gripe: yet hear me,
as I am a gentleman.

Gripe. I rather you could say as you were an honest
man, and then I might believe you.

Ilford. Yet hear me.

Gripe. Hear me no hearing, I lent you my money
for good will.

Ilford. And I spent it for mere necessity. I confess
I owe you five hundred pound, and I confess I owe not
a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't: my
bond you have already, master Gripe; if you will, now
take my word.

²⁷ and the devil too and he! The first edit. reads, and any man else
and he.

Gripe. Word me no words : officers look to your prisoner. If you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in security, such as I shall like too——

Iford. Such as you shall like too : what say you to this young gentleman ? he is the widgeon that we must feed upon.

Gripe. Who, young master Scarborough ? he's an honest gentleman for aught I know, I ne'er lost penny by him.

Iford. I would be ashamed any man should say so by me, that I have had dealings withall : but, my enforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I descend with a few words to these gentlemen, and I'll commit myself into your merciless hands immediately.

Serjeant. Well, sir, we'll wait upon you.

Iford. Gentlemen, I am to profer some conference, and especially to you master Scarborough : our meeting here for your mirth hath proved to me thus adverse, that in your companies I am arrested. How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations when men of rank and note communicate, that I, Frank Iford, gentleman, whose fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, and heap satisfaction for any present extension of his friends kindness, was enforced from the Mitre in Bread-street, to the Counter in the Poultry : for mine own part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the featherbed in the master's side,²² or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience, and do't.

Wentloe. Come, come, what a pox need all this, this is *mellis flora*, the sweetest of the honey, he that was not made to fat cattle, but to feed gentlemen.

²² *Master's-side, Knight's-ward, Hole*] Three different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined according to their ability or incapacity to pay for their accommodations : all three are pretty accurately described by Fennor in the *Compters Commonwealth*, 1617, 4to.

Bartley. You wear good cloaths.

Wentloe. Are well descended.

Bartley. Keep the best company.

Wentloe. Should regard your credit.

Bartley. Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Wentloe. Ye are richly married.

Bartley. Love not your wife.

Wentloe. Have store of friends.

Bartley. Who shall be your heir?

Wentloe. The son of some slave.

Bartley. Some groom.

Wentloe. Some horse-keeper.

Bartley. Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Scarborow. Well, at your importance, for once I'll stretch my purse,

Who's born to sink, as good this way as worse.

Wentloe. Now speaks my bully like a gentleman of worth.

Bartley. Of merit.

Wentloe. Fit to be regarded.

Bartley. That shall command our souls.

Wentloe. Our swords.

Bartley. Ourselves.

Ilford. To feed upon you, as Pharaoh's lean kine did upon the fat.

Scarborow. Master Gripe, is my bond current for this gentleman?

Ilford. Good security, you Egyptian grasshopper, good security.

Gripe. And for as much more, kind master Scarborow,

Provided that men, mortal as we are,
May have——

Scarborow. May have security.

Gripe. Your bond with land convey'd, which may assure me of mine own again.

Scarborow. You shall be satisfied, and I'll become your debtor,

For full five hundred more than he doth owe you.
This night we sup here, bear us company,

And bring your Counsel, Scrivener, and the money
With you, where I will make as full assurance
As in the law you'd wish.

Gripe. I take your word, sir,
And so discharge you of your prisoner.

Ilford. Why then let's come and take up a new
room, the infected hath spit in this.

He that hath store of coin wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receive sweet rogue, and we will spend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THOMAS and JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Brother, you see the extremity of want
Inforceth us to question for our own,
The rather that we see, not like a brother,
Our brother keeps from us to spend on other.

Thomas. True, he has in his hands our portions, the
patrimony which our father gave us, with which he lies
fattening himself with sack and sugar²⁹ in the house, and

²⁹ *Sack and Sugar*] *Sack* with *sugar* was formerly a favourite liquor. Although it is mentioned very often in contemporary writers, it is difficult to collect from any circumstances what the kind of wine then called *Sack* was understood to be. In the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 3. *Falstaff* speaks of *Sherris Sack*; and *Dr. Johnson* supposes the fat knight's admired potation was what we now call *Sherry*, which he says is drunk with *Sugar*. This last assertion is contradicted by *Mr. Steevens*, who, with more truth asserts, that *Sherry* is at this time never drunk with *Sugar*, whereas *Rhenish* frequently is. *Dr. Warburton* seems to be of opinion that the sweet wine still denominated *Sack* was that so often mentioned by *Falstaff*, and the great fondness of the English nation for *sugar* rather countenances that idea. *Hentzner*, p. 88. edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, in *potum copiosi immittunt saccharum*, they put a great deal of *sugar* in their drink; and *Moryson* in his *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes, "They drinke pure wines, not with *sugar* as the English." again, p. 152. "— but gentlemen garrawse onely in wine, with "which many mixe *sugar*, which I never observed in any other "place or kingdome, to be used for that purpose: and because the "taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetnesse, the wines "in tavernes (for I speake not of merchants or gentlemen's cellars) "are commonly mixed at the filling thereof to make them pleasant." *Sack* and *sugar* are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, Sign. G 3. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, Sign. E. *Everis woman in her humour*, Sign. D 4; and in *Deckker's Wonderful Yeaere*, 1603. It

we are fain to walk with lean purses abroad. Credit must be maintained, which will not be without money; good cloaths must be had, which will not be without money; company must be kept, which will not be without money; all which we must have, and from him we will have money.

John. Besides, we have brought our sister to this town,

That she herself having her own from him,
Might bring herself in court to be preferr'd,
Under some noble personage; or else that he
Whose friends are great in court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, provide for her.

Thomas. And he shall do it brother, tho' we have waited at his lodging longer than a taylor's bill on a young knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him; here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

John. Yet let us do't in mild and gentle terms,
Fair words perhaps may sooner draw our own,
Than rougher courses by which is mischief grown.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Anon, anon, look down into the Dolphin there.

Thomas. Here comes a drawer, we will question him. Do you hear my friend, is not master Scarborow here?

Drawer. Here, sir, what a jest is that! where should he be else? I would have you well know my master hopes to grow rich* before he leaves him.

John. How long hath he continued here since he came hither?

Drawer. Faith, sir, not so long as Noah's flood, yet

appears, however, from the following passage in *The English Housewife*, by Gervase Markham, 1631, p. 162, that there were various species of Sack: "Your best sacke are of Seres in Spaine, your smaller of Galicia and Portugall: your strong Sackes are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo, and your Muscadine and Malmsey's are of many parts of Italy, Greece, and some speciall islands."

* The second Edition has it, "my master hopes to ride a' cock-horse by him before he leaves him." C.

long enough to have drowned up the livings of three knights, as knights go now-a-days: some month or thereabouts.

John. Time ill consum'd to ruinate our house;
But what are they that keep him company?

Drawer. Pitch, pitch, but I must not say so; but,
for your further satisfaction, did you ever see a young
whelp and a lion play together?

John. Yes.

Drawer. Such is master Scarborow's company.*

[*Within, Oliver!*

Anon, anon, look down to the Pomegranate there.

Thomas. I pr'ythee, say, here's them would speak
with him.

Drawer. I'll do your message: anon, anon, there.

[*Exit.*

John. This fool speaks wiser than he is aware.

Young heirs left in this town where sin's so rank,
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelps thrown in the lion's den,
Who play with them awhile, at length devour them.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scarborow. Who's there would speak with me?

John. Your brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scarborow. Well.

John. 'Tis not your riot, that we hear you use,
(With such as waste their goods, as time the world
With a continual spending, nor that you keep
The company of a most leprous rout,
Consumes your body's wealth, infects your name
With such plague sores, that had you reason's eye,
'Twould make you sick, to see you visit them)
Hath drawn us, but our wants to crave the due
Our father gave, and yet remains with you.

Thomas. Our birth-right, good brother, this town
craves maintainance; silk stockings must be had, and
we would be loth our heritage should be arraigned at
the Vintner's bar, and so condemned to the Vintner's

* "Such is master Scarborow; such are his company." 4to.
1611. C.

box: though while you did keep house, we had some belly-timber at your table, or so; yet we would have you think, we are your brothers, yet no Esaus to sell our patrimony for porridge.

Scarborow. So, so; what hath your coming else?

John. With us our sister joins in our request,
Whom we have brought along with us to London,
To have her portion, wherewith to provide
An honour'd service, or an honest bride.

Scarborow. So, then you two my brothers, and she my sister, come not as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkshire to see us, but like leeches to suck from us.

John. We come compell'd by want to crave our own.

Scarborow. Sir, for your own? then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keep it for ye: must you appoint us,
Or what we please to like mix with reproof?
You have been too sawcy both, and you shall know,
I'll curb you for it: ask why? I'll have it so.

John. We do but crave our own.

Scarborow. Your own, sir: what's your own?

Thomas. Our portions given us by our father's will.

John. Which here you spend.

Thomas. Consume.

John. Ways worse than ill.

Scarborow. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter ILFORD.

Ilford. Nay, nay, nay, Will: pr'ythee come away,
we have a full gallon of sack stays in the fire for thee;
thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scarborow. What dost think these are, Frank?

Ilford. Who? They are fiddlers I think; if they be,
I pr'ythee send them into the next room, and let them
scrape there, and we'll send to them presently.

Scarborow. They are my brothers, Frank, come out
of Yorkshire,

To the tavern here, to ask their portions:

They call my pleasures, riots, my company leprous;
And like a school-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilford. O, thou should'st have done well to have bound them prentices when they were young, they would have made a couple of good sawcy taylors.

Thomas. Taylors?

Ilford. I, birdlime : taylors : taylors are good men, and in the term time they wear good cloaths. Come, you must learn more manners ; as to stand at your brother's back, to shift a trencher neatly, and take a cup of sack, and a capon's leg contentedly.

Thomas. You are a slave
That feeds upon my brother like a fly,
Poisoning where thou dost suck.

Scarborow. You lie.

John. O, (to my grief I speak it,) you shall find,
There's no more difference in a tavern-haunter
Than is between a spittle and a beggar.

Thomas. Thou work'st on him like tempests on a ship.

John. And he the worthy traffick that doth sink.

Thomas. Thou mak'st his name more loathsome than
a grave.

John. Livest like a dog, by vomit.

Thomas. Die a slave.

[*Here they draw, WENTLOE and BARTLEY come in, and the two Vintners' boys with clubs. All set upon the two brothers. BUTLER, Scarborow's man, comes in, stands by, sees them fight, takes part with neither.*

Butler. Do, fight : I love you all well, because you were my old master's sons, but I'll neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my master news ; he hath two sons born at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a tavern in London. Brother and brother at odds, 'tis naught : sure it was not thus in the days of charity. What's this world like to ? faith just like an innkeeper's chamber-pot, receives all waters, good and bad : it had need of much scowering. My old master kept a good house, and twenty or thirty tall sword and buckler men about him, and i'faith his son differs not much, he will have mettle too, though he hath not store of cutler's

blades, he will have plenty of Vintners pots. His father kept a good house for honest men, his tenants, that brought him in part; and his son keeps a bad house with knaves that help to consume all. 'Tis but the change of time: why should any man repine at it: crickets, good living, and lucky worms, were wont to feed, sing, and rejoice in the father's chimney: and now carrion crows build in the son's kitchen. I could be sorry for it, but I am too old to weep. Well then, I will go tell him news of his offspring. *[Exit.*

Enter the two Brothers, THOMAS and JOHN SCARBOROW hurt, and SISTER.

Sister. Alas, good brothers, how came this mischance?

Thomas. Our portions, our brother hath given us our portions, sister, hath he not?

Sister. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.

John. Excuse him not; he is more degenerate, Than greedy vipers that devour their mother, They eat on her but to preserve themselves, And he consumes himself, and beggars us. A tavern is his inn, where amongst slaves He kills his substance, making pots the graves To bury that which our forefathers gave. I ask'd him for our portions, told him that you Were brought to London, and we were in want, Humbly we crav'd our own; when his reply Was, he knew none we had, beg, starve, or die.

Sister. Alas, What course is left for us to live by then?

Thomas. In troth, sister, we two to beg in the fields, And you to betake yourself to the old trade, Filling of small caps in the suburbs.

Sister. Shall I be left then like a common road, That every beast that can but pay his toll May travel over, and, like to ³⁰camomile, Flourish the better being trodden on.

³⁰ like to camomile,] See Note 6, to *The City Night-cap*, vol. XL.

Enter BUTLER bleeding.

Butler. Well, I will not curse him: he feeds now upon sack and anchovies with a pox to him: but if he be not fain before he dies to eat acorns, let me live with nothing but pollard, and my mouth be made a cucking-stool for every scold to set her tail on.

Thomas. How now, Butler, what's the meaning of this?

Butler. Your brother means to lame as many as he can, that when he is a beggar himself, he may live with them in the hospital. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him, that God had blest him with two sons; he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses me o'er the pate, and sends me to the surgeon's to seek salve: I look'd, at least he should have given me a brace of angels for my pains.

Thomas. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath given thee a crack'd crown.

Butler. A plague on his fingers; I cannot tell, he is your brother and my master; I would be loth to prophesy of him, but whosoe'er doth curse his children being infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him news of it, they may be born rich, but they shall live slaves, be knaves, and die beggars.

Sister. Did he do so?

Butler. Guess you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent me to the surgeons.

Sister. Why then I see there is no hope of him; Some husbands are disrespectful of their wives, During the time that they are issueless, But none with infants blest can nourish hate, But love the mother for the children's sake.

John. But he that is given over unto sin, Leprosed therewith without, and so within.

O Butler, we were issue to one father!

Butler. And he was an honest gentleman.

John. Whose hopes were better, than the sun he left

Should set so soon, unto his house's shame.
He lives in taverns, spending of his wealth,
And here his brothers and distressed sister,
Not having any means to help us with.

Thomas. Not a Scots baubee (by this hand) to bless
us with.

John. And not content to riot out his own,
But he detains our portions, suffers us
In this strange air, open to every wrack,
Whilst he in riot swims to be in lack.

Butler. The more's the pity.

Sister. I know not what in course to take me to;
Honestly I fain would live: what shall I do?

Butler. Sooth I'll tell you; your brother hath hurt
us; we three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittle
together.

Sister. Jest not at her, whose burden is too grievous,
But rather lend a means how to relieve us.

Butler. Well, I do pity you, and the rather because
you say you would fain live honest and want means
for it; for I can tell you 'tis as strange here to see a
maid fair, poor, and honest, as to see a collier with a
clean face. Maids here do live (especially without
maintainance)

Like mice going to a trap,

They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your father was my good benefactor, and gave me a
house whilst I live to put my head in: I would be loth
then to see his only daughter, for want of means, turn
punk. I have a drift to keep you honest, have you a
care to keep yourself so: yet you shall not know of
it, for women's tongues are like sieves, they will hold
nothing they have power to vent. You two will fur-
ther me?

John. In any thing, good honest Butler.

Thomas. If't be to take a purse I'll be one.

Butler. Perhaps thou speakest righter than thou
art aware of: well, as chance is, I have received my
wages; there is forty shillings for you, I'll set you in

a lodging, and till you hear from us, let that provide for you: we'll first to the surgeons,
To keep you honest, and to keep you brave,
For once an honest man will turn a knave. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SCARBOROW *having a boy carrying a torch with him*; ILFORD, WENTLOE, and BARTLEY.

Scarborow. Boy, bear the torch fair: now am I arm'd to fight with a wind-mill, and to take the wall of an emperor; much drink, no money; a heavy head, and a light pair of heels.

Wentloe. O, stand man.

Scarborow. I were an excellent creature to make a punk of; I should down with the least touch of a knave's finger. Thou hast made a good night of this: what hast won, Frank?

Ilford. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scarborow. This is the hell of all gamesters. I think when they are at play, the board eats up the money; for if there be five hundred pound lost, there's never but a hundred pounds won. Boy, take the wall of any man: and yet by light such deeds of darkness may not be. [*Put out the torch.*]

Wentloe. What dost mean by that, Will?

Scarborow. To save charge, and walk like a fury with a fire-brand in my hand: every one goes by the light, and we'll go by the smoke.

Enter Lord FAULCONBRIDGE.

Scarborow. Boy, keep the wall: I will not ³¹budge for any man, by these thumbs; and the paring of the nails shall stick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, young Scarborow?

Scarborow. The man that the mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reverence that you owe to me?

Scarborow. You should have brought me up better.

Lord. That vice should thus transform man to a beast!

Scarborow. Go to, your name's lord; I'll talk with you when you're out of debt and have better cloaths.

³¹ budge] move, or stir. - Bouger, Fr.

Lord. I pity thee even with my very soul.

Scarborow. Pity i'th' thy throat, I can drink muscadine and eggs, and mull'd sack; do you hear? you put a piece of turn'd stuff upon me, but I will—

Lord. What will you do, sir?

Scarborow. Piss in thy way, and that's no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Sir William. My honoured lord, you're happily well met.

Lord. Ill met to see your nephew in this case,
More like a brute beast, than a gentleman.

Sir William. Fie, nephew, shame you not thus to transform yourself?

Scarborow. Can your nose smell a torch.

Ilford. Be not so wild, it is thine uncle, Scarborow.

Scarborow. Why then 'tis the more likely 'tis my father's brother.

Sir William. Shame to our name to make thyself a beast,

Thy body worthy born, and thy youth's breast
Till'd in due time for better discipline.

Lord. Thyself new married to a noble house,
Rich in possessions, and posterity,
Which should call home thy unstay'd affections.

Sir William. Where thou mak'st havock.

Lord. Riot, spoil, and waste.

Sir William. Of what thy father left.

Lord. And livest disgrac'd.

Scarborow. I'll send you shorter to heaven, than you came to the earth. Do you catechize? do you catechize?

[*He draws and strikes at them.*]

Ilford. Hold, hold, do you draw upon your uncle?

Scarborow. Pox of that lord,

We'll meet at *Mitre*, where we'll sup down sorrow,
We are drunk to-night, and so we'll be to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lord. Why now I see: what I heard of, I believ'd
not,
Your kinsman lives—

Sir William. Like to a swine.

Lord. ²² A perfect Epythite, he feeds on draff,
And wallows in the mire, to make men laugh :
I pity him.

Sir William. No pity's fit for him.

Lord. Yet we'll advise him.

Sir William. He is my kinsman.

Lord. Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsel him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

A noise within, crying follow, follow, follow : then enter BUTLER, THOMAS, and JOHN SCARBOROW, with money-bags.

Thomas. What shall we do now, Butler?

Butler. A man had better line a good handsome pair of gallows before his time, than be born to do these sucklings good, their mother's milk not wrung out of their nose yet; they know no more how to behave themselves in this honest and needful calling of purse-taking, than I do to piece stockings.

Within. This way, this way, this way.

Both. S'foot, what shall we do now?

Butler. See if they do not quake like a trembling asp-leaf, and look more miserable than one of the wicked elders pictur'd in the painted cloth. Should they but come to the credit to be arraign'd for their valour before a worshipful bench, their very looks would hang 'em, and they were indicted but for stealing of eggs.

Within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Thomas. Butler.

John. Honest Butler.

Butler. Squat heart squat, creep me into these bushes, and lie me as close to the ground as you would do to a wench.

²² A perfect Epythite.] I believe an Epythite signifies a beggar—
ισθητης. S.

Thomas. How, good Butler? shew us how.

Butler. By the moon, patroness of all purse-takers, who would be troubled with such changelings? squat heart squat.

Thomas. Thus, Butler?

Butler. Aye, so suckling, so; stir not now: if the peering rogues chance to go over you, yet stir not: younger brothers call you them, and have no more forecast, I am ashamed of you. These are such whose fathers had need leave them money, even to make them ready withall; for by these hilts, they have not wit to button their sleeves without teaching: close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging do fall to my share, so; then the father's old man drops for his young masters. If it chance, it chances; and when it chances, heaven and the sheriff send me a good rope! I would not go up the ladder twice for any thing: in the mean time preventions, honest preventions do well, off with my skin: so; you on the ground, and I to this tree to escape the gallows.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Butler. Do follow, if I do not deceive you, I'll bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP with two or three others with him.

Harcop. Up to this wood they took: search near my friends, I am this morn robb'd of three hundred pound.

Butler. I am sorry there was not four to have made even money. Now by the devil's horns, 'tis sir John Harcop.

Harcop. Leave not a bush unbeat, nor tree unsearch'd, As sure as I was robb'd the thieves went this way.

Butler. There's nobody I perceive but may lie at some time, for one of them climb'd this way.

First Man. Stand, I hear a voice; and here's an owl in an ivy-bush.

Butler. You lie, 'tis an old servingman, in a nut-tree.

Second Man. Sirrah, sir, what make you in that tree?

Butler. Gathering of nuts, that such fools as you are may crack the shells, and I eat the kernels.

Harcop. What fellow's that?

Butler. Sir John Harcop, my noble knight, I am glad of your good health; you bear your age fair, you keep a good house, I have fed at your board, and been drunk in your buttery.

Harcop. But sirrah, sirrah: what made you in that tree?

*My man and I, at foot of yonder hill,
Were by three knaves robb'd of three hundred pound.*

Butler. A shrewd loss berlady, sir; but your good worship may now see the fruit of being miserable: you will ride but with one man to save horse-meat and man's meat at your inn at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Harcop. Sirrah, I say, I have lost three hundred pound.

Butler. And I say, sir, I wish all miserable knights might be served so; for had you kept half a dozen tall fellows, as a man of your coat should do, they would have help'd now to keep your money.

Harcop. But tell me, sir, why lurk'd you in that tree?

Butler. Marry, I will tell you, sir. Coming to the top of the hill where you (right worshipful) were robb'd at the bottom, and seeing some a scuffling together, my mind straight gave me there were knaves abroad: now, sir, I knowing myself to be old, tough, and unwieldy, not being able to do as I would, as much as to say, rescue you (right worshipful), I like an honest man, one of the king's liege people, and a good subject—

Servant. But he says well, sir.

Butler. Got me up to the top of that tree: the tree (if it could speak) would bear me witness, that there I might see which way the knaves took, then to tell you of it, and you right worshipfully to send hue to cry after them.

Harcop. Was it so?

Butler. Nay, 'twas so, sir.

Harcop. Nay then, I tell thee they took into this wood.

Butler. And I tell thee (setting thy worship's knighthood aside) he lies in his throat that says so: had not one of them a white frock? did they not bind your worship's knighthood by the thumbs? then faggotted you, and the fool your man, back to back.

Man. He says true.

Butler. Why then so truly, came not they into this wood, but took over the lawns, and left Winno steeple on the left hand.

Harcop. It may be so, by this they are out of reach; Well, farewell it.

Butler. Ride with more men, good knight.

Harcop. It shall teach me wit.

[*Exit Harcop, with followers.*]

Butler. So, if this be not play'd a weapon beyond a scholar's prize, let me be hist at. Now to the next. Come out, you hedgehogs.

Thomas. O Butler, thou deserv'st to be chronicled for this.

Butler. Do not bely me, if I had my right I deserve to be hanged for't. But come, down with your dust, our morning's ³³ purchase.

Thomas. Here 'tis, thou hast play'd well, thou deserv'st two shares in it.

Butler. Three hundred pound! a pretty breakfast: many a man works hard all his days, and never sees half the money. But come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestow'd. But do ye hear, gallants, I have not taught you this trade to get your livings by. Use it not, for if you do, though I scap'd by the nut-tree, be sure you'll speed by the rope: but for your pains at this time, there's a hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, I'll give you instructions. But do you hear, look you, go not to your gills, your punks, and your cock-tricks with it. If I hear you do, as I am an honest thief, though I helped you now out of the briers, I'll be a means yet to help you to the gallows. How the rest shall be employ'd I have determined, and by the way I'll make you acquainted with it.

³³ purchase] See Note 33 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

To steal is bad, but taken where is store
The fault's the less, being done to help the poor.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WENTLOE, BARTLEY, and ILFORD *with a letter*
in his hand.

Ilford. Sure, I have said my prayers, and liv'd virtuously o' late, that this good fortune's befall'n me. Look, gallants, I am sent for to come down to my father's burial.

Wentloe. But dost mean to go?

Ilford. Troth, no, I'll go down to take possession of his land: let the country bury him, and they will. I'll stay here a while, to save charge at his funeral.

Bartley. And how dost feel thyself, Frank, now thy father is dead?

Ilford. As I did before, with my hands; how should I feel myself else? but I'll tell you news, gallants.

Wentloe. What's that? dost mean now to serve God?

Ilford. Faith, partly, for I intend shortly to go to church, and from thence do faithful service to one woman.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Good! I have met my flesh hooks together.

Bartley. What, dost mean to be married?

Ilford. I, mungrel, married.

Butler. That's a bait for me.

Ilford. I will now be honestly married.

Wentloe. It's impossible, for thou hast been a whore-master this seven year.

Ilford. 'Tis no matter, I will now marry, and to some honest woman too, and so from hence her virtues shall be a countenance to my vices.

Bartley. What shall she be, pr'ythee?

Ilford. No lady, no widow, nor no waiting gentlewoman, for under protection,

Ladies may lard their husband's heads,

Widows will woodcocks make,

And chambermaids of servingmen

Learn that they'll never forsake.

Wentloe. Who wilt thou wed then, pr'ythee?

Ilford. To any maid, so she be fair: to any maid,
so she be rich:

To any maid, so she be young: and to any maid—

Bartley. So she be honest.

Ilford. Faith, it's no great matter for her honesty,
for in these days that's a dowry out of request.

Butler. From these crabs will I gather sweetness:
wherein I'll imitate the bee, that sucks her honey, not
from the sweetest flowers, but thyme the bitterest: so
these having been the means to beggar my master,
shall be the helps to relieve his brothers and sister.

Ilford. To whom shall I now be a suitor?

Butler. Fair fall ye, gallants.

Ilford. Nay, and she be fair, she shall fall sure
enough. *Butler,* how is't, good *Butler*?

Butler. Will you be made gallants?

Wentloe. Aye, but not willingly cuckolds, though
we are now talking about wives.

Butler. Let your wives agree of that after: will you
first be richly married?

All. How, *Butler*? richly married?

Butler. Rich in beauty, rich in purse, rich in virtue,
rich in all things. But mum, I'll say nothing, I know
of two or three rich heirs. But ³⁴cargo! my fiddle-
stick cannot play without rozin: avant.

Wentloe. *Butler.*

Ilford. Dost not know me, *Butler*?

Butler. For ³⁵kex, dried kex, that in summer has
been so liberal to fodder other men's cattle, and scarce
have enough to keep your own in winter. Mine are
precious cabinets, and must have precious jewels put
into them, and I know you to be merchants of stock-

³⁴ But cargo! This is a corruption of *coraggio*! Italian, courage!
a hortatory exclamation. So, in the Epilogue to *Albumazar*, vol. 7.

"Two hundred crowns? and twenty pound a year

"For three good lives? cargo! hai Trincalo!" S.

³⁵ Kex,] a Fr. *Gigue*, utr. a Lat. *Cicuta*. SKINNER.

Cigue f. Hemlocke, Homlocke, hearbe Bennet, Kex. COTGRAVE.

fish, dry-meat,* and not men for my market: then vanish.

Iford. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? cannot a man have been a little whore-master in his youth, but you must upbraid him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife shall find in him? why my father's dead, man, now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a year.

Butler. Tut, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

Iford. Let me have her then, good Butler.

Butler. And then she, the bright beauty of Leicestershire, has a thousand, nay thirteen hundred a year, at least.

Iford. Or let me have her, honest Butler.

Butler. Besides, she the most delicate, sweet countenan'st, black brow'd gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of them.

Iford. Let me have her then.

Bartley. Or I.

Wentloe. Or I, good Butler.

Butler. You were best play the parts of right fools, and most desperate whore-masters, and go together by the ears for them ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featured, well-faced, excellent spoke, rare qualittied, virtuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewomen.

All. And rich, Butler?

Butler. (I, that must be one, though they want all the rest;) and rich, gallants, as are from the utmost parts of Asia to these present confines of Europe.

All. And wilt thou help us to them, Butler?

Butler. Faith, 'tis to be doubted; for precious pearl will hardly be bought without precious stones, and I think there's scarce one indifferent one to be found betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may prove honest, as by the death of your fathers you are proved rich, walk severally; for I knowing you all

* *dry-meat* was omitted, and is now inserted from the copy of 1611. C.

three to be covetous tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each other's beauty, but will severally talk with you: and since you have deign'd in this needful portion of wedlock to be rul'd by me, Butler will most bountifully provide wives for you generally,

All. Why that's honestly said.

Butler. Why so: and now first to you, sir knight.

Ilford. Godamercy.

Butler. You see this couple of abominable wood-cocks here.

Ilford. A pox on them, absolute coxcombs.

Butler. You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to give of three gentlewomen.

Ilford. True.

Butler. Now indeed, sir, I have but the performance of one.

Ilford. Good.

Butler. And her I do intend for you, only for you.

Ilford. Honest Butler.

Butler. Now, sir, she being but lately come to this town, and so nearly watch'd by the jealous eyes of her friends, she being a rich heir,* lest she should be stolen away by some dissolute prodigal, or desperate estated spend-thrift, as you have been, sir—

Ilford. O, but that's past, Butler.

Butler. True, I know't, and intend now but to make use of them, flatter with them with hopeful promises, and make them needful instruments.

Ilford. To help me to the wench?

Butler. You have hit it, which thus must be effected: first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilford. Good.

Bartley. Also concealing from them the lodging, beauty, and riches of your new, but admirable mistress.

Ilford. Excellent

* *Heir* and *heiress* were formerly confounded in the same way as *prince* was applied to both male and female. So in Cyril Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, we have,

"This Castabella is a wealthy *heire*," C.

Butler. Of which your following happiness if they should know, either in envy of your good, or hope of their own advancement, they'd make our labours known to the gentlewoman's uncles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

Ilford. Admirable, Butler.

Butler. Which done, all's but this; being as you shall be brought into her company, and by my praising your virtues, you get possession of her love, one morning step to the tower, or to make all sure hire some stipendiary priest for money: for money in these days, what will not be done? and what will not a man do for a rich wife? and with him make no more ado but marry her in her lodging, and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Ilford. Do they not see us, do they not see us? let me kiss thee, let me kiss thee, Butler! let but this be done, and all the benefit, requital, and happiness, I can promise thee for't, shall be this, I'll be thy rich master, and thou shalt carry my purse.

Butler. Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an hour hence: hark, she lies—*

Ilford. I ha't.

Butler. Fail not.

Ilford. Will I live?

Butler. I will, but shift off these two rhinoceros.

Ilford. Widgeons, widgeons, a couple of gulls.

Butler. With some discourse of hope to wive them too, and be with you straight.

Ilford. Blest day! my love shall be thy cushion, honest Butler. [Exit.

Butler. So, now to my t'other gallants.

Wentloe. O Butler, we have been in passion at thy tediousness

Butler. Why look you, I had all this talk for your good.

Bartley. Hadst?

* We must here suppose that Butler whispers to Ilford the place where the Lady lies or lodges. C.

Butler. For you know the knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating-prodigious, licentious, unnecessary—

Wentloe. An ass, an ass, an ass.

Butler. Now you heard me tell him I had three wenches in store.

Bartley. And he would have had them all, would he?

Butler. Hear me: though he may live to be an ox, he had not now so much of the goat in him, but only hopes for one of the three, when indeed I have but two; and knowing you to be men of more virtue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Wentloe. We shall honour thee.

Bartley. But how, Butler?

Butler. I am now going to their place of residence; situate in the choicest place of the city, and at the sign of the wolf, just against Gold-smiths-row, where you shall meet me; but ask not for me, only walk to and fro, and to avoid suspicion you may spend some conference with the shop-keepers' wives; ³⁰ they

³⁰ *they have seats built a purpose*] The following extracts from Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 4to. 1595, p. 57. will shew the manners of the English in some particulars which are alluded to in the course of these volumes. "Other some (i. e. of the women of England) spend the greatest part of the day in sitting at the dore, "to shew their braveries, and to make knowne their beauties, to behold the passengers by, to view the coast, to see fashions, and to acquaint themselves with the bravest fellows, for if not for these causes, I see no other causes why they should sit at their doores, from morning till noon (as many do) from noon to night, thus vainly spending their golden dayes in filthy idleness and sin. Againe, other some being weary of that exercise, take occasion (about urgent affaires you must suppose) to walke into the towne, and least any thing might be gathered, but that they goe about serious matters indeed, they take their baskets in their hands, or under their arms, under which pretence pretie conceits are practized, and yet may no man say black is their eye. "In the fields and suburbs of the cities they have gardens either paled or walled round about very high, with their harbours and bowers fit for the purpose. And least they might be espied in these open places, they have their banquetting houses with galleries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected: wherein they may (and doubtless do) many of them play the filthy persons. And for that their gardens are locked, some of them have three or four keyes a piece, whereof one they keep

have seats built a purpose for such familiar entertainment, where from a ³⁷ bay window which is opposite, I will make you known to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you have—

Wentloe. By th' mass, mine are very few.

Butler. And win a kind of desire, as women are soon won, to make you be beloved; where you shall first kiss, then woo, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O, Butler!

Butler. Wenches, bona robas ³⁸, blessed beauties, without colour or counterfeit. Away, put on your best cloaths, get you to the barbers, curl up your hair, walk with the best struts you can: you shall see more at the window, and I have vow'd to make you.

Bartley. Wilt thou?

Butler. Both fools; [*aside*] and I'll want of my wit, but I'll do't.

Bartley. We will live together as fellows.

Wentloe. As brothers.

[*Exeunt.*]

Butler. As arrant knaves: if I keep you company. O, the most wretched season of this time!

These men, like fish, do swim within one stream,

Yet they'd eat one another, making no conscience;

To drink with them they'd poison; no offence

Betwixt their thoughts and actions has controul,

But headlong run, like an unbiass'd bowl:

Yet I will throw them on, but like to him

At play knows how to lose, and when to win.

Enter THOMAS and JOHN SCARBOROW.

Thomas. Butler.

Butler. O, are you come,
And fit as I appointed? so, 'tis well,

"for themselves, the other their paramours have to goe in before
"them, least happily they might be perceived, for then were all
"the sport dasht. Then to these gardens they repair, when they
"list with a basket and a boy, where they meeting their sweet
"harts, receive their wished desires."

³⁷ bay window] See Note 18 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.

³⁸ bona robas] See Note to *King Henry IV.* Part 2d. Edit. 1778, vol. V. p. 522. S.

VOL. V.

You know your cues, and have instructions
How to bear yourselves: all, all is fit,
Play but your part, your states from hence are firm.

[*Exit.*]

John. What shall I term this creature? not a man,
[*Betwixt this Butler leads Ilford in.*]

He's not of mortal's temper, but he's one
Made all of goodness, though of flesh and bone:
O brother, brother, but for that honest man,
As near to misery had been our breath,
As where the thundering pellet strikes is death.

Thomas. I, my shift of shirts, and change of cloaths,
know't.

John. We'll tell of him, like bells whose musick
rings

On coronation day for joy of kings,
That hath preserv'd their steeples, not like tolls,
That summons living tears for the dead souls.

*Enter BUTLER, and ILFORD above.**

Butler. God's precious, see the hell, sir, even as you
had new kist, and were about to court her, if her uncles
be not come.

Ilford. A plague on the spite on't.

Butler. But 'tis no matter, sir, stay you here in this
upper chamber, and I'll stay beneath with her: 'tis ten
to one you shall hear them talk now of the greatness
of her possessions, the care they have to see her well
bestowed, the admirableness of her virtues, all which
for all their coming shall be but happiness ordained for
you, and by my means be your inheritance.

Ilford. Then thoul't shift them away, and keep me
from the sight of them?

Butler. Have I not promis'd to make you?

* "Towards the rear of the stage there appears to have been a balcony or upper stage, the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in the front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience." *Malone's Hist. of the Stage.* See his edition of *Shakespeare* by *Boswell*, III. 79.

Ilford. Thou hast.

Butler. Go to then, rest here with patience, and be confident in my trust; only in my absence, you may praise God for the blessedness you have to come, and say your prayers if you will: I'll but prepare her heart for entertainment of your love, dismiss them, for your free access, and return straight.

Ilford. Honest-blest-natural-friend, thou dealest with me like a brother, Butler: [*Exit Butler.*] Sure heaven hath reserved this man to wear grey-hairs to do me good. Now will I listen, listen close to suck in her uncle's words with a rejoicing ear.

Thomas. As we were saying, brother,
Where shall we find a husband for my niece.

Ilford. Marry, she shall find one here though you little know't. Thanks, thanks, honest Butler.

John. She is left rich in money, plate, and jewels.

Ilford. Comfort, comfort to my soul.

Thomas. Hath all her manor houses richly furnished.

Ilford. Good, good, I'll find employment for them.

Butler within. Speak loud enough that he may hear you.

John. I take her estate to be about a thousand pound a year.

Ilford. And that which my father hath left me will make it about fifteen hundred: admirable!

John. In debt to no man: then must our natural care be,
As she is wealthy to see her married well.

Ilford. And that she shall be as well as the priest can; he shall not leave a word out.

Thomas. I think she has—

Ilford. What a God's name?

Thomas. About four thousand pound in her great chest.

Ilford. And I'll find a vent for't, I hope.

John. She is virtuous, and she is fair.

Ilford. And she were foul, being rich, I would be glad of her.

Butler. Pish, pish.

John. Come, we'll go visit her, but with this care,
That to no spend-thrift we do marry her. [*Exeunt.*]

Ilford. You may chance be deceived old gray-beards ; here's he will spend some of it, thanks : thanks, honest Butler ! Now do I see the happiness of my future estate, I walk me as to-morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteen men in livery cloaks after me, and step to the wall in some chief streets of the city, though I have no occasion to use it, that the shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to me. And yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turn my aforesaid fourteen into two pages and two coaches ; I will get myself into grace at court, run head-long into debt, and then look scurvily upon the city ; I will walk you into the presence in the afternoon having put on a richer suit than I wore in the morning, and call boy or sirrah ; I will have the grace of some great lady though I pay for't, and at the next triumphs run a-tilt, that when I run my course, though I break not my lance, she may whisper to herself, looking upon my jewel, well run, my knight. I will now keep great horses, scorning to have a quean to keep me ; indeed I will practise all the gallantry in use, for by a wife comes all my happiness.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Now, sir, you have heard her uncles, and how do you like them ?

Ilford. O, Butler, they have made good thy words, and I am ravish'd with them.

Butler. And having seen and kist the gentlewoman, how do you like her ?

Ilford. O, Butler, beyond discourse, she's a paragon for a prince, than a fit implement for a gentleman ; beyond my element.

Butler. Well then, since you like her, and by my means, she shall like you : nothing rests now, but to have you married.

Ilford. True, Butler, but withall to have her portion.

Butler. Tut, that's sure yours when you are married once, for 'tis hers by inheritance; but do you love her?

Ilford. O, with my soul.

Butler. Have you sworn as much?

Ilford. To thee, to her, and have call'd heaven to witness.

Butler. How shall I know that?

Ilford. Butler, here I protest, make vows irrevocable.

Butler. Upon your knees?

Ilford. Upon my knees, with my heart and soul I love her.

Butler. Will live with her?

Ilford. Will live with her.

Butler. Marry her and maintain her?

Ilford. Marry her and maintain her.

Butler. For her forsake all other women?

Ilford. Nay, for her forswear all other women.

Butler. In all degrees of love?

Ilford. In all degrees of love, either to court, kiss, give private favours, or use private means; I'll do nothing that married men being close whore-masters do, so I may have her.

Butler. And yet you having been an open whore-master, I will not believe you till I hear you swear as much in the way of contract to herself, and call me to be a witness.

Ilford. By heaven, by earth, by hell, by all that man can swear, I will, so I may have her.

Butler. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women swear,
When such oaths broke heaven grieves and sheds a
tear.

But she's come, ply her, ply her.

Enter SCARBOROW'S Sister.

Ilford. Kind mistress, as I protested, so again I
vow;
I'faith I love you.

Sister. And I am not; sir, so uncharitable,
To hate the man that loves me.

Ilford. Love me then,
The which loves you as angels love good men;
Who wisheth them to live with them for ever,
In that high bliss whom hell cannot dissever.

Butler. I'll steal away and leave them, as wise men
do;

Whom they would match, let them have leave to woo.

[*Exit Butler.*]

Ilford. Mistress, I know your worth is beyond my
desert; yet by my praising of your virtues, I would
not have you, as women use to do, become proud.

Sister. None of my affections are pride's children,
nor a-kin to them.

Ilford. Can you love me then?

Sister. I can; for I love all the world, but am in love
with none.

Ilford. Yet be in love with me; let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our souls
Like turtles have a mutual sympathy,
Who love so well, that they together die;
Such is my life, who covets to expire,
If it should lose your love.

Sister. May I believe you?

Ilford. In troth you may,
Your life's my life, your death my dying-day.

Sister. Sir, the commendations I have received from
Butler of your birth and worth, together with the judge-
ment of mine own eye, bids me believe and love
you.

Ilford. O seal it with a kiss,
Blest hour! my life had never joy till this.

Enter WENTLOE, and BARTLEY beneath.

Bartley. Hereabout is the house, sure.

Wentloe. We cannot mistake it, for here's the sign
of the Wolf and the bay-window.

Enter BUTLER above.

Butler. What so close? 'Tis well I have shifted
away your uncles, mistress. But see the spite of Sir
Francis, if yon same couple of smell-smocks, Wentloe
and Bartley, have not scented after us.

Ilford. A pox on them! what shall we do then, Butler?

Butler. What! but be married straight, man.

Ilford. Aye, but how, Butler?

Butler. Tut, I never fail at a dead lift; for, to perfect your bliss, I have provided you a priest.

Ilford. Where, pr'ythee, Butler, where?

Butler. Where? but beneath in her chamber. 'I have fill'd his hands with coin, and he shall tie you fast with words; he shall close your hands in one, and then do clap yourself into her sheets, and spare not.

Ilford. O sweet! [*Exit Ilford with sister.**]

Butler. Down, down, 'tis the only way for you to get up.

Thus in this task for others good I toil,
And she kind gentlewoman weds herself,
Having been scarcely woo'd, and ere her thoughts
Have learn'd to love him, that, being her husband,
She may relieve her brothers in their wants;
She marries him to help her nearest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sin.

Wentloe. 'Sfoot, it is scurvy walking for us so near the two Counters; would he would come once!

Bartley. Mass he's yonder: now, Butler.

Butler. O gallants, are you here? I have done wonders for you, commended you to the gentlewomen, who, having taken note of your good legs and good faces, have a liking to you; meet me beneath.

Both. Happy, Butler.

Butler. They are yours, and you are theirs; meet me beneath I say.

[*Exeunt Wentloe and Bartley.*]

By this they are wed; aye, and perhaps have bedded.
Now follows, whether, knowing she is poor,
He'll swear he lov'd her as he swore before.

[*Exit Butler.*]

* The Quarto says "Exit Ilford with his Sister," but this is obviously an error: it means with Scarborow's sister. C.

ACT V.

Enter ILFORD with SCARBOROW'S Sister.

Ilford. Ho, sirrah, who would have thought it? I perceive now a woman may be a maid, be married, and lose her maidenhead, and all in half an hour. And how dost like me now, wench?

Sister. As doth befit your servant and your wife, That owe you love and duty all my life.

Ilford. And there shall be no love lost, nor service neither; I'll do thee service at board, and thou shalt do me service a-bed: now must I, as young married men use to do, kiss my portion out of my young wife. Thou art my sweet rogue, my lamb, my pigsny, my play-fellow, my pretty, pretty any thing. Come a buss pr'ythee, so 'tis my kind heart; and wots thou what now?

Sister. Not till you tell me, sir.

Ilford. I have got thee with child in my conscience, and, like a kind husband, methinks I breed it for thee. For I am already sick at my stomach, and long extremely. Now must thou be my helpful physician, and provide for me.

Sister. Even to my blood,
What's mine is yours, to gain your peace or good.

Ilford. What a kind soul is this! Could a man have found a greater content in a wife, if he should have sought through the world for her? Pr'ythee heart as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and methinks thy first child will be born without a ncse, if I lose my longing: 'tis but for a trifle too; yet methinks it will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me. I could take thy keys myself, go into thy closet, and read over the deeds and evidences of thy land, and in reading over them, rejoice I had such blest fortune to have so fair a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy chests, and survey thy plate, jewels, treasure; but a pox on't, all will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me.

Sister. Sir, I will shew you all the wealth I have,
Of coin, of jewels, and possessions.

Ilford. Good gentle heart, I'll give thee another
buss for that: for that, give thee a new gown to-mor-
row morning by this hand; do thou but dream what
stuff and what fashion thou wilt have it on to-night.

Sister. The land I can endow you with's my Love:
The riches I possess for you is Love,
A treasure greater than is land or gold,
It cannot be forfeit, and it shall ne'er be sold.

Ilford. Love, I know that; and I'll answer thee
Love for Love in abundance: but come, pr'ythee
come, let's see these deeds and evidences; this money,
plate, and jewels. Wilt have thy child born without a
nose? if thou be'st so careless, spare not: why, my
little frappet you, I heard thy uncles talk of thy riches,
that thou hadst hundreds a year, several lordships,
manors, houses, thousands of pounds in your great
chest; jewels, plate, and rings in your little box.

Sister. And for that riches you did marry me?

Ilford. Troth I did, as now-a-days batchelors do:
swear I lov'd thee, but indeed married thee for thy
wealth.

Sister. Sir, I beseech you, say not your oaths were
such,
So like false coin, being put unto the touch;
Who bear a flourish in the outward show,
Of a true stamp, but ^{so} truly are not so.
You swore me love, I gave the like to you:
Then as a ship, being wedded to the sea,
Does either sail or sink, even so must I,
You being the haven to which my hopes must fly.

Ilford. True, chuck, I am thy haven, and harbour
too,
And like a ship I took thee, who brings home treasure
As thou to me, the merchant-venturer.

Sister. What riches I am ballast with are yours.

Ilford. That's kindly said now.

Sister. If but with sand, as I am but with earth,

^{so} truly] indeed. Second and Third Editions.

Being your right, of right you must receive me :
I have no other lading but my Love,
Which in abundance I will render you ;
If other freight you do expect my store,
I'll pay you tears : my riches are no more.

Ilford. How's this ? how's this ? I hope you do but jest.

Sister. I am sister to decayed Scarborough.

Ilford. Ha !

Sister. Whose substance your inticements did consume.

Ilford. Worse than an ague.

Sister. Which as you did believe, so they supposed,
'Twas fitter for yourself than for another,
To keep the sister, had undone the brother.

Ilford. I am gull'd by this hand. An old coney-catcher, and beguil'd ! where the pox now are my two coaches, choice of houses, several suits ? a plague on them, and I know not what ! Do you hear, puppet, do you think you shall not be damned for this, to cozen a gentleman of his hopes, and compel yourself into matrimony with a man, whether he will or no with you ? I have made a fair match yfaith : will any man buy my commodity out of my hand ? As God save me he shall have her for half the money she cost me.

Enter WENTLOE and BARTLEY.

Wentloe. O, have we met you, sir.

Bartley. What, turn'd micher, steal a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it ?

Ilford. A pox on her, I would you had her.

Wentloe. Well, God give you joy ; we can hear of your good fortune, now 'tis done, though we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bartley. As that you have two thousand pounds a year.

Wentloe. Two or three manor-houses.

Bartley. A wife, fair, rich, and virtuous.

Ilford. Pretty i'faith, very pretty.

Wentloe. Store of gold.

Bartley. Plate in abundance.

Ilford. Better, better, better.

Wentloe. And so many oxen, that their horns are able to store all the cuckolds in your country.

Ilford. Do not make me mad, good gentlemen, do not make me mad: I could be made a cuckold with more patience, than endure this.

Wentloe. Foh, we shall have you turn proud now, grow disrespectful of your ancient acquaintance: why, Butler told us of it, who was the maker of the match for you.

Ilford. A pox of his furtherance! gentlemen, as you are Christians, vex me no more; that I am married, I confess; a plague of the fates, that wedding and hanging comes by destiny; but for the riches she has brought, bear witness how I'll reward her. [*Kicks her.*]

Sister. Sir.

Ilford. Whore, aye and jade, witch! Ill-fac'd, stinking-breath, crooked-nose, worse than the devil; and a plague on thee that ever I saw thee!

Bartley. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Wentloe. What's the meaning of all this? is this the mask after thy marriage?

Ilford. O, gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married! I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a whore, bated all she-creatures, fair and poor; swore I would never marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus coney-catch'd! Who do you think this is gentlemen?

Wentloe. Why, your wife; who should it be else?

Ilford. That's my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proves to be the beggarly sister to the more beggarly Scarborow.

Bartley. How?

Wentloe. Ha, ha, ha.

Ilford. Aye, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I for't.

Bartley. Nay, do not weep.

Wentloe. He does but counterfeit now to delude us. He has all her portion of land, coin, plate, jewels; and

now dissembles thus, lest we should borrow some money of him.

Ilford. And you be kind, gentlemen, lend me some ; for, having paid the priest, I have not so much left in the world as will hire me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bartley. But art thou thus gull'd i'faith ?

Ilford. Are you sure you have eyes in your head ?

Wentloe. Why, then, by her brother's setting on in my conscience ; who knowing thee now to have somewhat to take to by the death of thy father, and that he hath spent her portion, and his own possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himself.

Ilford. Nay, that's without question, but I'll be revenged of 'em both. For you, Minx :—nay, 'Sfoot, give 'em me, or I'll kick else.

Sister. Good, sweet.

Ilford. Sweet with a pox, you stink in my nose, give me your jewels : nay, bracelets too.

Sister. O me, most miserable !

Ilford. Out of my sight, aye, and out of my doors ; for now what's within this house is mine ; and for your brother,

He made this match, in hope to do you good,
And I wear this, for which shall draw his blood.

Wentloe. A brave resolution.

Bartley. In which we'll second thee.

[*Exit with WENTLOE.*]

Ilford. Away, whore, out of my doors, whore!

[*Exit.*]

Sister. O grief, that poverty should have that power to tear

Men from themselves, tho' they wed, bed, and swear.

Enter THOMAS and JOHN SCARBOROW, with BUTLER.

Thomas. How now, sister ?

Sister. Undone, undone.

Butler. Why, mistress, how is't ? how is't ?

Sister. My husband has forsook me.

Butler. O perjury !

Sister. Has ta'en my jewels and my bracelets from me.

Thomas. Vengeance ! I play'd the thief for the money that bought 'em.

Sister. Left me distress'd, and thrust me forth o'-doors.

Thomas. Damnation on him ! I will hear no more,
But for his wrong revenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
He spent our portion, and I'll see his fall.

John. O but, brother.

Thomas. Persuade me not.

All hopes are shipwreck'd, misery comes on,
The comfort we did look from him is frustrate,
All means, all maintenance, but grief, is gone ;
And all shall end by his destruction. [Exit.

John. I'll follow, and prevent what in this heat may happen :

His want makes sharp his sword, too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill. [Exit.

Butler. And what will you do, mistress ?

Sister. I'll sit me down, sigh loud instead of words,
And wound myself with grief as they with swords.
And for the sustenance that I should eat,
I'll feed on grief, 'tis woe's best relish'd meat.

Butler. Good heart, I pity you,
You shall not be so cruel to yourself,
I have the poor serving-man's allowance.
Twelve pence a-day, to buy me sustenance ;
One meal a-day I'll eat, the t'other fast,
To give your wants relief. And, mistress,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
I'll have thin cheeks, ere you shall have wet eyes.
[Exeunt.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scarborow. What is a prodigal ? Faith like a brush,
That wears himself to flourish others cloaths,
And, having worn his heart even to the stump,
He's thrown away like a deformed lump.

Oh such am I, I have spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others brave
In shape and riches, and myself a knave.
For tho' my wealth rais'd some to paint their door,
'Tis shut against me, saying I am but poor :
Nay, even the greatest arm, whose hand hath grac'd,
My presence to the eye of majesty, shrinks back,
His fingers clutch, and like to lead,
They are heavy to raise up my state, being dead.
By which I find, spendthrifts (and such am I)
Like strumpets flourish, but are foul within,
And they, like snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter THOMAS SCARBOROW.

Thomas. Turn, draw, and die ; I come to kill thee.

Scarborow. What's he that speaks like sickness ? Oh !
is't you ?

Sleep still, you cannot move me : fare you well.

Thomas. Think not my fury slakes so, or my blood
Can cool itself to temper by refusal :
Turn, or thou diest.

Scarborow. Away.

Thomas. I do not wish to kill thee like a slave,
That taps men in their cups, and broach their hearts,
Ere with a warning piece they have wak'd their ears ;
I would not like to powder shoot thee down,
To a flat grave, ere thou hast thought to frown :
I am no coward, but in manly terms,
And fairest oppositions, vow to kill thee.

Scarborow. From whence proceeds this heat ?

Thomas. From sparkles bred
By thee, that like a villain—

Scarborow. Ha.

Thomas. I'll hollow it
In thine ears till thy soul quake to hear it,
That like a villain hast undone thy brothers.

Scarborow. Would thou wert not so near me ! yet
farewell.

Thomas. By nature, and her laws : make us a-kin,
As near as are these hands, or sin to sin—
Draw and defend thyself, or I'll forget

Thou art a man.

Scarborow. Would thou wert not my brother !

Thomas. I disclaim thee.*

Scarborow. Are we not offspring of one parent,
wretch ?

Thomas. I do forget it ; pardon me the dead,
I should deny the pains you bid for me.

My blood grows hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My lives revenues that our parents purchas'd.

Scarborow. O do not rack me with remembrance
on't.

Thomas. Thou hast made my life a beggar in this
world,

And I will make thee bankrupt of thy breath :
Thou hast been so bad, the best that I can give,
Thou art a devil, not with men to live.

Scarborow. Then take a devil's payment.

Here they make a pass one upon another, when at Scarborow's back come in ILFORD, WENTLOE, and BARTLEY.

Ilford. He's here ; draw, gentlemen.

Wentloe, Bartley. Die, Scarborow.

Scarborow. Girt round with death !

Thomas. How, set upon by three ! 'Sfoot, fear not,
brother ; you cowards, three to one ! slaves, worse than
fencers that wear long weapons. You shall be fought
withal, you shall be fought withal.

[Here the brothers join, drive the rest out, and return.]

Scarborow. Brother, I thank you, for you now have
been

A patron of my life, forget the sin

I pray you, which my loose and wasteful hours

Hath made against your fortunes ; I repent 'em,

And wish I could new joint and strength your hopes,
Tho' with indifferent ruin of mine own.

I have a many sins, the thought of which

* *Then* is the reading of the quarto, 1611, and perhaps *Thomas* refers to "nature and her laws," mentioned not very intelligibly, in his preceding speech. C.

Like ⁴⁰ finisht needles prick me to the soul,
 But find your wrongs to have the sharpest point.
 If penitence your losses might repair,
 You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.

Thomas. I do believe you, sir: but I must tell you,
 Evils the which are 'gainst another done,
 Repentance makes no satisfaction
 To him that feels the smart. Our father, sir,
 Left in your trust my portion: you have spent it,
 And suffered me (whilst you in riot's house,
 A drunken Tavern spill'd my maintainance—
 Perhaps upon the ground with o'erflown cups;)
 Like birds in hardest winter half-starv'd, to fly
 And pick up any food, lest I should die.

Scarborow. I pr'ythee let us be at peace together.

Thomas. At peace for what? For spending my inheritance,

By yonder sun that every soul has life by,
 As sure as thou hast life, I'll fight with thee.

Scarborow. I'll not be mov'd unto't.

Thomas. I'll kill thee then, wert thou now claspt
 Within thy mother, wife, or children's arms.

Scarborow. Would'st, homicide? art so degenerate?
 Then let my blood grow hot.

Thomas. For it shall cool.

Scarborow. To kill rather than be kill'd is manhood's
 rule.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Stay, let not your wraths meet.

Thomas. Heart, what mak'st thou here?

John. Say who are you, or you? are you not one,
 That scarce can make a fit distinction
 Betwixt each other? Are you not brothers?

Thomas. I renounce him.

Scarborow. Shalt not need.

Thomas. Give way.

Scarborow. Have at thee.

John. Who stirs? which of you both hath strength
 within his arm

⁴⁰ finisht] Perhaps *finest* needles, which are the sharpest. S.

To wound his own breast? who's so desperate,
To damn himself by killing of himself:
Are you not both one flesh?

Thomas. Heart, give me way.

Scarborow. Be not a bar betwixt us, or by my sword
I'll ⁴¹mete thy grave out.

John. O do, for God's sake do;

'Tis happy death, if I may die, and you
Not murder one another. O do but hearken,
When do the sun and moon born in one frame
Contend, but they breed earthquakes in men's hearts?
When any star ⁴²prodigiously appears,
Tells it not fall of kings or fatal years?
And then, if brothers fight, what may men think?
Sin grows so high, 'tis time the world should sink.

Scarborow. My heart grows cool again; I wish it
not.

Thomas. Stop not my fury, or by my life I swear,
I will reveal the robbery we have done,
And take revenge on thee,
That hinders me to take revenge on him.

John. I yield to that, but ne'er consent to this,
I shall then die as mine own sin affords,
Fall by the law, not by my brothers' swords.

Thomas. Then by that light that guides me here I
vow,

I'll straight to Sir John Harcop, and make known
We were the two that robb'd him.

John. Pr'ythee do.

Thomas. Sin has his shame, and thou shalt have thy
due. [Exit.

John. Thus have I shewn the nature of a brother,
Tho' you have prov'd unnatural to me.
He's gone in heat to publish out the theft,
Which want and your unkindness forc'd us to:
If now I die, that death and public shame
Is a corsive to your soul, blot to your name. [Exit.

⁴¹ *mete* i. e. measure it out. *Hesperiam metire jacens. Virgil. S*

⁴² *prodigiously*] See Note 1 to the First Part of *The Honest Whore*,
vol. III.

Scarborow. O 'tis too true, there's not a thought I think,

But must partake thy grief, and drink
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With weight of others tears I am o'erborne,
That scarce am Atlas to hold up mine own,
And all too good for me. A happy creature
In my cradle, and I have made myself
The common curse of mankind by my life;
Undone my brothers, made them thieves for bread,
And begot pretty children to live beggars.
O conscience, how thou art stung to think upon't!
My brothers unto shame must yield their blood,
My babes at others stirrups beg their food,
Or else turn thieves too, and be choak'd for it,
Die a dog's death, be perch'd upon a tree;
Hang'd betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither.
The curse of heaven that's due to reprobates
Descends upon my brothers, and my children,
And I am parent to it; I, I am parent to it.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Where are you, sir?

Scarborow. Why star'st thou, what's thy haste?

Butler. Here's fellows swarm like flies to speak with you.

Scarborow. What are they?

Butler. Snakes I think, sir; for they come with stings in their mouths, and their tongues are turn'd to teeth too; they claw villainously, they have eat up your honest name, and honourable reputation by railing against you: and now they come to devour your possessions.

Scarborow. In plainer ⁴³evargy, what are they? speak.

Butler. ⁴⁴Mantichoras, monstrous beasts, enemies to

⁴³ *evargy*] i. e. facility; *εὐργυία*, facilis. S. . . .

⁴⁴ *Mantichoras*] " Apud eosdem nasci Ctesias scribit, quam "*mantichoram* appellat, triplici dantium. ordina pectinatim. coeuntium, facie et auriculis hominis, oculis glaucis, colore sanguineo, " corpore leonis, cauda, scorpionis modo spicula infigentem : vocis,

mankind, that have double rows of teeth in their mouths. They are usurers, they come yawning for money, and the sheriff with them is come to serve an extent upon your land, and then seize on your body by force of execution: they have begirt the house round.

Scarborow. So that the roof our ancestors did build
For their sons comfort, and their wives for charity,
I dare not to look out at.

Butler. Besides, sir, here's your poor children—

Scarborow. Poor children they are indeed.

Butler. Come with fire and water, tears in their eyes and burning grief in their hearts, and desire to speak with you.

Scarborow. Heap sorrow upon sorrow! tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution
For what I did? for every heinous sin,
Sits on his soul, by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My children carry moisture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say, Father, thus must we
Ask our relief, or die with infamy,
For you have made us beggars. Yet when thy tale has
kill'd me

To give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by inforc'd marriage:
My grave will then be welcome.

Butler. What shall we do, sir?

Scarborow. Do as the devil does, hate panther-like
mankind!*

And yet I lie; for devils sinners love,
When men hate men, tho' good like some above.

Enter Scarborow's wife KATHERINE, with two Children.

Butler. Your wife's come in, sir.

Scarborow. Thou li'st, I have not a wife. None can
be call'd

"ut si misceatur fistulae et tubae, concentus: velocitatis magnae,
"humani corporis vel praecipue appetentem." C. Plinii, Nat. Hist.
lib. viii. c. 21.

* The Edit. 1611, reads:—

"Do as the Devil does, hate panther-mankind." C.

True man and wife, but those whom heaven install'd.
Say—

Katherine. O, my dear husband!

Scarborow. You are very welcome. Peace: we'll
have compliment.

Who are you, gentlewoman?

Katherine. Sir, your distressed wife, and these your
children.

Scarborow. Mine! Where, how begot?
Prove me by certain instance that's divine,
That I should call them lawful, or thee mine.

Katherine. Were we not married, sir?

Scarborow. No; tho' we heard the words of cere-
mony,

But had hands knit as felons that wear fetters
Forc'd upon them. For tell me, woman,
Did e'er my love with sighs intreat thee mine?
Did ever I in willing conference,
Speak words, made half with tears, that I did love
thee?

Or was I ever but glad to see thee as all lovers are?
No, no, thou know'st I was not.

Katherine. Oh me!

Butler. The more's the pity.

Scarborow. But when I came to church, I did there
stand

All water, whose forc'd ⁴⁵breach had drown'd my land.
Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why 'tis impossible: for like the skies
Without the sun's light, so look all your eyes;
Dark, cloudy, thick; and full of heaviness;
Within my country there was hope to see
Me and my issue to be like our fathers,
Upholders of our country all our life,
Which should have been if I had wed a wife.
Where now,
As dropping leaves in Autumn you look all,

⁴⁵ *breach*] Breath, Third edit. The edition of 1611 also reads
breath.

And I, that should uphold you, like to fall.

Katherine. 'Twas, nor shall be my fault; Heaven
bear me witness.

Scarborow. Thou liest, strumpet, thou liest.

Butler. O, sir!

Scarborow. Peace, saucy Jack! strumpet, I say thou
liest,

For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this unrest,
That bastards born are born not to be blest.

Katherine. On me pour all your wrath, but not on
them.

Scarborow. On thee, and them, for 'tis the end of lust,
To scourge itself, heaven lingering to be just:
Harlot!

Katherine. Husband.

Scarborow. Bastards.

Children. Father.

Butler. What heart not pities this?

Scarborow. Even in your cradle, you were accurst
of heaven,

Thou an adultress in my married arms.

And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:

Aye, now you hang the head; shouldst have done so
before,

Then these had not been bastards, thou a whore.

Butler. I can brook't no longer: sir, you do not well
in this.

Scarborow. Ha, slave!

Butler. 'Tis not the aim of gentry to bring forth
Such harsh unrelish'd fruit unto their wines,*

And to their pretty, pretty children by my troth.

Scarborow. How, rascal!

Butler. Sir, I must tell you, your progenitors,
Two of the which these years were servant to,
Had not such mists before their understanding;

* The old copy of 1611, reads "unto their *wives*," and it has
been supposed a misprint for *wines*; but this seems doubtful taking
the whole passage together, and the subsequent reference to the
children. C.

Thus to behave themselves.

Scarborow. And you'll controul me, sir !

Butler. I, I will.

Scarborow. You rogue !

Butler. I, 'tis I will tell 'tis ungently done

Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children :

Wrong them, you wrong yourself ; are they not yours ?

Scarborow. Pretty, pretty impudence in faith.

Butler. Her whom you are bound to love, to rail against !

These whom you are bound to keep, to spurn like dogs !

And you were not my master, I would tell you—

Scarborow. What, slave ? [*Draws.*

Butler. Put up your bird-spit, tut, I fear it not ;

In doing deeds so base, so vile as these,

'Tis but a kna, kna, kna.

Scarborow. Rogue !

Butler. Tut, howsoever, 'tis a dishonest part,

And in defence of these I throw off duty.

Katherine. Good Butler.

Butler. Peace, honest mistress, I will say you are wronged,

Prove it upon him, even in his blood, his bones,

His guts, his maw, his throat, his intrails.

Scarborow. You runnagate of threescore !

Butler. 'Tis better than a knave of three and twenty.

Scarborow. Patience be my buckler,

⁴⁶ As not to file my hands in villain's blood ;

You knave, slave, trencher-groom !

Who is your master ?

Butler. You, if you were a master.

Scarborow. Off with your coat then, get you forth a-doors.

Butler. My coat, sir ?

⁴⁶ *As not to file*] i. e. to defile. So, in *Churchyard's Challenge*, 1598, p. 251 :

" Away fowle workes, that fil'd my face with blurs.

Again, *Macbeth*, A. 3. S. 1.

" If it be so,

" For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the last passage.

Scarborow. Aye, your coat, slave.

Butler. 'Sfoot when you ha't 'tis but a thread-bare coat,

And there 'tis for you : know that I scorn

To wear his livery is so worthy born,

And live so base a life; old as I am,

I'll rather be a beggar than your man,

And there's your service for you.

[*Exit.*

Scarborow. Away, out of my door: away.

So, now your champion's gone, minx, thou hadst better

Have gone quick unto thy grave——

Katherine. O me! that am no cause of it.

Scarborow. Than have suborn'd that slave to lift his hand against me.

Katherine. O me! what shall become of me?

Scarborow. I'll teach you tricks for this; have you a companion?

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. My heart not suffers me to leave my honest mistress and her pretty children.

Scarborow. I'll mark thee for a strumpet, and thy bastard——

Butler. What will you do to them, sir?

Scarborow. The devil in thy shape come back again?

Butler. No, but an honest servant, sir, will take this coat,

And wear it with this sword to safeguard these,

And pity them, and ⁴⁷ I am woe for you too;

But will not suffer

The husband viper-like to prey on them

That love him, and have cherish'd him, as these,

And they have you.

Scarborow. Slave.

Butler. I will not humour you,

Fight with you, and lose my life, or these

Shall taste your wrong whom you are bound to love.*

⁴⁷ I am woe] See Note 77 on *The Four Ps*, vol I.

* The old copies give it thus :

—— " or these

" Shall taste your wrong whom you are bound to love,"

Scarborow. Out of my doors, slave.

Butler. I will not, but will stay and wear this coat,
And do you service whether you will or no.
I'll wear this sword too, and be champion,
To fight for her in spite of any man.

Scarborow. You shall: you shall be my master, sir.

Butler. No, I desire it not,
I'll pay you duty, even upon my knee,
But lose my life, ere these oppress I'll see.

Scarborow. Yes, goodman slave, you shall be master,

Lie with my wife, and get more bastards; do, do, do.

Katherine. Oh me!

Scarborow. Turns the world upside down,
That men o'erbear their masters? it does, it does.
For even as Judas sold his master Christ,
Men buy and sell their wives at highest price,
What will you give me? what will you give me?
What will you give me? [Exit.

Butler. O, mistress, my soul weeps, though mine
eyes be dry,
To see his fall, and your adversity;
Some means I have left, which I'll relieve you with.
In to your chamber, and if comfort be a-kin
To such great grief, comfort your children.

Katherine. I thank thee, Butler; heaven when he
please,
Send death unto the troubled, a blest ease.

[Exit with children.]

Butler. In troth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endless toil I labour thus:
'Tis but the old times ancient conscience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me do't:
If it be sin that I do pity these,

and or being understood in the sense of ere, the meaning is quite plain; but Mr Reed allowed it to stand,

" — or these

" Shall taste no wrong, &c."

an alteration made without notice, because it was thought the passage could not otherwise be intelligible. C.

If it be sin I have relieved his brothers,
Have play'd the thief with them to get their food,
And made a luckless marriage for his sister,
Intended for her good, heaven pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were ⁴⁸unhappy men;
For they caus'd all, and may heaven pardon them.

Enter Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Sir William. Who's within here?

Butler. Sir William, kindly welcome.

Sir William. Where is my kinsman Scarborow?

Butler. Sooth, he's within, sir, but not very well.

Sir William. His sickness?

Butler. The hell of sickness; troubled in his mind.

Sir William. I guess the cause of it,

But cannot now intend to visit him.

Great business for my sovereign hastes me hence;
Only this letter from his lord and guardian to him,
Whose inside, I do guess, tends to his good;

At my return I'll see him: so farewell. [Exit.]

Butler. Whose inside I do guess turns to his good;
He shall not see it now then; for men's minds,
Perplex'd like his, are like land-troubling-winds,
Who have no gracious temper.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. O, Butler!

Butler. What's the fright now?

John. Help strait, or on the tree of shame
We both shall perish for the robbery.

Butler. What is't reveal'd, man?

John. Not yet, good Butler, only my brother Thomas
In spleen to me, that would not suffer him
To kill our elder brother had undone us,
Is riding now to sir John Harcop straight,
To disclose it.

Butler. Heart, who would rob with sucklings?

⁴⁸ unhappy] mischievous, unlucky. So in *All's well that ends well*,
A. 1. S. 5.

"A shrewd knave and an unhappy."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Henry VIII.* A. 1. S. 4.

Where did you leave him?

John. Now taking horse to ride to Yorkshire.

Butler. I'll stay his journey, lest I meet a hanging.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scarborow. I'll parley with the devil: I, I will,
He gives his counsel freely, and the cause
He for his clients pleads goes always with them:
He in my cause shall deal then; and I'll ask him
Whether a cormorant may have stuff chests
And see his brother starve? why ⁴⁹he'll say, I,
The less they give, the more I gain thereby;

Enter BUTLER.

Their souls, their souls, their souls.

How now, master? nay, you are my master;

Is my wife's sheets warm? does she kiss well?

Butler. Good sir.

Scarborow. Foh, mak't not strange, for in these
days,

There's many men lie in their masters sheets,

And so may you in mine, and yet——your business, sir?

Butler. There's one in civil habit, sir, would speak
with you.

Scarborow. In civil habit?

Butler. He is of seemly rank, sir, and calls himself
By the name of Doctor Baxter of Oxford.

Scarborow. That man undid me; he did blossoms
blow,

Whose fruit proved poison, though 'twas good in shew:

With him I'll parley, and disrobe my thoughts

Of this wild phrensy that becomes me not.

A table, candles, stools, and all things fit,

I know he comes to chide me, and I'll hear him;

With our sad conference we will call up tears,

Teach doctors rules, instruct succeeding years:

Usher him in:

Heaven spare a drop from thence where's bounties
throng,

⁴⁹ *he'll say, I,*] i. e. Aye. I, formerly, was the mode of writing
as well as pronouncing this word.

Give patience to my soul, inflame my tongue.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor. Good master Scarborow.

Scarborow. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doctor. I have important business to deliver you.

Scarborow. And I have leisure to attend your hearing.

Doctor. Sir, you know I married you.

Scarborow. I know you did, sir.

Doctor. At which you promis'd both to God and men,

Your life unto your spouse should be like snow,

That falls to comfort, not to overthrow :

And love unto your issue should be like

The dew of heaven, that hurts not, though it strike ;

When heaven and men did witness and record

'Twas an eternal oath, no idle word :

Heaven, being pleas'd therewith, blest you with children,

And at heaven's blessings all good men rejoice.

So that God's chair and footstool, heaven and earth,

Made offering at your nuptials as a knot

To mind you of your vow ; O, break it not.

Scarborow. 'Tis very true.

Doctor. Now, sir, from this your oath and ^{so} band, Faith's pledge, and seal of conscience, you have run, Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,

Justice hath now in suit against your soul :

Angels are made the jurors, who are witnesses

Unto the oath you took, and God himself

Maker of marriage, he that seal'd the deed,

As a firm lease unto you during life,

Sits now as judge of your transgression :

The world informs against you with this voice,

If such sins reign, what mortals can rejoice.

Scarborow. What then ensues to me ?

Doctor. A heavy doom ; whose execution's Now serv'd upon your conscience, that ever

^{so} band] See Note 219 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

You shall feel plagues whom time shall not dissever ;
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oaths, and all the injuries,
You have done unto your soul : then comes your wife,
Full of woe's drops, and yet as full of pity,
Who though she speaks not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings : and then your children—

Scarborow. Oh, oh, oh !

Doctor. Who, what they cannot say talk in their looks ;

You have made us up, but as misfortune's books,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Task'd by yourself, you are not, like a thief,
Astonied being accus'd, but scorch'd with grief.

Scarborow. I, I, I.

Doctor. Here stand your wife's tears.

Scarborow. Where ?

Doctor. And you fry for them : here lie your children's wants.

Scarborow. Here ?

Doctor. For which you pine, in conscience burn,
And wish you had been better, or ne'er born.

Scarborow. Does all this happen to a wretch like me ?

Doctor. Both this and worse, your soul eternally
Shall live in torment, though the body die.

Scarborow. I shall have need of drink then : Butler !

Doctor. Nay all your sins are on your children laid,
For the offences that the father made.

Scarborow. Are they, sir ?

Doctor. Be sure they are.

Enter BUTLER.

Scarborow. Butler !

Butler. Sir.

Scarborow. Go, fetch my wife and children hither.

Butler. I will, sir.

Scarborow. I'll read a ⁵¹ lecture to the doctor too,
He's a divine ? aye, he's a divine.

Butler. I see his mind is troubled, and have made

bold with duty to read a letter tending to his good ; have made his brothers friends : both which I will conceal till better temper. He sends me for his wife and children ; shall I fetch them ?

Scarborow. He's a divine, and this divine did marry me :

That's good, that's good.

Doctor. Master Scarborow.

Scarborow. I'll be with you straight, sir.

Butler. I will obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heaven bear me record, 'tis 'gainst my will. [Exit.

Scarborow. And this divine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,
As God's ambassador. Deliver, deliver, deliver.

Doctor. Master Scarborow.

Scarborow. I'll be with you straight, sir :
Salvation to afflicted consciences,
And not give torment to contented minds,
Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,
And not like ^{as} firedrakes to lead men astray,
Aye, I'll be with you straight, sir.

Enter BUTLER, with Wife and Children.

Butler. Here's your wife and children, sir.

Scarborow. Give way then,
I have my lesson perfect ; leave us here.

Butler. Yes, I will go, but I will be so near,
To hinder the mishap, the which I fear.

[Exit BUTLER.

Scarborow. Now, sir, you know this gentlewoman ?

Doctor. Kind mistress Scarborow.

Scarborow. Nay, pray you keep your seat, for you shall hear,

The same affliction you have taught me fear,
Due to yourself.

Doctor. To me, sir ?

Scarborow. To you, sir.

You match'd me to this gentlewoman.

^{as firedrakes} *Ignes fatui, Wills o' th' Wisp.* See Mr. Steevens's Note on King Henry VIII. A. 5. S. 3.

Doctor. I know I did, sir.

Scarborow. And you will say she is my wife then.

Doctor. I have reason, sir, because I married you.

Scarborow. O that such tongues should have the time to lie,

Who teach men how to live, and how to die;
Did not you know my soul had given my faith,
In contract to another? and yet you
Would join this loom unto unlawful twists.

Doctor. Sir?

Scarborow. But, sir,

You that can see a mote within my eye,
And with a cassock blind your own defects,
I'll teach you this: 'tis better to do ill,
That's never known to us, than of self will;
And these, all these in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life make them be glad to die.

Doctor. Master Scarborow—

Scarborow. Here will I write, that they which marry
wives,

Unlawful live with strumpets all their lives.
Here will I seal the children that are born,
From wombs unconsecrate, even when their soul
Has her infusion, it registers they are foul,
And shrinks to dwell with them, and in my close
I'll shew the world, that such abortive men
Knit hands without free tongues, look red like them:
Stand you and you to acts most tragical:
Heaven has dry eyes, when sin makes sinners fall.

Doctor. Help, master Scarborow.

Children. Father.

Katherine. Husband,

Scarborow. These for thy act should die, she for my
Clare,

Whose wounds stare thus upon me for revenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sin,
And thou thyself shalt have a push amongst them,
That made heaven's word a pack-horse to thy tongue,
Quot'st scripture to make evil shine like good!
And as I send you thus with worms to dwell,

Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Stay him, stay him.

What will you do, sir?

Scarborow. Make fat worms of stinking carcases,
What hast thou to do with it?

Enter ILFORD and his Wife, the two Brothers, and Sir

WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Butler. Look, who are here, sir.

Scarborow. Injurious villain! that prevent'st me still.

Butler. They are your brothers and alliance, sir.

Scarborow. They are like full ordnance then, who
once discharg'd

Afar off give a warning to my soul,

That I have done them wrong.

Sir William. Kinsman.

Brother and Sister. Brother.

Katherine. Husband.

Children. Father.

Scarborow. Hark how their words like bullets shoot
me thorough,

And tell me I have undone them: this side might say,

We are in want; and you are the cause of it:

This points at me, y'are shame unto your house:

This tongue says nothing, but her looks do tell

She's married, but as those that live in hell:

Whereby all eyes are but misfortune's pipe,

Fill'd full of woe by me: this feels the stripe.

Butler. Yet, look, sir,

Here's your brothers hand in hand, whom I have knit
so.

Sister. And look, sir, here's my husband's hand in
mine,

And I rejoice in him, and he in me.

Sir William. I say, coz, what is past is the way to
bliss,

For they know best to mend, that know amiss.

Katherine. We kneel: forget, and say if you but
love us,

You gave us grief for future happiness.

Scarborow. What's all this to my conscience?

Butler. Ease, promise of succeeding joy to you,
Read but this letter.

Sir William. Which tells you that your lord and
guardian's dead.

Butler. Which tells you that he knew he did you
wrong,

Was griev'd for't, and for satisfaction
Hath given you double of the wealth you had.

Brother. Increas'd our portions.

Wife. Given me a dowry too.

Butler. And that he knew,
Your sin was his, the punishment his due.

Scarborow. All this is here :

Is heaven so gracious to sinners then?

Butler. Heaven is, and has his gracious eyes,
To give men life not like intrapping spies.

Scarborow. Your hand, yours, yours, to my soul : to
you a kiss ;

In troth I am sorry I have stray'd amiss ;

To whom shall I be thankful ? all silent ?

None speak ? whist : why then to God,

That gives men comfort as he gives his rod ;

Your portions I'll see paid, and I will love you,

You three I'll live withall, my soul shall love you :

You are an honest servant, sooth you are ;

To whom ? I, these, and all must pay amends ;

But you I will admonish in cool terms,

Let not promotion's hope be as a string,

To tie your tongue, or let it loose to sting.

Doctor. From hence it shall not, sir.

Scarborow. Then husbands thus shall nourish with
their wives. [Kiss.

Ilford. As thou and I will, wench.

Scarborow. Brothers in brotherly love thus link to-
gether ; [Embrace.

Children and servants pay their duty thus ;

[Bow and kneel.

And are all pleas'd ?

All. We are.

Scarborow. Then if all these be so,
I am new wed, so ends old marriage woe ;
And in your eyes so lovingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring us to our bed.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Miseries of Inforst Mariage. As it is
"now playd by his Majesties Servants. Qui alios
"(seipsum) docet. By George Wilkins. London.
"Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold at
"his shop in Woodstreet, 1607, 4to."*

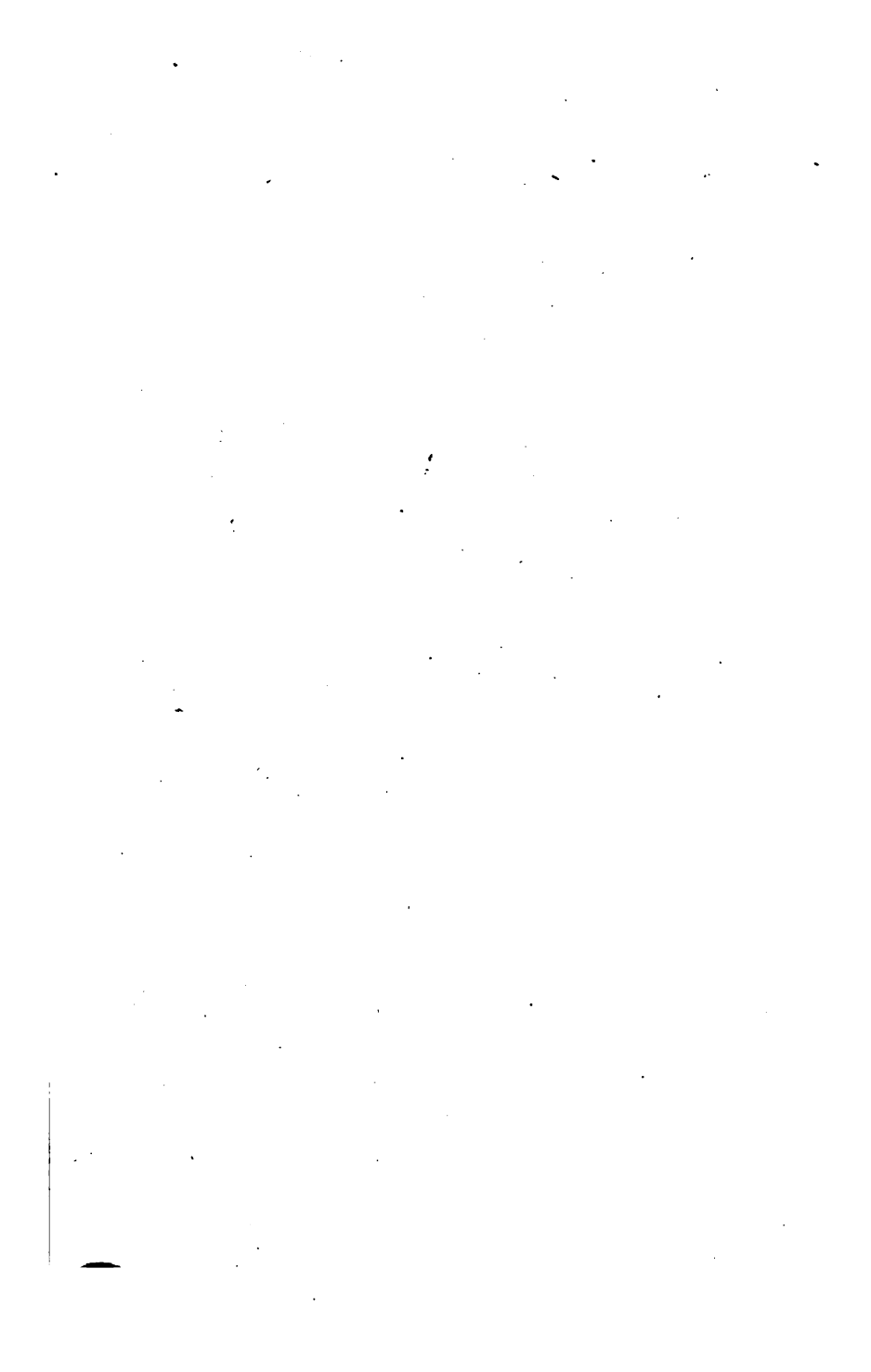
(2.) "The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Playd by
"his Majesties Servants. Qui alios (seipsum) docet.
"By George Wilkins. London. Printed by Aug.
"Mathews for Richard Thrale, and are to bee sold at
"his Shop at Paul's gate, next to Cheape-side, 1629,
"4to."

(3.) "The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Play'd by
"his Majesties Servants. Qui alios (seipsum) docet.
"By George Wilkins. London. Printed by I. N.
"for Richard Thrale, and are to be sold at his Shop
"at Paul's gate; next to Cheape-side, M.DC.XXXVII.
"4to."

* Mr. Reed does not appear to have seen the edition of 1611, but calls that of 1629 the Second. The following is the title of the copy of 1611, which it will be seen, from the additional notes, has been of considerable service in collation.

"The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Playd by his Majesties
"Servantes. Qui *Alios* (seipsum) docet. By George Wilkins.
"London. Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold at his
"Shoppe in Woodstreete, 1611." C.

L I N G U A :
OR
THE COMBAT
OF THE
TONGUE AND THE FIVE SENSES
FOR
SUPERIORITY.



OF Anthony Brewer, the supposed author of the following academic play, not a single particular is known: indeed it admits of doubt, whether he wrote either it or any other dramatic production, since none of them bear his name, and some with the initials of others on the title page have been assigned to him. Not one of the many editions of *Lingua* represent either directly or indirectly that Brewer was the author of it. Winstanley (*Lives of the English Poets*, p. 114.) says, that Anthony Brewer was "one who in his time contributed very much towards the English stage by his dramatic writings, especially in that noted one of his entituled *Lingua*." Langbaine, (a better authority) on the other hand, asserts (*Dramatic Poets*, p. 30,) that Winstanley was much mistaken, and that *Lingua* was not the production of Brewer. Winstanley also gave to the same writer, *Love's Loadstone*, *Llangartha*, and *Love's Dominion*; but here again Langbaine positively contradicts him, which he probably would not have done had he not been well satisfied upon the point.

Whoever was the real author of *Lingua*, there is some plausibility in assigning to him also *Pathomachia* or *Love's Loadstone*; for they are certainly written upon the same plan, and very much in the same stile, although the former is considerably superior to the latter, both in design and execution. The first scene of *Pathomachia* contains an allusion by Pride, one of the characters, to *Lingua*, where it is said, "Methinks it were fit now to renew the claim to our old title of Affections, which we have lost, as sometimes Madame *Lingua* did to the title of a Sense; for it is good fishing in troubled waters." *Pathomachia* was not printed until 1630, and most likely was not written until some years after *Lingua*, from the allusion it contains in Act II. to the state of the stage, and the mention in Act I. of Coriate the Traveller, who did not become notorious until after the publication of his *Crudities* in

1611, but for many years afterwards continued a standing jest.

The first edition of *Lingua* is dated 1607, but from a passage in Act IV. Sc. 7. it is evident that it was produced before the death of Elizabeth. The last edition, in 1657, is rendered curious by the circumstance that the bookseller, Simon Miller, asserts that it was "acted by Oliver Cromwell, the late Usurper." This fact is not stated on the title-page to the play, but in a list of works printed for the same stationer, placed at the end of Heath's "England's New Book of Loyal Martyrs." If it were true it is singular that Miller did not notice it upon the title page of the edition of *Lingua* which he published, and to the conclusion of which is also subjoined a similar list, where *Lingua* is mentioned only in these terms, "*Lingua*, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority: a serious Comedy." Winstanley adds that "the late Usurper, Cromwell, had therein the part of Tactus: — this mock contention for the crown is said to swell his ambition so high that afterwards he contended for it in earnest, heading such a notable rebellion, as had almost ruined three flourishing kingdoms."

In a poem called *Steps to Parnassus*, as quoted by Chetwood, Brewer is complimented in the following lines:

"Let Brewer take his artful pen in hand,
 "Attending muses will obey command,
 "Invoke the aid of Shakespear's sleeping clay,
 "And strike from utter darkness new-born day."

Kirkman, the bookseller, assigned to Anthony Brewer, *The Country Girl*, 1647, and *The Love-sick King*, 1655; but with regard to the first, the initials T. B. stand upon the title-page as those of the author, and a person of the name of Thomas Brewer has a commendatory poem prefixed to Humphrey Mills' *Night Search*, 8vo. 1640.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LINGUA, { *Comædus.*
 AUDITUS, { *Tragædus.*
 MENDACIO, *Lingua's page.*
 TACTUS, { *Odor.*
 OLFACTUS, { *Tobacco.*

 VISUS, { *Lumen,*
 { *Calum,*
 { *Terra,*
 { *Heraldry,*
 { *Color.*
 GUSTUS, { *Bacchus, Ceres,*
 { *Beer.*
 APPETITUS, *a parasite.*
 PHANTASTES.
 HEURESIS, *Phantastes's page.*
 CRAPULA, *Gustus's follower.*
 COMMUNIS SENSUS.
 MEMORIA.
 ANAMNESSES, *Memoria's page.*
 SOMNUS.

Personæ, quarum mentio
 tantum fit { *Psyche,*
 { *Acrasia,*
 { *Veritas,*
 { *Oblivio.*

The Scene is Microcosmus in a Grove.

The Time from Morning till Night.

PROLOGUE.

*Our Muse describes: no lover's passion,
No wretched father, no unthrifty son :
No craving subtle whore, or shameless bawd,
Nor stubborn clown, or daring parasite,
No lying servant, or bold sycophant.
We are not wanton, or satirical.
These have their time and places fit ; but we,
Sad hours and serious studies, to relieve,
Have taught severe Philosophy to smile,
The Senses rash contentions we compose,
And give displeas'd ambitious TONGUE her due :
Here's all, judicious friends, accept what is not ill,
Who are not such, let them do what they will.*

L I N G U A.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

LINGUA appare'd in a crimson sattin gown, a dressing of white roses, a little skene¹ tied in a purple scarf, a pair of white buskins* drawn with white ribbon, silk garters, gloves, &c.

AUDITUS, in a garland of bayes, intermingled with red and white roses upon a false hair, a cloth of silver mantle upon a pair of sattin bases, wrought sleeves, buskins, gloves, &c.

LINGUA, AUDITUS.

Lingua. NAY, good Auditus, do but hear me speak.

Auditus. Lingua, thou strik'st too much upon one string,

Thy tedious plain-song² grates my tender ears.

Lingua. 'Tis plain indeed, for Truth no descant needs;

¹ a little skene] A skene or skane. *Gladius, Ensis brevior.* Skinner.

Dekker's *Belman's Night Walks*, Sign. F 2: "The bloody Tragedies of all these, are onely acted by the women, who carrying long knives or *skeanes* under their mantles, doe thus play their parts."

Again in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, p. 129.

"And Ganimedes we are," quoth one, "and thou a prophet trew: And hidden *skines* from underneath their forged garments drew, Wherewith the tyrant and his bawds with safe escape they slew."

See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 4.

* The edition of 1657 reads, "red buskins drawn with white ribband." C.

² plain-song—descant] Musical terms. See Notes on *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, vol. III. p. 63. and *King Richard III.* vol. VII. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

Una's her name, she cannot be divided.

Auditus. ³ O but the ground itself is nought, from whence

Thou canst not relish out a good division :
Therefore at length surcease, prove not stark-mad,
Hopeless to prosecute a hapless suit :
For though (perchance) thy first strains pleasing are,
I dare engage mine ears the close ⁴ will jar.

Lingua. If then your confidence esteem my cause
To be so frivolous and weakly wrought,
Why do you daily subtle plots devise,
To stop me from the ears of Common Sense ?
Whom since our great queen Psyche hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisdom, our vice-governor,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nimble Phantastes, and firm Memory,
Myself and cause, I humbly do commit :
Let them but hear and judge, I wish no more.

Auditus. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort :
Good Jove ! what sense hast thou to be a sense !
Since from the first foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more than five.
Yet you, forsooth, an idle prating dame,
Would fain increase the number, and upstart
To our high seats, decking your babling self
With usurp'd titles of our dignity.

Lingua. An idle prating dame ! know, fond *Auditus*,
Records affirm my title full as good
As his amongst the five is counted best.

Auditus. *Lingua*, confess the truth ; thou'rt wont to lie.

Lingua. I say so too, therefore I do not lie.

³ O but the ground, &c.] A metaphor drawn from music, more particularly that kind of composition called a *Ground*, with its *Divisions*. Instead of *relish*, I would propose to read *flourish*. S. P.

⁴ the close] Mr. Steevens supposes this to be a musical term. See Note on *Richard II.* A. 2. S. 1. :

" The setting sun and music at the close."

But now, spite of you all, I speak the truth.
You five among us subjects tyrannize ;
Making the sacred name of Common Sense
A cloak to cover your enormities :
He bears the rule ; he's judge, but judgeth still
As he's inform'd by your false evidence :
So that a plaintiff cannot have access,
But through your gates. He hears, but what ? nought
else

But what thy crafty ears to him conveys :
And all he sees is by proud Visus shew'd him :
And what he touches is by Tactus' hand ;
And smells, I know, but through Olfactus' nose ;
Gustus begins to him whate'er he tastes :
By these quaint tricks free passage hath been bar'd,
That I could never equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well.

Auditus. Lingua, thy feeble sex
Hath hitherto withheld my ready hands,
That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

Lingua. O horrible ingratitude ! that thou,
That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me :
Who, by my means, conceiv'st as many tongues,
As Neptune closeth lands betwixt his arms :
The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words ;
The Caldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongu'd French ;
These precious jewels that adorn thine ears,
All from my mouth's rich cabinet are stolen.
How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue,
Hang'd at my lips, and ravish'd with my words ;
So that a speech fair-feather'd could not fly,
But thy ear's pit-fall caught it instantly ?
But now, O Heavens !

Auditus. O Heavens ! thou wrong'st me much,
Thou wrong'st me much, thus falsely to upbraid me :
Had not I granted thee the use of hearing,

That sharp edg'd tongue whetted against her master,
 Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsy lips,
 That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire,
 Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
 Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
 Uttering nought else but ^s idle sifflements,
 Tunes without sense, words inarticulate,
 Had ne'er been able to 'ave abus'd me thus.
 Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Lingua. Perfidious liar, how can I endure thee !
 Call'st my unspotted chastity in question ?
 O could I use the breath mine anger spends,
 I'd make thee know—

Auditus. Heav'ns look on my distress,
 Defend me from this railing viperess :
 For if I stay, her words sharp vinegar
 Will fret me through. *Lingua*, I must be gone :
 I hear one call me more than earnestly.

[*Exit Auditus.*]

Lingua. May the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
 Screeking of wolves, howling of tortur'd ghosts,
 Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed ears
 With cold astonishment and horrid fears !
 O how these senses muffle Common Sense !
 And more, and more with pleasing objects strive,
 To dull his judgment, and pervert his will
 To their behests ! who were he not so wrapt
 I'the dusky clouds of their dark policies,
 Would never suffer right to suffer wrong,
 Fie, *Lingua*, wilt thou now degenerate ?
 Art not a woman ? dost not love revenge ?
 Delightful speeches, sweet persuasions,
 I have this long time us'd to get my right.
 My right ; that is, to make the senses six ;
 And have both name and power with the rest.
 Oft have I season'd savory periods
 With sugar'd words, to delude *Gustus'* taste,
 And oft embellish'd my entreative phrase

^s idle sifflements,] Fr. whistlings.

With smelling flow'rs of vernant rhetorick,
Limning and flashing it with various dyes,
To draw proud Visus to me by the eyes :
And oft perfum'd my ^opetitory stile,
With civet-speech, t'entrap Olfactus' nose,
And clad myself in silken eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of Tactus' hand :
But all's become lost labour, and my cause
Is still procrastinated : therefore now,
Hence ye base offspring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries :
Go kiss the love-sick lips of puling girls,*
That still their brain to quench their love's disdain :
Go gild the tongues of bawds and parasites,
Come not within my thoughts. But thou, deceit,
Break up the pleasure of my brimful breast,
Enrich my mind with subtle policies.
Well then I'll go ; whither ? nay, what know I ?
And do, in faith I will, the devil knows what.
What if I set them all at variance,
And so obtain to speak ? it must be so.
It must be so, but how ? there lies the point :
How ? thus : tut, this device will never prove,
Augment it so ; 'twill be too soon descried ;
Or so, nor so ; 'tis too too dangerous.
Pish, none of these ! what if I take this course ? ha ?
Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent ;
He that will catch eels must disturb the flood ;
The chicken's hatch'd i'faith, for they are proud,
And soon will take a cause of disagreement.

* *petitory*] i. e. *petitionary*. S.

* "Go kiss the love-sick lips of puling gals," is the reading of the copy of 1657. C.

SCENA SECUNDA.

*Mendacio, attired in a taffata suit of a light colour
changeable, ⁷ like an ordinary page.*

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lingua. I see the heavens nurse my new-born device;

For lo, my page Mendacio comes already,
To file and burnish that I hammer'd out.
Never in better time, Mendacio,
What! hast thou done?

Mendacio. Done? yes long ago.

Lingua. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soon?

Mendacio. Madam, I had no sooner told
Tactus, that Gustus would fain speak with him:
But I spied Visus, Gustus, and the rest,
And serv'd them all with sauce of several lies.
Now the last sense I spake with was Olfactus,
Who having smelt the meaning of my message,
Straight blew his nose, and quickly puff'd me hither;
But in the whirlwind of his furious blast,
Had not by chance a cobweb held me fast,
Mendacio had been with you long ere this.

Lingua. Witness this lie, Mendacio's with me now;
But, sirrah, out of jesting will they come?

Mendacio. Yes, and it like your ladyship, presently:
Here may you have me ⁸ prest to flatter them.

Lingua. I'll flatter no such proud companions,
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determin'd
To leave such baseness.

Mendacio. Then shall I turn and bid them stay at home?

Lingua. No; for their coming hither to this grove
Shall be a means to further my device.
Therefore I pray thee, Mendacio, go presently;
Run, you vile ape.

⁷ like an ordinary page, gloves, hamper.] So the First Edition, but as the two last words seem only the Prompter's Memoranda, they are omitted. They are also found in the last edition. C.

⁸ prest) i. e. ready. See Note 104 to *The Four Ps*, vol. I.

Mendacio. Whither?

Lingua. What, dost thou stand?

Mendacio. 'Till I know what to do.

Lingua. S'precious, 'tis true,

So might'st thou finely over-run thine errand.

Haste to my chest.

Mendacio. Ay, ay.

Lingua. There shalt thou find

A gorgeous robe, and golden coronet,

Convey them hither nimbly, let none see them.

Mendacio. Madam, I fly, I fly. [*Exit Mendacio.*]

Lingua. But hear you, sirrah?

Lock up your fellow-servant, Veritas.

Mendacio. I warrant you,

You need not fear so long as I am with you.

[*He goes out, and comes in presently.*]

What colour is the robe?

Lingua. There is but one.

[*Mendacio going, turns in haste.*]

Mendacio. The key, madam, the key.

Lingua. By Juno, how forgetful is sudden speed!

Here, take it, run.

Mendacio. I'll be here instantly. [*Exit Mendacio.*]

SCENA TERTIA.

LINGUA sola.

Lingua. Whilome this crown and gorgeous ornament
Were the great prize for which five orators
With the sharp weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
And alike gracious⁹, that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the third's fair eloquence
Did parallel the fourth's firm gravity;
The last's good gesture kept the balance even
With all the rest; so that the sharpest eye,
And most judicious censor, could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall.

⁹ gracious] i. e. graceful. See Mr. Malone's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 2. S. 1.

Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer up both crown and robe to me,
As the chief patroness of their profession,
Which heretofore I holily have kept,
Like to a miser's gold, to look on only.
But now I'll put them to a better use,
And venture both, in hope to—

SCENA QUARTA.

MENDACIO, LINGUA.

Mendacio. Have I not hied me, madam? look you
here,

What shall be done with these temptations?

Lingua. They say a golden Ball
Bred enmity betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this crown be author of debate
Betwixt five senses.

Mendacio. Where shall it be laid?

Lingua. There, there, there; 'tis well, so, so, so,

Mendacio. A crown's a pleasing bait to look upon;
The craftiest fox will hardly 'scape this trap.

Lingua. Come let us away, and leave it to the chance.

Mendacio. Nay, rather let me stand close hereabouts,
And see the event.

Lingua. Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, feign them some pretty fable,
How that some God —

Mendacio. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone:
I that have feign'd so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turn:
Whist, madam; away, away: you fright the fowl;
Tactus comes hard by, look you.

Lingua. Is't he for certain?

Mendacio. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

Lingua. 'Tis he indeed.

[Exit *Lingua*.]

SCENA QUINTA.

TACTUS, in a dark-coloured sattin mantle over a pair of silk bases, a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red roses, upon a black gromgram, a faulchion, wrought sleeves, buskins, &c.

MENDACIO, **TACTUS**.

Mendacio. Now, chaste Diana, grant my nets to hold.

Tactus.¹⁰ The blasting childhood of the cheerful morn

Is almost grown a youth, and¹¹ over-climbs

Yonder gilt eastern hills; about which time

Gustus most earnestly importun'd me

To meet him hereabouts, what cause I know not.

Mendacio. You shall do shortly to your cost, I hope.

Tactus. Sure by the sun it should be nine o'clock.

Mendacio. What, a star-gazer! will you ne'er look down?

Tactus. Clear is the sun, and blue the firmament;
Methinks the heavens do smile. [*Tactus sneezeth.*]

Mendacio. At thy mishap,
To look so high and stumble in a trap.

[*Tactus stumbleth at the robe and crown.*]

Tactus. High thoughts have slipp'ry feet, I had well nigh fallen.

Mendacio. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall.

Tactus. What's this?

Mendacio. O, are you taken? 'tis in vain to strive.

Tactus. How now?

Mendacio. You'll be so entangled straight—

Tactus. A crown!

¹⁰ the blasting childhood] I would propose to read the blushing childhood, alluding to the ruddiness of Aurora, the rosy morn, as in A. 3. S. 6.

"Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,
"Opening the casements of the rosy morn, &c." S. P.

¹¹ ——— over-climbs

Yonder gilt eastern hills;] So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.

"But look the morn, in russet mantle clad,

"Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Mendacio. That it will be hard—

Tactus. And a robe.

Mendacio. To loose yourself.

Tactus. A crown and a robe.

Mendacio. It had been fitter for you to have found
a ¹² fool's coat and a bauble, hey, hey.

Tactus. Jupiter, Jupiter, how came this here?

Mendacio. O sir, Jupiter is making thunder, he
hears you not; here's one knows better.

Tactus. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so;
ho!

Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha?

No, I am awake and feel it now;

Whose should it be?

[*He takes it up.*]

Mendacio. Set up a *si quis* for it.

Tactus. Mercury! all's mine own; here's none to
cry half's mine.

Mendacio. When I am gone.

[*Exit Mendacio.*]

SCENA SEXTA.

TACTUS solus.

Tactus. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.

Was ever man so fortunate as I?

To break his shins at such a stumbling block!

¹³ Roses and bays pack hence: this crown and robe,

My brows and body circles and invests;

How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave

¹² *fool's bauble*] A fool's bauble in its literal meaning is the carved truncheon, which the licensed fools, or jesters, anciently carried in their hands. See Notes on *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 5. S.

¹³ *Roses and bays pack hence, &c.*] Winstanley has asserted, that Oliver Cromwell performed the part of Tactus at Cambridge; and some who have written the Life of that great but wicked man, as he has been called, have fixed upon this speech as what first gave him ideas of sovereignty. The notion is too vague to be depended upon, and too ridiculous either to establish or refute. It may, however, not be unnecessary to mention that Cromwell was born in 1599, and the First Edition of this Play, though without a date, is supposed to have been printed before 1607. If therefore, the Protector ever did represent this character, it is more probable to have been at Huntingdon School.

Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.
 They lie that say complexions cannot change :
 My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd
 Unto the sacred temper of a king.
 Methinks I hear my noble parasites
 Stiling me Cæsar, or great Alexander;
 Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
 This precious ointment. How my pace is mended !
 How princely do I speak ! how sharp I threaten !
 Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
 And make you tremble when the lion roars,
 Ye earth-bred worms. O for a looking-glass !
 Poets will write whole volumes of this change ; *
 Where's my attendants ? come hither, sirrah, quickly ;
 Or by the wings of Hermes—

SCENA SEPTIMA.

*OLFACTUS, in a garland of bays intermingled with white
 and red roses upon a false hair, his sleeves wrought
 with flowers under a damask mantle, over a pair of
 silk bases ; a pair of buskins drawn with ribbon, a
 flower in his hand.*

TACTUS, OLFACTUS.

Tactus. Ay me ! Olfactus comes ; I call'd too soon,
 He'll have half part I fear ; what shall I do !
 Where shall I run ? how shall I shift him off !

*[Tactus wraps up the robe and crown, and sits
 upon them.]*

Olfactus. This is the time, and this the place ap-
 pointed,

Where Visus promis'd to confer with me.
 I think he's there—No, no, 'tis Tactus sure.
 How now ? what makes you sit so nicely ?

Tactus. 'Tis past imagination, 'tis so indeed.

Olfactus. ¹⁴ How fast his deeds are fixed ! and how
 melancholy he looks ! Tactus ! Tactus !

* " Poets will write whole volumes of this *scar*," was the reading
 of the edition of this work in 1780 ; but it is mere nonsense : the
 true word has been supplied from the old copies. C.

¹⁴ *How fast his deeds are fixed !* We should now say, his *deed-*

Tactus. For this is true, man's life is wondrous brittle.

Olfactus. He's mad, I think, he talks so idly. So ho, *Tactus*.

Tactus. And many have been metamorphosed To stranger matters and more uncouth forms.

Olfactus. I must go nearer him, he doth not hear.

Tactus. And yet methinks, I speak as I was wont ; And—

Olfactus. *Tactus*, *Tactus*.

Tactus. *Olfactus*, as thou lov'st me, come not near me.

Olfactus. Why art thou hatching eggs? th'art fear'd to break them?

Tactus. Touch me not, lest thou chance to break my life.

Olfactus. What's this under thee?

Tactus. If thou meddle with me I am utterly undone.

Olfactus. Why man, what ails thee?

Tactus. Let me alone and I'll tell thee ;

Lately I came from fine Phantastes' house.

Olfactus. So I believe, for thou art very foolish.

Tactus. ¹⁵ No sooner had I parted out of doors, But up I held my hands before my face, To shield mine eyes from th'light's piercing beams ; When I protest I saw the sun as clear Through these my palms as through a perspective : No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers, I saw my fingers were transform'd to glass ;

ship is fixed ; for Tactus is here called deeds by way of metonymy, Actions being his property, just as in S. 9. Auditus is called Ears.

S. P.

¹⁵ No sooner had I parted out of doors, &c.] In Surphlet's *Discourses on the Diseases of Melancholy*, 4to. 1599, p. 102. the case alluded to by Brewer is set down. " There was also of late a great lord, which thought himselfe to be a glasse, and had not his imagination troubled, otherwise then in this onely thing, for he could speake mervailouslie well of any other thing : he used commonly to sit, and tooke great delight that his friends should come and see him, but so as that he would desire them, that they would not come neere unto him."

Opening my breast, my breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart :
In whose two concaves * I discern'd my thoughts
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes.

Olfactus. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himself can find no fault with thee,
Thou'dst make a passing live anatomy ;
And decide the question much disputed,
Betwixt the Galenists and Aristotle.

Tactus. But when I had arriv'd and set me down
Viewing myself, myself, ay me ! was changed,
As thou now seest, to a perfect urinal.

Olfactus. T'a perfect urinal ? O monstrous, monstrous,
Art not mad to think so ?

Tactus. I do not think so, but I say I am so ;
Therefore, *Olfactus*, come not near I advise you.

Olfactus. See the strange working of dull melancholy !

Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
Whole squadrons of phantastical chimeras,
And thousand vain imaginations ;
Making some think their heads as big as horses,
16 Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to
wolves,

As now it makes him think himself all glass.
Tactus, dissuade thyself ; thou dost but think so.

Tactus. *Olfactus*, if thou lov'st me, get thee gone ;
I am an urinal, I dare not stir
For fear of cracking in the bottom.

Olfactus. Wilt thou sit thus all day ?

Tactus. Unless thou help me.

Olfactus. Bedlam must help thee : what wouldst
have me do ?

Tactus. Go to the city, make a case for me ;
Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch me.

* Hitherto misprinted *conclaves*. C.

16 *Some that th'are dead.*] See *Surphlet*, p. 102.

Olfactus. Ha, ha, ha,
Thoult be laughed out of case and countenance.

Tactus. I care not, so it must be, or I cannot stir.

Olfactus. I had best leave troubling him, he's obstinate. Urinal, I leave you, but above all things take heed Jupiter sees you not, for if he do he'll ne'er make water in a sieve again; thoult serve his turn so fit, to carry his water unto Esculapius. Farewel Urinal, Farewel.
[*Exit Olfactus.*]

Tactus. Speak not so loud, the sound's enough to crack me. What, is he gone? I an Urinal! ha, ha, ha, I protest I might have had my face wash'd finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Urinal! ha, ha, ha! go to, Urinal, you have 'scap'd a fair scouring. Well, I'll away, and get me to mine own house; there I'll lock up myself fast, playing the chemick, Augmenting this one crown to troops of angels, With which gold-winged messengers, I mean To work great wonders, as to build and purchase, Fare daintily, tie up men's tongues, and loose them; Command their lives, their goods, their liberties, And captive all the world with chains of gold. Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum.

[*He offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.*]

O Hercules!

Fortune, the queen, delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of Visus;
But as he makes hither, I'll make hence,
¹⁷ There's more ways to the wood than one.

What, more devils to affright me?

O Diabolo! Gustus comes here to vex me.

So that I, poor wretch, am like

A shuttle-cock betwixt two battledores.

If I run there, Visus beats me to Scylla;

If here, then Gustus blows me to Charybdis.

Neptune hath sworn my hope shall suffer shipwreck.

What shall I say? mine Urinal's too thin

To bide the fury of such storms as these.

¹⁷ *There's more ways, &c.* This is Proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 167.

SCENA OCTAVA.

Visus in a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red roses, a light-colour'd taffeta mantle strip'd with silver, and fring'd upon green silk bases, buskins, &c.

Gustus in the same fashion, differing only in colour.

Tactus in a corner of the stage.

VISUS, GUSTUS, TACTUS.

Visus. Gustus, good day.

Gustus. I cannot have a bad,

Meeting so fair an omen as yourself.

Tactus. Shall I? wilt prove? ha! well 'tis best to venture.

[*Tactus puts on the robes.*]

Gustus. Saw you not Tactus? I should speak with him.

Tactus. Perchance so; a sudden lie hath best luck.

Visus. That face is his, or else mine eye's deceiv'd.

Why how now, Tactus, what so gorgeous?

Gustus. Where didst thou get these fair habiliments?

Tactus. Stand back, I charge you as you love your lives;

By Styx, the first that toucheth me shall die.

Visus. I can discern no weapons. Will he kill us?

Tactus. Kill you? not I, but come not near me you had best.

Visus. Why, art thou mad?

Tactus. Friends, as you love your lives,

Venture not once to come within my reach.

Gustus. Why dost threaten so?

Tactus. I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you for the best:

Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace;

Add wings unto your feet, and save your lives.

Visus. Why, what's the matter, Tactus, pr'ythee, tell me?

Tactus. If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazement,
Then for your better safety stand aside.

Gustus. How full of ceremonies! sure he'll conjure;
For such like robes magicians use to wear.

Visus. I'll see the end, though he should unlock hell,
And set th' infernal hags at liberty.

Tactus. ¹⁸ How rash is man on bidden arms to rush! *
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walk that way that to Crumena leads.

Gustus. You mean Cremona, a little town hard-by.

Tactus. I say Crumena, called Vacua,
A town which doth, and always hath belong'd,
Chiefly to scholars. From Crumena walls,
I saw a man come stealing craftily,
Apparel'd in this vesture which I wear;
But seeing me ¹⁹ eft-soons he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in haste,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up; but good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harms, and 'scape my misery.

Visus. I know no danger: leave these circumstances.

Tactus. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joints wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I had caught the plague.

Visus. The plague! away, good Gustus, let's be
gone;

I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,
Crumena Vacua never wants the plague.

¹⁸ *How rash is man on bidden arms to rush!* It is impossible to make sense of this; it should rather be *forbidden arms*; but the metre will not admit of it. And *arms* can have no business in this place. The word apparently should be *harms*, and the sense is, *on harms foretold, forespoken, told*, which is the sense and meaning of *bidden* here. *Tactus* had bidden them fly again, for fear of mischief, but they would not. S. P.

* The quarto of 1657 has it,

"How rash is man on *bidden arms* to rush!"

which removes one difficulty: the other may be got rid off by referring to the last line of the next speech of *Tactus*, which shews that we ought to read *harms* for *arms*. C.

¹⁹ *eft-soons,*] *presently, forthwith.*

Gustus. Tactus, I'll put myself in jeopardy
To pleasure thee.

Tactus. No, gentle Gustus,
Your absence is the only thing I wish
Lest I infect you with my company.

Gustus. Farewel.

[*Exit Gustus.*]

Visus. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

Tactus. A thousand thanks ; but since I needs must
die,

Let it suffice, death only murders me.

Oh 'twould augment the dolor of my death,

To know myself the most unhappy bow

Through which pale death should aim his shafts at
you.

Visus. Tactus, farewell ; yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as it ought. [*Exit Visus.*]

Tactus. Go, make my tomb, provide my funerals ;
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Excellent asses thus to be deluded,

Bewail his death and cruel destinies,

That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn.

But where's my crown ! oh here : I well deserve

Thus to be crown'd for two great victories : ha, ha, ha.

Visus, take care my corps be well interred :

Go make my tomb, and write upon the stone,

*Here lies the Sense, that living * gull'd them all,*

With a false plague, and feigned urinal.

SCENA NONA.

AUDITUS, TACTUS.

Auditus. Tactus, Tactus.

Tactus. O Jupiter, 'tis Auditus, all's marr'd I doubt :
the sly knave hears so far ; but yet I'll grope him ;
²⁰ how now Ears, what make you here, ha ?

Auditus. Nay, what make you here, I pray ? what

* Some of the old copies read :

" Here lies the sense that *lying* gull'd them all." C.

²⁰ how now ears,] Auditus is here called *Ears*, as Tactus is before
called *Deeds*. S. P.

were you talking even now, of an ass, and a crown, and an urinal, and a plague?

Tactus. A plague on you, what I?

Auditus. Oh, what you!

Tactus. O, I had well nigh forgot; nothing; but I say——

Auditus. What?

Tactus. That if a man, (do you mark, sir?) being sick of the plague, do you see, sir? had a, a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me; it makes me cough sometimes extremely): had a French crown, sir, (you understand me?) lying by him, and, come hither, come hither, and would not bestow two-pence, (do you hear?) to buy an urinal, (do you mark me?) to carry his water to the physician, hem!

Auditus. What of all this?

Tactus. I say such a one was a very ass. This was all. I use to speak to myself, when I am alone; but, *Auditus*, when shall we hear a new set of singing books? or the viols? or the concert of instruments?

Auditus. This was not all, for I heard mention of a tomb and an epitaph.

Tactus. True, true, I made myself merry with this epitaph, upon such a fool's tomb thus a, thus, thus: plague brought this man! (foh I have forgotten): oh thus, plague brought this man, (so, so, so,) unto his burial, because, because, because, (hem, hem,) because he wou'd not buy an urinal. Come, come, *Auditus*, shall we hear thee play the Lyreway, or the Luteway shall we? or the cornet, or any musick? I am greatly revived when I hear.

Auditus. *Tactus*, *Tactus*, this will not serve, I heard all: you have not found a crown, you; no, you have not!

SCENA ULTIMA.

TACTUS, AUDITUS, VISUS, GUSTUS, MENDACIO.

Tactus. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee, good now.

Auditus. I cannot hold, I must needs tell.

Tactus. O do not, do not, do not; come hither, will you be a fool?

Visus. Had he not wings upon his feet and shoulders?

Mendacio. Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapped with a pair of snakes.

Tactus. Will half content you? pish, 'twill ne'er be known.

Gustus. My life, 'twas Mercury.

Mendacio. I do not know his name;
But this I'm sure, his hat had wings upon't.

Visus. Doubtless 'twas he; but say my boy, what did he?

Mendacio. First I beheld him hovering in the air,
And then down stooping with an hundred ²¹gires:
His feet he fixed on Mount Cephalon;
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainful steps soon glided thither:
Whither arrived, he suddenly unfolds
A gorgeous robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all upon that hillock:
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanish'd out of sight.
With that mine eyes 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiv'ring joints with sweat bedew'd:
My heels methought had wings as well as his,
And so away I run; but by the way
I met a man, as I thought, coming thither.

Gustus. What marks had he?

Mendacio. He had a great—what! this is he, this is he.

Visus. What, *Tactus*?

Gustus. This was the plague vex'd him so:
Tactus your grave gapes for you; are you ready?

Visus. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behind you; bequeath
The crown and robe to your executors.

Tactus. No such matter; I, like the ²²Egyptian
knights,

²¹ gires:] i. e. circles. So, in Milton:

"Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel." S.

²² Egyptian Knights,] Q. Egyptian Kings. S. P.

For the more state, will be buried in them.

Visus. Come, come deliver.

[*Visus snatcheth the crown; and sees letters graven in it.*

Tactus. What will you take my purse from me?

Visus. No, but a crown, that's just more than your own.

Ha, what's this? 'tis a very small hand,

What inscription is this?

*He of the five that proves himself the best,
Shall have his temples with this coronet blest.*

This crown is mine, and mine this garment is;

For I have always been accounted best.

Tactus. Next after me, I as yourself at any time:

Besides I found it first, therefore 'tis mine.

Gustus. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

Auditus. And mine the most of any of you all.

Visus. Give me it, or else—

Tactus. I'll make you late repent it—

Gustus. Presumptuous as you are—

Auditus. Spite of your teeth—

Mendacio. Never till now, a ha! it works a-pace.

Visus; I know 'tis yours; and yet, methinks,

Auditus you should have some challenge to it;

But that your title *Tactus* is so good,

Gustus I would swear the coronet were yours:

What, will you all go brawl about a trifle?

View but the pleasant coast of *Mycrocosm*,

Is't not great pity to be rent with wars?

Is't not a shame, to stain with brinish tears

The smiling cheeks of ever-chearful peace?

Is't not far better to live quietly,

Than broil in fury of dissention?

Give me the crown, ye shall not disagree,

If I can please you. I'll play *Paris* part,

And, most impartial, judge the controversy.

Visus. Sauce-box! go meddle with your lady's fan,
And prate not here.

Mendacio. I speak not for myself,

But for my country's safe commodity.

Visus. Sirrah, be still.

Mendacio. Nay, and you be so hot, the devil part you.
 I'll to Olfactus, and send him amongst you.
 O that I were Alecto for your sakes!
 How liberally would I bestow my snakes!

[*Exit Mendacio.*]

Visus. Tactus, upon thine honour,
 I challenge thee to meet me here.
 Strong as thou canst provide in th' afternoon.

Tactus. I undertake the challenge, and here's my hand,

In sign thou shalt be answered.

Gustus. Tactus I'll join with thee, on this condition,
 That if we win, he that fought best of us
 Shall have the crown, the other wear the robe.

Tactus. Give me your hand, I like the motion.

Visus. Auditus, shall we make our forces double,
 Upon the same terms?

Auditus. Very willingly.

Visus. Come, let's away, fear not the victory.
 Right's more advantage than an host of soldiers.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA.

APPETITUS. *A long, lean raw-bon'd fellow, in a soldier's coat, a sword, &c.*

MENDACIO, APPETITUS.

Mendacio. I long to see those hot-spur Senses at it: they say they have gallant preparations, and not unlikely, for most of the soldiers are ready in arms since the last field fought against their ²³yearly enemy Meleager, and his wife Acrasia; that conquest hath so flesh'd them that no peace can hold them. But had not Meleager been sick, and Acrasia drunk, the senses might have whistled for the victory.

²³ yearly enemy *Meleager*:] A pun; for he means *Male ager*,
 Sickness. S. P.

Appetitus. Foh, what a stink of gunpowder is yonder!

Mendacio. Who's this? oh, oh, 'tis Appetitus, Gustus's hungry parasite.

Appetitus. I cannot endure the smoaking of guns, the thundering of drums: I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and see the reeking of a hot capon. If they would use no other bucklers in war but shields of brawn, brandish no swords but swords of bacon,* trail no spears but spare-ribs of pork; and instead of harque-buss pieces discharge artichock-pies, toss no pikes but boiled pickrels, then Appetitus would rouse up his crest, and bear up himself with the proudest.

Mendacio. Ah, here's a youth stark naught at a trench, but an old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

Appetitus. But now my good masters must pardon me, I am not for their service, for their service is without service, and indeed their service is too hot for my diet. But what if I be not myself, but only this be my spirit that wanders up and down, and Appetitus be kill'd in the camp? the devil he is as soon. How's that possible? tut, tut, I know I am, I am Appetitus, and alive too, by this infallible token, that I feel myself hungry.

Mendacio. Thou mightest have taken a better token of thyself, by knowing thou art a fool.

Appetitus. Well then, though I made my fellow-soldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heels; yet now will I, at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad. I'll speak nothing but guns, and †glaves, and staves, and †phalanges, and squadrons, and barricadoes, ambus-

* The old octavo gives the passage thus: "brandiah no swords "but *sweards* of bacon," which is intended for a pun, and though bad enough need not be lost. C.

† *glaves,*] *glaves* are swords, and sometimes partisans. S. So elsewhere. See Note 44 to Edward II. vol. II.

† *phalanges,*] Lat. for *phalanxes*. S.

cadocs, palmedoes, blank point dept, counterpoint, counterscarpe, sallies and lies, saladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey.

Mendacio. I must take the fife out of his mouth, or he'll ne'er ha' done.

Appetitus. But above all, I'll be sure on my knees to thank the great——— [*Mendacio blinds him.*]

Mendacio. Who am I, who am I, who am I?

Appetitus. By the blood-stain'd faulchion of Mavors²⁵—
—I am on your side.

Mendacio. Why, who am I?

Appetitus. Are you a soldier?

Mendacio. No.

Appetitus. Then you are master Helluo the Bearward.

Mendacio. No, no, he's dead.

Appetitus. Or Gulono the gutty serjeant, or Delphino the vintner, or else I know you not; for these are all my acquaintance.

Mendacio. Would I were hang'd, if I be any of these!

Appetitus. What, Mendacio! by the faith of a knight thou art welcome; I must borrow thy whetstone, to sharpen the edges of my martial compliments.

Mendacio. By the faith of a knight! what a pox,
²⁶ where are thy spurs?

Appetitus. I need no spurs, I ride like Pegasus on a winged horse; on a swift gennet, my boy, call'd Fear.

Mendacio. What should'st thou fear in the wars? he's not a good soldier that hath not a good stomach.

Appetitus. O, but the stink of powder spoils Appetitus's stomach, and then thou know'st when 'tis gone, Appetitus is dead; therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourish'd it bravely about mine ears, kist, and finding myself hurt, most manfully ran away.

Mendacio. All heart indeed, for thou ran'st like a

²⁵ *Mavors*] i. e. Mars.

²⁶ —where are thy spurs?] See Note 2 to the First Part of *Jerónimo*, vol. III.

hart out of the field. It seems then the Senses mean to fight it out.

Appetitus. Aye, and out-fight themselves I think ; and all about a trifle, a paltry bauble, found I know not where.

Mendacio. Thou art deceived, they fight for more than that ; a thing call'd superiority, of which the crown is but an emblem.

Appetitus. Mendacio, hang this superiority ; crown me no crown but Bacchus's crown of roses ; give me no sceptre but a fat capon's leg, to shew that I am the great king of Hungary ! Therefore I pr'ythee talk no more of state-matters : but in brief tell me, my little rascal, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day.

Mendacio. Faith, in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

Appetitus. How so, where ?

Mendacio. Every where ; in the court your gentlewomen hang me at their apron strings, and that makes them answer so readily. In the city I am honoured like a God ; none so well acquainted with your tradesmen. Your lawyers, all the Term-time, hire me of my lady ; your galleys, if they hear my name abused, they stab for my sake ; your travellers so dote upon me as ²⁷passes : O, they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the countenance of my familiarity. Nay your statesmen have oftentimes closely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more current. As for old men, they challenge my company by authority.

Appetitus. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

Mendacio. Now when I am disposed, I can philosophy it in the university, with the subtlest of them all.

Appetitus. I cannot be persuaded that thou art acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert preat to death in a printing-house.

Mendacio. No ! why I was the first founder of the

²⁷ — *us passes*,] i. e. exceeds bounds, or belief. See a Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A, 4. S. 2. S.

three sects of philosophy, except one of the Peripatetics, who acknowledge Aristotle, I confess, their great grandfather.

Appetitus. Thou boy! how is this possible? thou art but a child, and there were sects of philosophy before thou wert born.

Mendacio. Appetitus, thou mistakest me; I tell thee three thousand years ago ^{as} was Mendacio born in Greece, nurs'd in Crete, and ever since honoured every where: I'll be sworn I held old Homer's pen when he writ his Iliads and his Odysseys.

Appetitus. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

Mendacio. I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses, lent Pliny ink to write his history, ^{as} rounded Rabelais in the ear when he historified Pantagruell; as for Lucian, I was his genius; O, those two books *de Vera Historia*, howsoever they go under his name, I'll be sworn I writ them every tittle.

Appetitus. Sure ^{as} I am hungry, thou'st have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Mendacio. Nothing less. I must confess I would fain have jogged Stow and great Hollingshed on their elbows, when they were about their chronicles; and, as I remember, Sir John Mandevill's travels, and a great part of the Decads, were of my doing. But for the Mirror of Knighthood, Bevis of Southampton, Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwick, Martin Marprelate, Robin Hood, Garragantua, Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe in my breath up and down.

Appetitus. Downwards I'll swear, for there's stinking lies in them.

^{as} was Mendacio born in Greece,]

" ——— *Gracius mendax*

" *Andet in historia.*" S.

^{as} rounded Rabelais in the ear] i. e. whispered him. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Mendacio. But what should I light a candle to the bright sun-shine of my glorious renown? The whole world is full of Mendacio's fame.

Appetitus. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

Mendacio. But, sirrah, how hast thou done this long time?

Appetitus. In as much request as thyself. To begin with the court as thou didst; I lie with the ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for cullies and gruellies so early before their prayers: your gallants never sup, breakfast, or ³⁰ beaver without me.

Mendacio. That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomach.

Appetitus. True, but because they know a little thing drives me from them; therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sause, or a dish of delicate anchovies, or a ³¹ caviare, to entice me back again. Nay more, your old Sirs, that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me. As for the academy, it is behold-ing to me, for adding the eighth province unto the noble Heptarchy of the liberal sciences.

Mendacio. What's that, I pr'ythee?

Appetitus. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now, sirrah, in the City I am —— 'st, 'st.
O the body of a louse.

³⁰ *breakfast or beaver*] More properly *bever*; a luncheon before dinner. The farmers in Essex still use the word. S.

So, in *The Woman-hater*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 3. Count Valore describing Lazarillo, says:

"—— he is none of these

"Same Ordinary Eaters, that 'll devour

"I three breakfasts; as many dinners, and without any

"Prejudice to their *Beavers*, drinkings, suppers;

"But he hath a more courtly kind of hunger,

"And doth hunt more after novelty, than plenty."

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains a *beaver*, a drinking betweene dinner and supper, and a *boier*, meate eaten after noone: a collation a noone meale.

³¹ *caviare*] See Note 19 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Mendacio. What, art a louse in the city?

Appetitus. Not a word more, for yonder comes Phantastes and some body else.

Mendacio. What a pox can Phantastes do?

Appetitus. Work a miracle if he would prove wise.

Mendacio. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup³²: yet the fool loves me exceedingly; but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I shall never be rid of him.
[*Eseunt Appetitus and Mendacio.*]

SCENA SECUNDA.

PHANTASTES, a swart-complexion'd fellow, but quick-ey'd, in a white sattin doublet of one fashion, green velvet hose of another; a fantastical hat with a plume of feathers of several colours; a little short taffeta cloak, a pair of buskins cut, drawn out with sundry colour'd ribbands, with scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours; rings, jewels, a fan, and in every place other odd complements.³³

HEURESIS, a nimble-sprighted page in the newest fashion, with a garland of bays, &c.

PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.

Phantastes. Sirrah, boy, Heuresis! boy, how now, biting your nails?

Heuresis. Three things have troubled my brain this many a day; and just now, when I was laying hold on the invention of them, your sudden call made them, like Tantalus's apples, fly from my fingers.

Phantastes. Some great matters questionless: what were they?

Heuresis. The quadrature of a circle, the philosopher's stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Phantastes. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'll be found out altogether,

³² the vilest nup] This word, which occurs in Ben Jonson and some other writers, seems to have the same meaning as our numps. I am ignorant of its etymology. S.

³³ other odd complements] i. e. other requisites towards the fitting out of a character. See a Note on *Love's Labour Lost*, vol. II. p. 385. edit. 1778. S.

ad Græcas Calendas; but let them pass, and carry the conceit I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious, 'twill take, I warrant thee.

Heuresis. I will, sir. But what say you to the gentleman that was with you yesterday?

Phantastes. O, I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his mistress's ³⁴busk-point.

Heuresis. The same, the same, sir. You promis'd to help him out with the twentieth.

Phantastes. By Jupiter's cloven pate, 'tis true. But we witty fellows are so forgetful; but stay, hu, hu carry him this.

The Gordion knot, which Alexander great

Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,

Was nothing like thy busk-point, ³⁵pretty peat,

Nor could so fair an augury afford.

Then to conclude, let him pervert Catullus's *Zonam solvit diū ligatam* thus, thus:

Which if I chance to cut, or else untie,

Thy little world I'll conquer presently.

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporal.

Heuresis. Well, sir, but now for master Innamorato's love-letter.

Phantastes. Some nettling stuff i'faith; let him write thus: *Most heart-commanding fac'd gentlewoman, even as the stone in India, called Basaliscus, hurts all that*

³⁴ *busk-point*] A *busk-point* was, I believe, the lace of a lady's stays. Minshieu explains a *buske* to be a part of dress "made of wood or whalebone, a plated or quilted thing to keepe the body straight." The word I am informed, is still in common use, particularly in the country among the farmer's daughters and servants, for a piece of wood to preserve the stays from being bent. Points or laces were worn by both sexes, and are frequently mentioned in our ancient dramattick writers.

³⁵ *pretty peat*] Mr. Steevens says that *peat*, in one of the Scotch Proverbs, signifies *darling*. Dr. Johnson, that it is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*. See Notes on *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 1.

Again, in *The City Madam*, by Massinger, A. 2. S. 2.

"— you are *pretty peats*, and your great portions . . .

"Add much unto your handsomness."

looks on it ; and as the serpent in Arabia, called Smaragdus, delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial orb-assimilating eyes both please, and in pleasing wound my love-darted heart.

Heuresis. But what trick shall I invent for the conclusion ?

Phantastes. Pish, any thing, love will minister ink for the rest ; he that once begun well, hath half done ; let him begin again, and there's all.

Heuresis. Master Gullio spoke for a new fashion ; what for him ?

Phantastes. A fashion for his suit—let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure hieroglyphic of a fool.

Heuresis. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

Phantastes. What's that, boy ? by this fair hand thou shalt have it.

Heuresis. Mistress Superbia, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wish'd me to devise her a new set for her ruff, and an odd tire : I pray, sir, help me out with it.

Phantastes. Ah, boy ! in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to perform : these women have well nigh tired me with devising tires for them ; and set me at a nonplus for new set. Their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heuresis. I pray, sir, she hath a bad face, and fain would have suitors. Fantastical and odd apparel would perchance draw somebody to look on her.

Phantastes. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it the worse : bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a mask, till my leisure will serve to devise some durable and unstain'd blush of painting.

Heuresis. Very good, sir.

Phantastes. Away, then, hie thee again, meet me at the court within this hour at the farthest. [*Exit Heuresis.*] Oh heavens ! how have I been troubled these latter times with women, fools, babes, taylors, poets, swaggerers, gulls, ballad-makers ! they have almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can devise ;

were it not that I pity the multitude of printers, these sonnet-mongers should starve for conceits for all Phantastes. But these puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their encomiums of their mistresses. They make, forsooth, her hair of gold, her eyes of diamond, her cheeks of roses, her lips of rubies, her teeth of pearl, and her whole body of ivory; and when they have thus idol'd her like Pygmalion, they fall down and worship her.* Psyche, thou hast laid a hard task upon my shoulders, to invent at every one's ask: Were it not that I refresh my dulness once a-day with thy most angelical presence, 'twere impossible for me to undergo it.

SCENA TERTIA.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, *a grave man in a black velvet cassock like a counsellor, speaks coming out of the door.*

COMMUNIS SENSUS, PHANTASTES.

Communis Sensus. I cannot stay, I tell you: 'tis more than time I were at court; I know my sovereign Psyche hath expected me this hour.

Phantastes. In good time, yonder comes Common Sense: I imagine it should be he by his voice.

Communis Sensus. Crave my counsel! tell me what manner of man he is? can he entertain a man in his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and ^{so} vale his bonnet with the other? knows he how to

* Shirley, in his *Sisters*, ridicules these hyperbolical compliments in a similar but a better strain:—

“ ————— Were it not fine

“ If you should see your mistress without hair,

“ Drest only with those glittering beams you talk of?

“ Two suns instead of eyes, and they not melt

“ The forehead made of snow! No cheeks, but two

“ Roses inoculated on a lily,

“ Between a pendant alabaster nose:

“ Her lips cut out of coral, and no teeth

“ But strings of pearl: her tongue a nightingale!

“ Would not this strange chimera fright yourself?” C.

* *vale his bonnet*] See Note 18 to George a Greene, *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

become a scarlet gown? hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?²⁷

Phantastes. He's about some hasty state-matters; he talks of posts methinks.

Communis Sensus. Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the street? why then chuse him mayor; upon my credit, he'll prove a wise officer.

Phantastes. Save you, my lord; I have attended your leisure this hour.

Communis Sensus. Fie upon't, what a toil have I had to chuse them a mayor yonder? there's a fusty currier will have this man; there's a chandler wipes his nose on his sleeve, and swears it shall not be so. There's a mustard-maker looks as keen as vinegar, will have another. O this many-headed multitude, 'tis a hard matter to please them!

Phantastes. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's master Memory? hath he forgotten himself that he is not here?

Communis Sensus. 'Tis high time he were at court; I would he would come.

SCENA QUARTA.

MEMORY, an old decrepid man, in a black velvet ²⁸cassock, a taffeta gown furred, with white grogram, a white beard, velvet slippers, a watch, staff, &c.

ANAMNESTES, his page, in a grave, sattin sate purple, buskins, a garland of bays and rosemary, a ²⁹gimmel ring with one link hanging; ribbands and threads tied to some of his fingers: in his hand a pair of table-books, &c.

²⁷ a fresh pair of posts at the door] Alluding to the office of sheriff. See Note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

²⁸ cassock] "Cassock," says Mr. Steevens, signifies a horseman's "loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakespeare; it likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks." See Note to *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 2.

²⁹ gimmel ring.] "A gimmel, or gimbal ring, a Fr. G. Gemeau, "ut. a Lat. Gemellus, q. d. Annulus Gemellus, quoniam, sc. duobus

"aut pluribus orbibus constat. SKINNER.

Gimmel rings are often mentioned in ancient writers.

MEMORY, ANAMNESTES, PHANTASTES, SENS. COM

Memory. How soon a wise man shall have his wish !
Communis Sensus. Memory, the season of your coming
is very ripe.

Phantastes. Had you staid a little longer, 'twould
have been stark rotten.

Memory. I am glad I saved it from the swine—
S'precious, I have forgot something. O my purse, my
purse! why, Anamnestes, Remembrance? where art
thou, Anamnestes, Remembrance? that vile boy is
always gadding; I remember he was at my heels even
now, and now the vile rascal is vanish'd.

Phantastes. Is he not here? why then in my imagi-
nation he's left behind: Hola, Anamnestes, Remem-
brance!

Anamnestes. [*Running in haste.*] Anon, anon, sir :
anon, anon, sir : anon, anon, sir ; anon, anon, sir.

Memory. Ha, sirrah, what a brawling's here?

Anamnestes. I do but give you an answer with anon,
sir.

Memory. You answer sweetly; I have call'd you
three or four times one after another.

Anamnestes. Sir, I hope I answered you three or four
times, one in the neck of another. But if your good
worship have lent me any more calls, tell me, and I'll
repay them, as I'm a gentleman.

Memory. Leave your tattle; had you come at first,
I had not spent so much breath in vain.

Anamnestes. The truth is, sir, the first time you called
I heard you not, the second I understood you not, the
third I knew not whether it were you or no; the fourth
I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason
I answer'd so suddenly.

Memory. Go, sirrah, run, seek every where; I have
lost my purse somewhere.

Anamnestes. I go, sir. Go, sirrah, seek, run, I have
lost, bring: here's a dog's life with a pox! shall I be
always used like a water-spaniel? [*Exit Anamnestes.*]

Communis Sensus. Come, good master Register, I
wonder you be so late now-a-days.

Memory. My good lord, I remember that I knew your grandfather in this your place, and I remember your grandfather's great grandfather's grandfather's father's father; yet in those days I never remember that any of them could say, that Register Memory ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Communis Sensus. Why, good father, why are you so late now-a days?

Memory. Thus 'tis; the most customers I remember myself to have, are, as your lordship knows, scholars, and now-a-days the most of them are become critics, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

Phantastes. Jupiter, Jupiter, I had thought these flies had bit none but myself: do critics tickle you i'faith?

Memory. Very familiarly: for they must know of me, fersooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten manuscripts, kept in all the old libraries in every city betwixt England and Peru.

Communis Sensus. Indeed I have noted these times to affect antiquities more than is requisite.

Memory. I remember in the age of Assaracus and Niaus, and about the wars of Thebes, and the siege of Troy, there were few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now every trifle must be wrap'd up in the volume of eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a cobbler, cannot die but I must immortalize his name with an epitaph; a dog cannot piss in a nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the chronicles; so that I never could remember my treasure more full, and never emptier of honourable and true heroical actions.

Phantastes. By your leave, Memory, you are not alone troubled; chronologers many of them are so fantastic, as when they bring a captain to the combat, lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart the head of his enemy, they'll hold up his arms so long, till they have bestowed three or four pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening faulchion: so that in my fancy the reader may well wonder his adversary stabs him not

before he strikes. Moreover, they are become most palpable flatterers, always begging at my gates for invention.

Communis Sensus. This is a great fault in a chronologer to turn parasite : an absolute historian should be in fear of none ; ⁴⁰ neither should he write any thing more than truth for friendship, or less for hate ; but keep himself equal and constant in all his discourses. But for us, we must be contented, for as our honours increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices urge us to wax heavy.

Phantastes. But not till our backs break ; 'slud there was never any so haunted as I am : this day there comes a sophister to my house, knocks at my door ; his errand being ask'd, forsooth his answer was to borrow a fair suit of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparel a shew he had in hand : and what think you is the plot ?

Communis Sensus. Nay, I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toys.

Phantastes. Mean while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person upon the stage.

Communis Sensus. What me ? I can't remember that I was ever brought upon the stage before.

Phantastes. Yes you and you, and myself with all my fantastical tricks and humours : but I trow I have fitted him with fooleries, I trust he'll never trouble me again.

Communis Sensus. O times ! O manners ! when boys dare to traduce men in authority ; was ever such an attempt heard ?

Memory. I remember there was : for, to say the truth, at my last being at Athens, it is now, let me see, about one thousand eight hundred years ago, ⁴¹ I was at

⁴⁰ — *neither should he write, &c.*] " Quis nescit primam esse Historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat ; deinde, ne quid veri non audeat." Cicero de Orat. lib. ii. 15.

⁴¹ *I was at a Comedy, &c.*] This was called *THE CLOUDS*, in which piece Socrates was represented hanging up in a basket in the air, uttering numberless chimerical absurdities, and blaspheming, as it

a Comedy of Aristophanes's making. I shall never forget it, the arch-governor of Athens took me by the hand and placed me; and there I say, I saw Socrates abused most grossly, himself being then a present spectator: I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Communis Sensus. In those days it was lawful, but now the abuse of such liberty is insufferable.

Phantastes. Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think it is acting by this time: hark, hark; what drumming's yonder! I'll lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake of.

Communis Sensus. It may be so; stay, we'll see what 'tis.

SCENA QUINTA.

LINGUA, MENDACIO, COMMUNIS SENSUS, and the
rest.

Lingua. Feign thyself in great haste.

Mendacio. I warrant you, madam: I doubt 'tis in vain to run, by this they are all past overtaking.

Communis Sensus. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such haste?

Phantastes. Yes, yes, stand still.

Mendacio. I must speak with him.

Communis Sensus. With whom?

was then reputed, the Gods of his country. At the performance of this piece, Socrates was present himself; and "notwithstanding," says his Biographer, "the gross abuse that was offered to his character, he did not shew the least signs of resentment or anger; nay, such was the unparalleled good-nature of this godlike man, that some strangers there being desirous to see the original of this scenic picture, he rose up in the middle of the performance, stood all the rest of the time, and shew'd himself to the people; by which well-placed confidence in his own merit and innocence, reminding them of those virtues and wisdom so opposite to the sophist in the play, his pretended likeness, he detected the false circumstances, which were obtruded into his character, and obviated the malicious designs of the poet, who, having brought his play a second time upon the stage, met with the contempt he justly merited for such a composition." *Cooper's Life of Socrates*, p. 55.

Mendacio. Assure yourself they are all at court ere this.

Lingua. Run after them, for unless he know it——

Communis Sensus. Lingua!

Lingua. O, is't your lordship? I beseech your pardon me. Haste and fear, I protest, put out mine eyes: I look'd so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Phantastes. In my conceit that's like the man that enquired, who saw his ass, when himself rid on him,

Lingua. O my heart beats so! fie, fie, fie, fie.

Mendacio. I am so weary; so, so, so, so.

Communis Sensus. I pr'ythee, Lingua, make an end.

Lingua. Let me begin first, I beseech you; but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The commonwealth of Microcosm at this instant suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poisoned.

Phantastes. What Apothecary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't?

Lingua. A golden crown.

Mendacio. I mistake; or else Galen, in his book *de sanitare tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

Communis Sensus. Lingua, express yourself.

Mendacio. Madam, if you want breath, let me help you out.

Lingua. I pr'ythee do, do.

Mendacio. My lord, the report is, that Mercury coming late into this country, in this very place left a coronet with this inscription, *that the best of the five should have it*, which the Senses thinking to belong unto them——

Lingua. Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and't like your lordship.

Communis Sensus. I protest it likes not me.

Lingua. Their battles are not far hence ready rang'd.

Communis Sensus. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

Memory. My lord, in your great grandfather's time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them,

therefore my counsel is, that after his example, by the strength of your authority, you convene them before you.

Communis Sensus. Lingua, go presently; command the Senses upon their allegiance to our dread sovereign queen Psyche, to dismiss their companies, and personally to appear before me without any pretence of excuse.

Lingua. I go, my lord.

Phantastes. But hear you, madam? I pray you let your page's tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

Lingua. With all my heart.

[*Exit Lingua.*

SCENA SEXTA.

Phantastes. Hot youths, I protest: Saw you those warlike preparations?

Mendacio. Lately, my lords, I sped into the army; But oh, 'tis far beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of utterance, to describe their forces.

Communis Sensus. Go to; speak what thou canst.

Mendacio. Upon the right hand of a spacious hill,
Proud Visus marshalleth a puissant army,
Three thousand eagles strong, whose valiant captain
Is Jove's swift thunder-bearer, that same bird,
That hoist up Ganymede from the Trojan plains.
The vanguard strengthened with a wondrous flight
"Of falcons, haggards, hobbies, terselets,
Lanards and goshawks, sparhawks, and ravenous birds:
The rearward granted to Auditus' charge,
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-neck'd bulls, and many horn-mad stags,
Of the best head the forest can afford.

Phantastes. I promise you a fearful troop of soldiers.

Mendacio. Right opposite stands Tactus, strongly mann'd

⁴¹ *Of falcons, haggards, &c.]* These were the names of several species of hawks. See an account of them in the Treatises on Falconry, particularly those of Turberville and Latham.

With three thousand brisled ⁴²urchens for his pikemen,

Four hundred tortoisises for elephants;
Besides a monstrous troop of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded
Of their own guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O wondrous work!)
That, fastened by the concave of the moon,
Spreads down itself to th' earth's circumference.

Memory. 'Tis very strange; I cannot remember the like engine at any time.

Mendacio. Nay more, my lord, the masks* are made so strong,

That I myself upon them scal'd the heavens,
And boldly walk'd about the middle region,
Where, in the province of the meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of hail and rain,
Garners of snow, and crystals full of dew;
Rivers of burning arrows, dens of dragons,
Huge beams of flames, and spears like fire-brands.
Where I beheld hot Mars and Mercury,
With rackets made of spheres and balls of stars,
Playing at tennis for a tun of Nectar.
And that vast gaping of the firmament,
Under the southern pole, is nothing else
But the great hazard of their tennis court;
The Zodiac is the line; the shooting stars,
Which in an eye-bright evening seem to fall,
Are nothing but the balls they lose at bandy.
Thus having took my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went up, I descended.

⁴² *urchens*] i. e. hedge-hogs. See a Note on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, vol. I. p. 28. edit. 1778. S.

Again, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. Q 2: "—that the soule of Duns woulde a litle leve Sorbone College, and enter into my breast, be he never so thornie, and fuller of pricles than is any *urcheon*."

* Perhaps instead of "the masks are made so strong," we ought to read, "the mesh is made so strong." It clearly means the mesh of the net from what is said afterwards. C.

Communis Sensus. Well, sirrah, to what purpose tends this stratagem?

Mendacio. None know directly, but I think it is
T'intrap the eagles, when the battles join.

Phantastes. Who takes Tactus his part?

Mendacio. Under the standard of thrice hardy
Tactus,

Thrice valiant Gustus leads his warlike forces;

An endless multitude of desperate apes;

Five hundred marmosets and long-tail'd monkeys,

All trained to the field, and nimble gunners.

Phantastes. I imagine there's ⁴³old moving amongst them: methinks a handful of nuts would turn them all out of their soldier's coats.

Mendacio. Ramparts of pasty crust, and forts of
pies,

Entrench'd with dishes full of custard stuff,

Hath Gustus made: and planted ordinance,

Strange ordinance, cannons of hollow canes,

Whose powder's rape-seed, charg'd with turnip shot.

Memory. I remember ⁴⁴in the country of Utopia,
they use no other kind of artillery.

Communis Sensus. But what's become of Olfactus?

Mendacio. He politicly leans to neither part,

But stands betwixt the camps as at receipt,

Having great swine* his pioneers to entrench them.

⁴³ *old moving*] This is one of the many phrases in these volumes which, being not understood, was altered without any authority from the ancient copies. The last edition reads *odd mouthing*; the text, however, is right: for *old*, as Mr. Steevens observes, was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language, and as such is often used by Shakspeare and others. See Notes on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. and *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 2. S. 2.

Again in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 34. "— on Sunday at Masse there was *old ringing of bells*, and old and yong came to church to see the new roode."

⁴⁴ *in the country of Utopia*] A sneer at the Utopian Treatises on Government. S.

* The latest of the old copies has *wine* instead of *swine*, which is clearly a misprint, as the *hogs* of Olfactus are subsequently again mentioned. C.

Phantastes. In my foolish imagination *Olfactus* is very like the goddess of victory, that never takes any part but the conqueror's.

Mendacio. And in the woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry mastiffs;
And o'er his head hover at his command
A cloud of vultures, which o'erspread the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not known, but fear'd of all.

Phantastes. I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battle to feed his dogs, hogs, and vultures, upon the murdered carcasses.

Mendacio. My lord, I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the message of *Lingua*; for otherwise, in my conceit, they should have been here ere this. With your lordship's good liking, we'll attend upon you to see the field for more certainty.

Communis Sensus. It shall be so; come, master Register, let's walk. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

ANAMNESTES, with a purse in his hand.

Anamnestes. Forsooth, *Oblivio*, shut the door upon me; I could come no sooner: ha? is he not here? O excellent! would I were hang'd, but I look'd for a sound rap on the pate, and that made me before-hand to lift up this excuse for a buckler. I know he's not at court, for here is his purse, without which warrant there's no coming thither; wherefore now, *Anamnestes*, sport thyself a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Plutus* send there be jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones—The best sure lies in the bottom—pox on't, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers: what's this? Memorandum that master *Prodigo* owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it. Memorandum that I owe—that he owes? 'Tis

well the old slave hath some care of his credit; to whom owes he trow I? that I owe Anamnestes; what me? I 'never lent him any thing; ha, this is good, there's something coming to me more than I look'd for. Come on; what is't? Memorandum that I owe Anamnestes—— ⁴⁵a breeching; i'faith, sir, I will ease you of that payment. [*He rends the bill.*] Memorandum, that when I was a child Robusto tripp'd up my heels at football: what a revengeful ⁴⁶dizard is this?

SCENA SECUNDA.

MENDACIO, *with cushions under his arms trips up Anamnestes's heels.*

MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES.

Anamnestes. How now?

Mendacio. Nothing, but lay you upon the cushion, sir, or so.

Anamnestes. Nothing, but lay the cushion upon you, sir?

Mendacio. What, my little Nam? by this foot I am sorry I mistook thee.

Anamnestes. What, my little Men? by this hand it grieves me I took thee so right. But, sirrah, whither with these cushions?

Mendacio. To lay them here, that the judges may sit softly, lest my lady Lingua's cause go hard with her.

Anamnestes. They should have been wrought with gold; these will do nothing. But what makes my lady with the judges?

Mendacio. Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a Sense, as well as the rest that bear the name of the Pentarchy.

Anamnestes. Will Common Sense and my master leave their affairs to determine that controversy?

Mendacio. Then thou hear'st nothing.

Anamnestes. What should I hear?

⁴⁵ a breeching] See Note 48 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

⁴⁶ dizard] i. e. a blockhead, a fool. S.

Mendacio. All the senses fell out about a crown fallen from heaven, and pitch'd a field for it; but Vicegerent Common Sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their arms dismissed) to appear before him, charging every one to bring, as it were in a shew, their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

Anamnestes. When is all this?

Mendacio. As soon as they can possibly provide.

Anamnestes. But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

Mendacio. No not only; for every sense must describe his instrument, that is, his house, where he performs his daily duty; so that by the object and the instrument my lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

Anamnestes. His lordship's very wise.

Mendacio. Thou shalt hear all anon. Fine master Phantastes and thy master will be here shortly. But how is't, my little rogue? methinks thou look'st lean upon't.

Anamnestes. Alas! how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a raw-bon'd skeleton as Memory, and run all day on his errands? The churl's grown so old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling Anamnestes, Remembrance, where art Anamnestes? Then presently something's lost; poor I must run for it; and these words, run boy, come sirrah, quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the cough, never out on's mouth.

Mendacio. Alack, alack! poor rogue, I see my fortunes are better. My lady loves me exceedingly; she's always kissing me: so that I tell thee, Nam, Mendacio's never from betwixt her lips.

Anamnestes. Nor I out of Memory's mouth*; but in a worse sort, always exercising my stumps; and

* "Nor I out of Memory's mouth," is the correct reading although the pronoun has been always omitted: Anamnestes is comparing his situation with that of Mendacio. C.

which is more, when he favours best, then I am in the worst taking.

Mendacio. How so?

Anamnestes. Thus; when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled upon his palsy-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with king Priamus; and his familiarity with Nestor; and how he played at ⁴⁷blow-point with Jupiter, when he was in his side-coats; and how he went to look bird-nests with Athous: and where he was at Deucalion's flood; and twenty such old wives' tales.

Mendacio. I wonder he being so old can talk so much.

Anamnestes. Nature, thou know'st, knowing what an unruly engine the tongue is, hath set teeth round about for watchmen: now, sir, my master's old age hath cough'd out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

Mendacio. Philosophical!

Anamnestes. O, but there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called Oblivio, preferred before me. Dost know him?

Mendacio. Who I? I; but care not for his acquaintance: hang him blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou, Remembrance, art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of Oblivio?

Anamnestes. The very naming of him hath made me forget myself. O, O, O, O, that rascal is so made of every where.

Mendacio. Who, Oblivio?

Anamnestes. Ay, for our courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosoms; and your smooth belly, fat-back'd, barrel-paunch'd, tun-gutted drones are never without him: as for Memory, he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them; they respect

⁴⁷ blow-point] See Note 9 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

not him, except it be to play a game at chests⁴⁸, primero⁴⁹, saunt⁵⁰, maw⁵¹, or such like.

⁴⁸ chests] i. e. chess.

⁴⁹ primero] A favourite game formerly, and apparently one of the oldest in use. The manner in which it was played will appear from the following Epigram of Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto :

The story of Marcus life at *Primero*.

" Fond Marcus ever at *Primero* plays,
 " Long winter nights, and as long summer dayes :
 " And I heard once to idle talke attending
 " The story of his time's and coine's mis-spending
 " At first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heaven,
 " If in his hand he had but got a sev'n.
 " His father's death set him so high on flote,
 " All rests went up upon a sev'n and coate.
 " But while he drawes from these gray coats and gownes,
 " The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
 " And he ne'er ceast to venter all in prime,
 " Till of his age, quite was consum'd the prime.
 " Then he more warily his rest regards,
 " And sets with certainties upon the cards,
 " On sixe and thirtie, or on sev'n and nine,
 " If any set his rest, and saith, and mine :
 " But seed with this, he either gaines or saves,
 " For either Faustus prime is with three knaves,
 " Or Marcus never can encounter right,
 " Yet drew two Ases, and for further spight
 " Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
 " But not encountred, it avail'd him naught.
 " Well, sith encountring, he so faire doth misse,
 " He sets not, till he nine and fortie is.
 " And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
 " He lost it by the hand with which sore troubled,
 " He joynes now all his stocke unto his stake,
 " That of his fortune he full prooffe may make.
 " At last both eldest hand and five and fifty,
 " He thinketh now or never (thrive unthrifty.)
 " Now for the greatest rest he hath the push :
 " But Crassus stopt a club, and so was flush :
 " And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
 " Poore Marcus, and his rest goes still to wracke.
 " Now must he seek new spoile to rest his rest,
 " For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, unrest.
 " His land, his plate he pawns, he sels his leases,
 " To patch, to borrow, and shift he never ceases.
 " Till at the last two catch-poles him encounter,
 " And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.

Mendacio. I cannot think such fellows have to do with Oblivio, since they never got any thing to forget.

Anamnestes. Again, these prodigal swaggerers that are so much bound to their creditors, if they have but one cross about them, they'll spend it in wine upon Oblivio.

Mendacio. To what purpose, I pr'ythee?

Anamnestes. Only in hope he'll wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

Mendacio. Why then do man cares for thee.

Anamnestes. Yes, a company of studious paper-worms, and lean scholars, and niggardly scraping usurers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those canker-stomach'd spiteful creatures that furnish up common-place books with other men's faults. The time hath been in those golden days when Saturn reigned, that if a man receiv'd a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it, but now in these iron afternoons, save your friend's life, and Oblivio will be more familiar with him than you.

SCENA TERTIA.

HEURESIS, MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES.

Heuresis. Phantastes not at court? is't possible! 'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard of. I

"Now Marcus may set up all rests securely:

"For now he's sure to be encountred surely."

Minshieu thus explains *Primerò*. "*Primerò* and *Primavista*, two games at cards. *Primum et primum visum*, that is, first and first seene, because he that can shew such an order of cards first, 'winnes the game.'" See also Note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. X.

⁶⁰ *soun*] See Note 30 to *The Dumb Knight*, vol. VIII.

⁶¹ *maw*] See Note 37 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. in which this Game is mentioned. So again, in Dekker's *Belman's Night-walkes*, it is again alluded to "The set at *Maw* being plaid 'out.'"

Henslowe in his MSS. mentions a play under the title of *The Mawe*, which probably had reference to the game at cards so called. It was acted on the 14th December, 1594. He also names a play entitled *The Mache*, but is doubtful if they were not the same. C.

had thought the ladies and gallants would never lie without him.

Anamnestes. Hist, hist, Mendacio; I pr'ythee observe Heuresis; it seems he cannot find his master, that's able to find out all things. And art thou now at a fault? canst not find out thine own master?

Heuresis. I'll try one more way. O yes*!

Mendacio. What a proclamation for him?

Anamnestes. Ay, ay, his nimble head is always full of proclamations.

Heuresis. O yes!

Mendacio. But doth he cry him in the wood?

Anamnestes. O good sir, and good reason, for every beast hath Phantasy at his pleasure.

Heuresis. O yes! if any man can tell any tidings of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humourous, conceited, fantastic gallant, with hollow eyes, sharp look, swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toys in his apparel as fooleries in his looks and gesture; let him come forth and certify me thereof, and he shall have for his reward—

Anamnestes. I can tell you where he is: what shall he have?

Heuresis. A box o'the ear, sirrah. [*Snap.*]

Anamnestes. How now, Invention, are you so quick-finger'd? i'faith, there's your principal, sirrah, [*snap*] and here's the interest ready in my hand [*snap*]. [*They fall together by the ears.*] Yea, have you found out scratching? now I remember me—

Heuresis. Do you bite me, rascal?

Mendacio. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this axiom, *a quick invention and a good memory can never agree.* Fie, fie, fie, Heuresis; beat him when he's down?

Anamnestes. Pr'ythee let's alone: proud jackanapes, I'll—

Heuresis. What will you do?

Anamnestes. Untruss thy points, and whip thee, thou

* In the old editions this is given as a part of what is said by Anamnestes. C.

paltry—Let me go, Mendacio, if thou lov'st me : shall I put up the—

Mendacio. Come, come, come, you shall fight no more, in good faith : Heuresis, your master will catch you anon.

Heuresis. My master ! where is he ?

Mendacio. I'll bring you to him, come away.

Heuresis. Anamnestes, I scorn that thou shouldst think I go away for fear of any thing thou canst do unto me ; here's my hand, as soon as thou canst pick the least occasion, put up thy finger, I am for thee.

Anamnestes. When thou dar'st, Heuresis, when thou dar'st, I'll be as ready as thyself at any time. [*Exeunt Mendacio and Heuresis.*] This Heuresis, this Invention, is the proudest jackanapes, the pertest self-conceited boy that ever breath'd : because, forsooth, some odd poet, or some such fantastic fellows, make much on him,⁵² there's no ho with him ; the vile dandi-prat will overlook the proudest of his acquaintance : but well I remember me, I learn'd a trick t'other day, to bring a boy o'er the thigh finely : if he come, i'faith I'll tickle him with it.

[*Mendacio comes running back in great haste.*

Mendacio. As I am a rascal, Nam, they are all coming. I see master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four ages. [*Exit Mendacio.*

SCENA QUARTA.

MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

Memoria. Ah you leaden-heeled rascal !

Anamnestes. Here 'tis, sir ; I have it, I have it.

Memoria. Is this all the haste you make ?

Anamnestes. An't like your worship, your clog-head Oblivio went before me, and foil'd the trail of your footsteps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

Memoria. You might have been here long ere this :

⁵² there's no ho] See Note 70 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

come hither; sirrah; come hither: what, must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are full of circumstances.

Anamnestes. In truth, sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the city, sought you in every ale-house, inn, tavern, dicing-house, tennis-court, stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

Memoria. Ha, villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

Anamnestes. No, no, sir, but I was told by my lady Lingua's page that your worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, an it please your worship.

Memoria. I remember another quarrel, sirrah; but well, well, I have no leisure.

SCENA QUINTA.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, LINGUA, PHANTASTES, MEMORY, ANAMNESTES.

Communis. Lingua, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readiness, we licence you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your advocate, to speak what you can for yourself.

Lingua. My lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends, ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many rhetoricians, logicians, lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore, to avoid the tediousness, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

Communis. Be as brief as the necessity of our short times requires.

Lingua. My lord, though the *imbecillitas* of my feeble sex might draw me back from this tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit *timoris* and the *Catenis pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious *επιχειρία* of your *justissime δικαιοσύνης*: Especially so

aspremente spurd' congli sproni di necessita mia pugente, I will without the help of orators commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *volutabilitati τῶν γυναικῶν λόγων*, which *avec vostre bonne plasir*, I will finish with more than *Laconicd brevitae*.

Communis. What's this? here's a gallimaufry of speech indeed.

Memory. I remember about the year 1602 many used this skew kind of language; which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, ⁵³Platony, the son of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white, half black.

Communis. I am persuaded these same language-makers have the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all heterogeneous languages together, congealing English tin, Grecian gold, Roman ⁵⁴latten all in a lump.

Phantastes. Or rather, in my imagination, like your fantastical gull's apparel, wearing a Spanish felt, a French doublet, a Granado stocking, a Dutch slop, an Italian cloak, with a Welch freeze jerkin.

Communis Sensus. Well, leave your toying, we can-

⁵³ Platony,] rather Ptolemy. S. P.

⁵⁴ Roman latten] Latten, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is "Brass; a mixture of Copper and Caliminaris stone." Mr. Theobald, from Monsieur Dacier, says: "C'est une espece de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons au jourd'huy du leton. It is a sort of mountain copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call latten." See Mr. Theobald's Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1.

Among the Harleian MSS. now in the British Museum, is one, No. 6395, entitled, "Merry Passages and Jeasts," written in the last century, in which is the following story of Shakspeare, which seems entitled to as much credit as any of the anecdotes which now pass current about him. "Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Johnson's children, and after the christning being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askst him why he was so melancholy? No, faith, Ben (sayes he) not I, but I have beene considering a great while, what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last; I pr'ythe what, says he? I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a douzen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them."

not pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore, *Lingua*, go on, but in a less formal manner. You know an ingenious oration must neither swell above the banks with insolent words, nor creep too shallow in the ford with vulgar terms; but run equally, smooth and chearful, through the clean current of a pure style.

Lingua. My lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirm my worth to be equal or better than the Senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the ⁵⁵deft file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying such excellencies as time and age do easily depopulate.

Communis Sensus. But what profitable service do you undertake for our dread queen Psyche?

Lingua. O how I am ravish'd to think how infinitely she hath grac'd me with her most acceptable service! But above all (which you, master Register, well remember) when her highness, taking my mouth for her instrument, with the bow of my tongue struck so heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that she charm'd the very tigers asleep, the listening bears and lions to couch at her feet, while the hills leap'd, and the woods danc'd to the sweet harmony of her most angelical accents.

Memory. I remember it very well. Orpheus play'd upon the harp, while she sung, about some four years after the contention betwixt Apollo and Pan, and a little before the excoriation of Marsyas.

Anamnestes. By the same token the river Alpheus, at that time pursuing his beloved Arethusa, dischannel'd himself of his former course, to be partaker of their admirable consort, and the music being ended, thrust himself headlong into earth, the next way to

⁵⁵ *deft*] *Deft* is handy, dextrous. So, in *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1:

"Thyself and office deftly show."

See Note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778. S.

follow his amorous chace. If you go to Arcadia, you shall see his coming up again.

Communis Sensus. Forward, *Lingua*, with your reason.

Lingua. How oft hath her excellency employed me as ambassador in her most urgent affairs to foreign kings and emperors? I may say to the Gods themselves. How many bloodless battles have my persuasions attain'd, when the Senses forces have been vanquish'd? how many rebels have I reclaimed, when her sacred authority was little regarded? Her laws (without exprobatation be it spoken) had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illustrious deeds unrenowned, had not the silver sound of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the universe with her deserved fame. Her cities would dissolve, traffic would decay, friendships be broken, were not my speech the knot, Mercury and Mastique, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What should I say more? I can never speak enough of the unspeakable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech cannot sufficiently express the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

Communis Sensus. *Lingua*, your service and dignity we confess to be great; nevertheless these reasons prove you not to have the nature of a sense.

Lingua. By your ladyship's favour, I can soon prove that a sense is a faculty, by which our queen sitting in her privy chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrences. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is—*

Enter APPETITUS in haste.

Appetitus. Stay, stay, my lord, defer, I beseech you, defer the judgment.

Communis Sensus. Who's this that boldly interrupts us thus?

Appetitus. My name is *Appetitus*, common servant to the pentarchy of the Senses, who, understanding

that your honour was handling this action of Lingua's sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these articles they alledge against her, before you proceed to judgment.

Communis Sensus. Hum, here's good stuff; master Register, read them. *Appetitus*, you may depart, and bid your mistress make convenient speed.

Appetitus. At your lordship's pleasure.

[*Exit Appetitus.*]

Memory. I remember that I forgot my spectacles; I left them in the 349th page of Hall's Chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of mice, which had almost destroyed the country, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of owls, that destroyed them. *Anamnestes*, read these articles distinctly.

Anamnestes. Art. 1. *Imprimis*, We accuse Lingua of high treason and sacrilege against the most honourable commonwealth of letters; for, under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vilely prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

Phantastes. This is as much as to make a new hell in the upper world; for in hell they say Alexander is no better than a cobbler, and now by these translations every cobbler is as familiar with Alexander as he that wrote his life.

Anamnestes. Art. 2. Item, that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a lady called *Veritas*.

Art. 3. Item, that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcisms.

Art. 4. Item, that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

Art. 5. Item, that she rails on men in authority, depraving their honours with bitter jests and taunts; and that she's a backbiter, setting strife betwixt bosom friends.

Art. 6. Item, that she lends wives weapons to fight against their husbands.

Art. 7. Item, that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prowling ⁵⁶sumners, smooth-tongued bawds, artless empirics, hungry parasites, news-carriers, ⁵⁷janglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the commonalty.

Art. 8. Item, that she made rhetoric wanton, logic to babble, astronomy to lie.

Art. 9. Item, that she's an incontinent tell-tale.

Art. 10. Item (which is the last and worst,) that she's a woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these articles be true we pawn our honours, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus.* 4. *Olfactus.*

3. *Gustus.*

2. *Auditus.* 5. *Tactus.*

Communis Sensus. *Lingua*, these be shrewd allegations, and, as I think, unanswerable. I will defer the judgment of your cause till I have finished the contention of the Senses.

Lingua. Your lordship must be obeyed. But as for them, most ungrateful and perfidious wretches—

Communis Sensus. Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes* run, remember *Visus*, 'tis time he were ready.

Anamnestes. I go. [*Exit Anamnestes et redit*] He stays here expecting your lordship's pleasure.

SCENA SEXTA.

A page carrying a scutcheon argent, charged with an eagle displayed proper; then VISUS, with a fan of peacock's feathers: next LUMEN, with a crown of bays, and a shield with a bright sun in it, apparel'd in tissue: then a page bearing a shield before CÆLUM, clad in azure taffeta, dimpled with stars, a crown of

⁵⁶ *sumners,*] See Note 5 to *The Heir*, vol. VIII.

⁵⁷ *janglers,*] A jangler, says Barret, is "a jangling fellow: a babbling attorney. *Rabula un plaidieur eriard, une plaidereau.*"

stars on his head, and a scarf resembling the zodiac overthwart the shoulders: next a page clad in green, with a terrestrial globe before TERRA in a green velvet gown stuck with branches and flowers, a crown of turrets upon her head, in her hand a key: then a herald, leading in his hand COLOUR, clad in changeable silk, with a rainbow out of a cloud on her head: last a boy. VISUS marshaleth his shew about the stage, and presents it before the bench.

VISUS, LUMEN, CÆLUM, PHANTASTES, COMMUNIS
SENSUS, MEMORY.

Visus. Lo here the objects that delight the sight!
The goodliest objects that man's heart can wish!
For all things, that the orb first moveable
Wraps in the circuit of his large-stretch'd arms,
Are subject to the power of Visus' eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note Lumen's words, that speaks next following.

Lumen. Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious
sun,

Opening the casements of the rosy morn,
Makes the abashed heavens soon to shun
The ugly darkness it embrac'd before;*
And, at his first appearance, puts to flight
The utmost relics of the hell-born night.
This heavenly shield, soon as it is display'd,
Dismays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by sea and land gives aid;
Conquers dismay, recomforteth affright;
Rouseth dull idleness, and starts soft sleep,
And all the world to daily labour keep.
This a true looking-glass impartial,
Where beauty's self, herself doth beautify
With native hue, not artificial,
Discovering falsehood, opening verity:
The day's bright eye colours distinction,
Just judge of measure and proportion.

* This speech is in six-line stanzas, and *before* should rhyme to *morn*, as it does in the old copies which were here abandoned. C.

The only means by which each mortal eye,
Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing soul brings presently
High contemplation and deep wonderment;
By which aspiement she her wings displays,
And herself thither whence she came upraise.

Phantastes. What blue thing's that, that's dappled
so with stars.

Visus. He represents the heaven.

Phantastes. In my conceit

'Twere pretty, if he thundered when he speaks.

Visus. Then none could understand him.

Cælum. Tropic, colures, the equinoctial,
The zodiac, poles, and line ecliptical,
The nadir, zenith, and anomalies,
The azimuth and ephemerides,
Stars, orbs, and planets, with their motions,
The oriental regradations,
Eccentrics, epicycles, and—and—and—

Phantastes. How now, *Visus*, is your heaven at a
stay,

Or is it his *motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?
I pray you, Memory, set him ^{as} a-gate again.

Memory. I remember when Jupiter made Amphitrio
cuckold, and lay with his wife Alcmena, *Cælum* was
in this taking for three days space, and stood still just
like him at a nonplus.

Communis Sensus. Leave jesting, you'll put the fresh
actor out of countenance.

Cælum. Excentrics, epicycles, and aspects,
In sextile, trine and quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth: also the oblique part
Of signs, that make the day both long and short,
The constellations, rising cosmical,
Setting of stars, chronic, and heliacal,
In the horizon or meridional,
And all the skill in deep astronomy,

^{as} a-gate] i. e. "going. Gate, in the Northern Dialect, signifies
"a way"; so that *agate* is at or upon the way." Ray's *Collection*
of Local Words, p. 18. edit. 1740.

Is to the soul derived by the eye.

Phantastes. Visus, you have made Cœlum a heavenly speech, past earthly capacity; it had been as good for him he had thundered. But I pray you, who taught him to speak and use no action? methinks it had been excellent to have turn'd round about in his speech.

Visus. He hath so many motions he knows not which to begin withal.

Phantastes. Nay, rather it seems he's of Copernicus' opinion, and that makes him stand still.

[*Terra comes to the midst of the stage, stands still a while, saith nothing, and steps back.*]

Communis Sensus. Let's hear what Terra can say—just nothing.

Visus. And 't like your lordship, 'twere an indecorum Terra should speak.

Memory. You are deceived; for I remember when Phaeton rul'd the sun (I shall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth) the Earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to Jupiter.

Anamnestes. By the same token Nilus hid his head then, he could never find it since.

Phantastes. You know, Memory, that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely Terra sweat much, and so took cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voice.

Herald. A Canton Ermins added to the field,
Is a sure sign the man that bore these arms
Was to his prince as a defensive shield,
Saving him from the force of present arms.*

Phantastes. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a herald: many a centaur, chimera⁵⁰, barnacle⁵⁰, crocodile, hip-

* Here again, as in the passage to which note 18 refers, we have *arms* for *harms*. In the old copies this speech of the Herald is printed as prose. C.

⁵⁰ *chimera*] A monster feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

⁵⁰ *barnacle*] "If at any time in *Rolls and Alphabets of Arms* "you meet with this term, you must not apprehend it to be that "fowl which in barbarous Latine they call *Bernicla*, and more pro-

potame, and such like toys, hath he stolen out of the shop of my Invention, to shape new coats for his upstart gentlemen. Either Africa must breed more monsters, or you make fewer gentlemen, Mr. Herald, for you have spent all my devices already: but since you are here, let me ask you a question, in your own profession; how comes it to pass that the victorious arms of England, quartered with the conquered coat of France, are not placed on the dexter side, but give the flower-de luce the better hand?

Herald. Because that the three lions are one coat made of two French dukedoms, Normandy and Aquitain. But I pray you, Visus, what joy is that, that follows him?*

Visus. 'Tis Color, an object of mine, subject to his commandment.

Phantastes. Why speaks he not?

Visus. He is so bashful, he dares not speak for blushing:

What thing is that? tell me without delay.

Boy. That's nothing of itself, yet every way

As like a man as a thing like may be;

And yet so unlike as clean contrary,

For in one point it every way doth miss,

The right side of it a man's left side is;

'Tis lighter than a feather, and withal

It fills no place, nor room, it is so small.

Communis Sensus. How now, Visus, have you brought a boy with a riddle to pose us all?

Phantastes. Pose us all, and I here? that were a jest

"perly (from the Greek) *Chenaloper*: A creature well known in Scotland, yet rarely used in arms; but an instrument used by farriers to curb and command an unruly horse, and termed *Pastomides*." Gibbons's *Introductio ad Latium Blasoniam*, 1682, p. 1.

Barnacle in this place certainly means a *goose*. It would be odd indeed to find a farrier's instrument enumerated with animals, real or fabulous, such as a centaur, a chimera, a crocodile, and a hippopotamus. S.

* The latter part of this speech does not seem to belong to the Herald, but to *Communis Sensus* or *Phantastes*. C.

indeed. My lord, if he have a Sphinx, I have an Oedipus assure yourself, let's hear it once again.

Boy. What thing is that, sir, &c.

Phantastes. This such a knotty enigma? why, my lord, I think 'tis a woman, for first a woman is nothing of herself; and again, she is likest a man of any thing.

Communis Sensus. But wherein is she unlike?

Phantastes. In every thing, in peevishness, in folly. — 'st Boy.

Heuresis. In pride, deceit, prating, lying, cogging, coyness, spite, hate, sir.

Phantastes. And in many more such vices: now he may well say, the left side a man's right side is, for a cross wife is always contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in Martial, *Velle tuum*.

Memory. *Velle tuum nolo*, Dindyme, *nolle volo*.

Phantastes. Lighter than a feather, doth any man make question of that?

Memory. They need not, for I remember I saw a cardinal weigh them once, and the woman was found three grains lighter.

Communis Sensus. 'Tis strange, for I have seen gentlewomen wear feathers oftentimes: can they carry heavier things than themselves?

Memory. O, sir, I remember, 'tis their only delight to do so.

Communis Sensus. But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place, sir?

Phantastes. By my faith, that spoils all the former, for these farthingals take up all the room now a-days; 'tis not a woman, questionless: shall I be put down with a riddle? sirrah Heuresis, search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

Heuresis. Hay, *εβρηκα, εβρηκα*. I have it, 'tis a man's face in a looking-glass.

Phantastes. My lord, 'tis so indeed: sirrah, let's see it, for do you see my right eye here?

Communis Sensus. What of your eye?

Phantastes. O lord, sir, this kind of frown is excel-

lent, especially when 'tis sweetened with such a pleasing smile.

Communis Sensus. Phantastes.

Phantastes. O, sir, my left eye is my right in the glass, do you see? By these lips my garters hang so neatly, my gloves and shoes become my hands and feet so well: Heuresis, tie my shoe-strings with a new knot;—this point was scarce well truss'd,—so, 'tis excellent.—Looking-glasses were a passing invention: I protest the fittest books for ladies to study on—

Memory. Take heed you fall not in love with yourself: Phantastes, as I remember—*Anamnestes*, who was't that died of the looking disease?

Anamnestes. Forsooth, Narcissus, by the same token he was turn'd to a daffodil; and as he died for love of himself, so if you remember there was an old ill-favour'd, precious-nos'd, babber-lipp'd, beetle-brow'd, bleer-ey'd, slouch-ear'd slave, that, looking himself by chance in a glass, died for pure hate.

Phantastes. By the lip of my—I could live and die with this face.

Communis Sensus. Fie, fie, Phantastes, so effeminate! for shame leave off. *Visus*, your objects I must needs say are admirable, if the house and instrument be answerable: let's hear therefore in brief your description—

Visus. Under the fore-head of mount Cephalon,
That over-peers the coast of Microcosm,
All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
Stand my two mansion-houses, both as round
As the clear heavens, both twins, as like each other
As star to star, which by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount Cephalon:
With four fair rooms those lodgings are contrived,
Four goodly rooms in form most spherical,
Closing each other like the heavenly orbs:
The first whereof, of nature's substance wrought,
As a strange moat the other to defend,
Is trained moveable by art divine,

Stirring the whole compacture of the rest :
 The second chamber is most curiously
 Compos'd of burnish'd and transparent horn.

Phantastes. That's a matter of nothing. I have known many have such bed-chambers.

Memory. It may be so; for I remember being once in the town's library, I read such a thing in their great book of monuments, called, Cornucopia, or rather their Copiacornu.

Visus. The third's a lesser room of purest glass :
 The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
 In worth of matter, built most sumptuously,
 With walls transparent of pure crystalline.
 This the soul's mirrour and the body's guide,
 Love's cabinet, bright beacons of the realm,
 Casements of light, quiver of Cupid's shafts,
 Wherein I sit, and immediately receive
 The species of things corporeal,
 Keeping continual watch and centinel ;
 Lest foreign hurt invade our Microcosm,
 And warning give, (if pleasant things approach)
 To entertain them. From this costly room
 Leadeth, my lord, an entry to your house,
 Through which I hourly to yourself convey
 Matters of wisdom by experience bred :
 Art's first invention, pleasant vision,
 Deep contemplation, that attires the soul
 In gorgeous robes of flowing literature :
 Then if that Visus have deserved best,
 Let his victorious brow with crown be blest.

Communis Sensus. Anamnestes, see who's to come next.

Anamnestes. Presently, my lord.

Phantastes. Visus, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Plato's idea, or ⁶¹ the sight of Nineveh, Babylon, London, or some Stour-

⁶¹ the sight of Nineveh] A celebrated puppet-show often mentioned by writers of the times by the name of the Motion of Nineveh. See Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 1. *Wit at several Weapons*, A. 1. *Every Woman in humour*, 1609, Sign. H, and *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, A. 5. S. 9.

bridge-fair monsters; they would have done passing well; those motions in my imagination are very delightful.

Visus. I was loth to trouble your honours with such toys, neither could I provide them in so short a time.

Communis Sensus. We will consider your worth; mean while we dismiss you.

[*Visus leads his show about the stage, and so goeth out with it.*

SCENA ULTIMA.

AUDITUS, &c.

Auditus. Hark, hark, hark, hark; peace, peace, O peace: O sweet, admirable, swan-like, heavenly! hark, O most mellifluous strain! O what a pleasant close was there! ⁶² O fall, most delicate!

Communis Sensus. How now, Phantastes! is *Auditus* mad?

Phantastes. Let him alone, his musical head is always full of old crochets.

Auditus. Did you mark the dainty driving of the last point, an excellent maintaining of the song; by the choice timpan of mine ear, I never heard a better! hist, 'st, 'st, hark; why there's a cadence able to ravish the dullest stoic.

Communis Sensus. I know not what to think on him.

Auditus. There how sweetly the plain-song was dissolved into descant, and how easily they came off with the last rest. Hark, hark, the bitter sweetest achromatic.

Communis Sensus. *Auditus?*

Auditus. Thanks, good Apollo, for this timely grace, Never couldst thou in fitter hour indulge it:

O more than most musical harmony!

O most admirable concert! have you no ears?

Do you not hear this music?

Phantastes. It may be good, but in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

⁶² O fall, most delicate! So, in *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 1.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall." S.

Auditus. Are you then deaf? do you not yet perceive

The wondrous sound the heavenly orbs do make
With their continual motion? hark,
Hark, O honey sweet.

Communis Sensus. What tune do they play?

Auditus. Why such a tune as never was, nor ever
shall be heard.

Mark now; now, mark, now, now.

Phantastes. List, list, list.

Auditus. Hark! O sweet, sweet, sweet.

Phantastes. List! how my heart envies my happy
ears.

Hisht, by the gold-strung harp of Apollo,
I hear the celestial music of the spheres,
As plainly as ever Pythagoras did.
O most excellent diapason! good,
Good; "it plays *fortune my foe*, as distinctly as may
be.

Cominunis Sensus. As the fool thinketh, so the bell
clinketh. I protest I hear no more than a post.

Phantastes. What, "the Lavalta! hay? nay, if the
heavens fiddle,
Fancy must needs dance.

"it plays *fortune my foe*,] " *Fortune my foe* was the beginning
" of an old Ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes
" that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune." See Note
on *The Custom of the Country*, A. 1. S. 1. by Mr. Theobald, who
observes that this Ballad is mentioned again in *The Knight of the
Burning Pestle*; and likewise in a Comedy, by John Tatham, printed
1660, called *The Rump or Mirrour of the Times*, wherein a French-
man is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps,
and catching hold of Priscilla will oblige her to dance, and orders
the music to play *Fortune my foe*. Again, in *Tom Essence*, 1677, p. 37.

"the Lavalta] A dance. Sir John Davies, in his Poem called
Orchestra, Stanza 70, thus describes it:

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,

" A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,

" Where arm and arm two dancers are entwin'd,

" And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound.

" And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:

" An *anapest* is all their musick's song,

" Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

Communis Sensus. Pr'ythee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the ⁶⁵ passing measures. Memory, do you hear this harmony of the spheres?

Memory. Not now, my lord; but I remember about some four thousand years ago, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

Anamnestes. By the same token the first tune the planets play'd, I remember Venus the treble ran sweet division upon Saturn the bass. The first tune they played was ⁶⁶ Sellenger's round, in memory whereof, ever since, it hath been called the beginning of the world.

Communis Sensus. How comes it we cannot hear it now?

Memory. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember the Egyptian ⁶⁷ Catadupes never heard the roaring of the fall of Nilus, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

71.

"As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,

"That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands,

"Of swift Eurotas dance in heaven above,

"Knit and united with eternal hands,

"Among the stars their double image stands,

"Where both are carried with an equal pace,

"Together jumping in their turning race."

⁶⁵ *passing measures*] or, as it is oftener called, *passa mezzo*, from *passer* to walk, and *mezzo*, the middle or half; a slow dance, little differing from the action of walking. As a Galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a Cinque pace; the *passa mezzo*, which is a diminutive of the Galliard, is just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name." Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 386.

⁶⁶ *Sellenger's round*] i. e. St. Leger's round. "Sellenger's round was an old country dance, and was not quite out of knowledge at the beginning of the present century, there being persons now living who remember it. Morley mentions it in his Introduction, p. 118, and Taylor the Water Poet, in his tract, intitled, "The World runs on Wheels;" and it is printed in a Collection of "Country Dances, published by John Playford in 1679." Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. III. p. 288. where the notes are engraved.

⁶⁷ *Catadupes*] See Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. v. c. 9.

Communis Sensus. Have you no other objects to judge by than these, *Auditus*?

Auditus. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you see
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,*
Becomes a concert of good instruments;
While twenty babbling echoes round about,
Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

Communis Sensus. I will walk with you very willingly,
for I grow weary of sitting. Come, master Register, and
master Phantastes. [Exeunt omnes.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS.

Mendacio. Pr'ythee, Nam, be persuaded: is't not better to go to a feast, than stay here for a fray?

Anamnestes. A feast? dost think *Auditus* will make the judges a feast?

Mendacio. Faith ay. Why should he carry them to his house else?

Anamnestes. Why, sirrah, to hear a set or two of songs; 'slid, his banquets are nothing but fish, all ^{as} soll, soll, soll. I'll teach thee wit, boy; never go thee to a musician's house for junkets, unless thy stomach lies in thine ears; for there is nothing but commending this

* The Author certainly in writing this beautiful passage had Spenser (F. Q. B. II. C. XII.) in his mind.

"The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade," &c. C.

^{as} soll, soll, soll.] Alluding to the fish called the Sole, and the musical note Sol. S. P.

song's delicate air, that ode's dainty air, this sonnet's sweet air, that madrigal's melting air, this dirge's mournful air, this church air, that chamber air, French air, English air, Italian air. Why, lad, they be pure camelions, they feed only upon air.

Mendacio. Camelions? I'll be sworn some of your fiddlers be rather camels, for by their good wills they will never leave eating.

Anamnestes. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts: But oh, yonder's the ape Heuresis; let me go I pr'ythee.

Mendacio. Nay, good-now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heuresis. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will convert water into wine; why therefore should not the elixir of gold turn lead into pure gold?

Mendacio. Ha, ha, ha, ha! he is turned chemic, sirrah; it seems so by his talk.

Heuresis. But how shall I devise to blow the fire of beechcoals with a continual and equal blast? ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self-mover.

Anamnestes. Here's ^{oo}old turning; these chemics, seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own silver.

Heuresis. And my wheel shall be geometrically proportioned into seven or nine concave incircled arms, whereip I will put equal poises: hai, hai; *εβρηκα, εβρηκα*; I have it, I have it, I have it.

Mendacio. Heuresis?

Heuresis. But what's best to contain the quick-silver? ha?

Anamnestes. Do you remember your promise, Heuresis?

Heuresis. It must not be iron, for quick-silver is the tyrant of metals, and will soon fret it.

^{oo} old turning] See Note to 43.

Anamnestes. Heuresis? Heuresis?

Heuresis. Nor brass, nor copper, nor ⁷⁰mastlin, nor mineral: *εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα*, I have it, I have it, it must be——

Anamnestes. You have indeed, sirrah, and thus much more than you looked for. [*Snap.*]

[*Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio parts them.*]

Mendacio. You shall not fight; but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows. *Heuresis*, what reason have you to fall out with him?

Heuresis. Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me every where.

Anamnestes. And why not, sirrah? I am thy better in any place.

Heuresis. Have I been the author of the seven liberal sciences, and consequently of all learning? have I been the patron of all mechanical devices, to be thy inferior? I tell thee, *Anamnestes*, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Anamnestes. Good, good; but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance? I can prove, that thou, belly-sprung invention, art the most improfitable member in the world; for ever since thou wert born, thou hast been a bloody murderer, and thus I prove it: In the quiet years of Saturn, (I remember Jupiter was then but in his swathe-bands,) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtest gold to light, whose beauty, like Helen, set all the world by the ears. Then, upon that, thou foundest out iron, and puttest weapons in their hands, and now in the last populous age thou taughtest a scab-shin friar the hellish invention of powder and guns.

Heuresis. Call'st it 'hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest invention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature herself.

⁷⁰ *mastlin*] i. e. mixed metal from the French word *mesler*, to mingle, mix.

Memory. True, for a cannon will kill as many at one shot, as thunder doth commonly at twenty.

Anamnestes. Therefore more murdering art thou than the light-bolt.

Heuresis. But to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroke of the most violent culverin. Mendacio, thou saw'st it when I demonstrated the invention.

Anamnestes. What, some wool-packs? or mud walls? or such like?

Heuresis. Mendacio, I pr'ythee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

Mendacio. I must needs confess this device to pass all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was, first he takes a faulcon, and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well camphired; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop shot both round and lachrymal. This done, he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point blank over-against the mouth of the piece. Now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord, ⁷¹a siderite of Herculean stone.

Anamnestes. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in Ida, in the year of the world——by one Magnes, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it the Adamant.

Mendacio. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, he comes back, and gives fire to the touch-hole: now the powder consumed to a void vacuum——

Heuresis. Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole machine of the world, heaven, earth, sea, and air, return to the mishapen house of Chaos, than the least vacuum be found in the universe.

Mendacio. The bullet and drop shot flew most impetuously from the fiery throat of the culverin; but, O strange, no sooner came they near the adamant in the

⁷¹ a siderite of Herculean stone.] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. c. 16.
“Sideritin ob hoc alio nomine appellant quidam Heracleon: Magnes appellatus est ab inventore (ut auctor est Nicander) in Ida repertus.” S. P.

cord, but they were all arrested by the serjeant of nature, and hovered in the air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

Anamnestes. This is a very artificial lie.

Mendacio. Nam, believe it, for I saw it, and which is more, I have practised this device often. Once when I had a quarrel with one of my lady Veritas' naked knaves, and had pointed him the field, I convey'd into the heart of my buckler an adamant; and when we met, I drew all the foins of his rapier, whithersoever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my buckler; so that by this means I hurt the knave mortally, and myself came away untouch'd, to the wonder of all the beholders.

Anamnestes. Sirrah, you speak metaphorically, because thy wit, Mendacio, always draws men's objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

Heuresis. Anamnestes, 'tis true, and I have an addition to this, which is to make the bullet shot from the enemy to return immediately upon the gunner: but let all these pass, and say the worst thou canst against me

Anamnestes. I say guns were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality, and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so fair a child as Peace, of so foul and deformed a mother as War, lest there should be no murder, thou devisedst poison.

Mendacio. Nay fie, Nam, urge him not too far.

Anamnestes. And last and worst, thou foundest out cookery, that kills more than weapons, guns, wars or poisons, and would destroy all, but that thou invented'st physic, that helps to make away some.

Heuresis. But, sirrah, besides all this, I devised pillories for such forging villains as thyself.

Anamnestes. Call'st me villain?

[*They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.*]

Mendacio. You shall not fight as long as I am here.
Give over, I say.

Heuresis. Mendacio, you offer me great wrong to hold me: in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Mendacio. Away, away, away, you are Invention, are you not?

Heuresis. Yes, sir, what then?

Mendacio. And you Remembrance?

Anamnestes. Well, sir, well.

Mendacio. Then I will be Judicium, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heuresis. Well, well, if you will needs have it so.

Anamnestes. I am in some sort content.

[*Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.*]

Mendacio. Why this is as it should be; when Mendacio hath Invention on the one hand, and Remembrance on the other, as he'll be sure never to be found with truth in his mouth, so he scorns to be taken in a lie, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags; whist!

Anamnestes. Whist.

Heuresis. Whist.

SCENA SECUNDA.

COMMUNIS, SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, take their places on the bench as before, AUDITUS on the stage, a page before him bearing his target, the field Sable, a heart Or; next him TRAGEDUS apparell'd in black velvet, fair buskins, a faulchion, &c. then COMEDUS in a light-colour'd green taffeta robe, silk stockings, pumps, gloves, &c.

COMMUNIS, SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

Communis Sensus. They had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with music; how fast we were tied by the ears to the consort

of Voice's power! but all is but a little pleasure; what profitable objects hath he?

Phantastes. Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is coming: that fellow in the bays methinks I should have known him; O 'tis Comedus, 'tis so, but he is become now-a-days something humorous, and too too satirical, up and down like his great grandfather Aristophanes.

Anamnestes. These two, my lord, Comedus and Tragedus,

My fellows both, both twins, but so unlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes,
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
This grave and sad, distain'd with brinish tears;
That light and quick ⁷² with wrinkled laughter painted;
This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprizes:
This other trades with men of mean condition,
His projects small, small hopes and dangers little.
This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences:
That fair and purpled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
By being death's mirrour, and life's looking-glass.

Comedus. ⁷³ * *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam.*

Mihi atque vobis spectatores nuntio.

⁷² with wrinkled laughter painted;] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

See also the Notes of Bp. Warburton and Dr. Farmer, on *Love's Labour's Lost*, A. 5. S. 4. S.

* This quotation from Plautus, and that which follows from Terence, were assigned by Mr. Reed to *Communis Sensus*, when, in fact, they belong to *Comedus*. The initials *Com.* in the old copies led to the error. C.

⁷³ *Salutem*, &c.] The first lines of the Prologue to Plautus's *Menechmi*.

Phantastes. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action, let's hear Terence,

Quid igitur faciam, &c.

Comedus. ⁷⁴ *Quid igitur faciam ? non eam ? ne nunc quidem,*

Cum arcessor ultro ?

Phantastes. Fy, fy, fy, no more action ! lend me your bays, do it thus, *Quid igitur &c.* (he acts it after the old kind of pantomimic action.)

Communis Sensus. I should judge this action, *Phantastes*, most absurd, unless we should come to a Comedy, as gentlewomen to the ⁷⁵ Commencement, only to see men speak.

Phantastes. In my imagination 'tis excellent, for in this kind the hand, you know, is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the words a lodging in the ears of the auditors.

Communis Sensus. *Auditus*, it is now time you make us acquainted with the quality of the house you keep in, for our better help in judgment.

Auditus. Upon the sides of fair mount Cephalon,
Have I two houses passing human skill :
Of finest matter by dame Nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
That they command the passengers to stay :
The doors whereof, in hospitality,
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide
Gently invite all comers ; whereupon
They are named the open ears of Cephalon.
But lest some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And break the nice composure of the work,
The skilful builder wisely hath enrang'd
An entry from each port with curious twines,
And crook'd meanders, like the labyrinth
That Dedalus fram'd t'inclose the Minotaur ;
At th' end whereof is plac'd a costly portal,

⁷⁴ *Quid igitur, &c.*] See Terence's *Eunuch*, A. 1. S. 1.

⁷⁵ *Commencement,*] At the Universities when Degrees are conferred.

Resembling much the figure of a drum,
 Granting slow entrance to a private closet :
 Where daily with a mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and sounds that come,
 Upon an anvil, and so make them fit
 For the ⁷⁶periwinkling porch, that winding leads
 From my close chamber to your lordship's cell.
 Thither do I, chief justice of all accents,
 Psyche's next porter, Microcosme's front,
 Learning's rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reason's discourse, knowledge of foreign states,
 Loud fame of great Heroe's virtuous deeds ;
 The marrow of grave speeches, and the flowers
 Of quickest wits, neat jests, and pure conceits ;
 And often times, to ease the heavy burthen,
 Of government, your lordship's shoulders bear,
 I thither do conduce the pleasing nuptials
 Of sweetest instruments, with heavenly noise.
 If then Auditus have deserv'd the best,
 Let him be dignified before the rest.

Communis Sensus. Auditus, I am almost a sceptic in
 this matter ; scarce knowing which way the balance of
 the cause will decline. When I have heard the rest,
 I will dispatch judgment ; mean while you may depart.

*[Auditus leads his show about the stage, and
 then goes out.]*

SCENA TERTIA.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORIA, PHATASTES, ANAM-
 NESTES, HEURESIS, *as before* : OLFACTUS *in a gar-*
land of several flowers, a page before him, bearing his
target, his field Vert, a hound Argent, two boys with
⁷⁷ casting bottles, and ⁷⁸ two censors with incense,
another with a velvet cushion stuck with flowers,

⁷⁶ *periwinkling porch,*] i. e. a porch, which has as many spiral
 windings in it as the shell of the *periwinkle*, or sea snail. S.

⁷⁷ *casting bottles,*] i. e. bottles to cast or scatter liquid Odours. S.

⁷⁸ *two censors with incense,*] The custom of censuring or dispersing
 fragrant scents seems formerly to have been not uncommon. See
 Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 4.

another with a basket of herbs, another with a box of ointment : OLFACUS leads them about, and making obeisance presents them before the bench.

1 Boy. Your only way to make a good ⁷⁹ pomander, is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best labdanum, benioine, both storaxes, ambergrease, civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.

Phantastes. This boy it should seem represents Odor, he is so perfect a perfumer.

Odor. I do, my lord, and have at my command
The smell of flowers, and odoriferous drugs,
Of ointments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart would wish, as I suppose,
That all your body were transform'd to nose.

Phantastes. Olfactus, of all the Senses, your objects have the worst luck, they are always jarring with their contraries; for none can wear civet, but ⁸⁰ they are suspected of a proper bad scent; whence the proverb springs, He smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

SCENA QUARTA.

The bench and OLFACUS, as before; TOBACCO apparelled in a taffata mantle, his arms brown and naked, buskins made of the peeling of osiers, his neck bare, hung with Indian leaves, his face brown painted with blue stripes, in his nose swines' teeth, on his head

⁷⁹ a pomander,] Pomanders were balls of perfume, formerly worn by the higher ranks of people. Dr. Gray, in his Notes on Shakespeare, vol. I. p. 269. says, "that a Pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague." From the above receipt it appears they were molded in different shapes, and not wholly confined to that of balls, and the like direction is given in another receipt for making *Pomanders*, printed in Markham's *English House-wife*, p. 151. edit. 1631.

⁸⁰ they are suspected, &c.] Non bene olet qui semper bene olet.

a painted wicker crown with tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of tobacco leaves, led by two Indian boys naked, with tapers in their hands, tobacco-boxes, and pipes lighted.

Phantastes. Foh, foh, what a smell is here! is this one of your delightful objects?

Olfactus. It is your only scent in request, sir.

Communis Sensus. What fiery fellow is that, which smoaks so much in the mouth?

Olfactus. It is the great and puissant god of Tobacco.

Tobacco. *Ladoch guevarroh pufuer shelvaro baggon, Olfia di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.*

Phantastes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this, in my opinion, is the tongue of the Antipodes.

Memoria. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians, spake, that lived long before the moon.

Communis Sensus. What signifies it, *Olfactus*?

Olfactus. This is the mighty emperor Tobacco, king of Trinidad, that, in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoke.

Tobacco. *Erfronge inglues conde hesingo, Delvin floscoth ma pu coctingo.*

Olfactus. Expeller of catarrhs, banisher of all agues, your guts' only salve for the green wounds of a *non plus*.

Tobacco. *All vulcam vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mora, che Bauho respartera, quirara.*

Olfactus. Son to the god Vulcan, and Tellus, kin to the father of mirth, called Bacchus.

Tobacco. *Viscardonok, pillostuphe, pascano tinarmagas,*

Pagi dagon stollisinfe, carocibato scribas.

Olfactus. Genius of all swaggerers, profess'd enemy to physicians, sweet ointment for sour teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, adamant of company, swift wind to spread the wings of time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts, that whoso is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him.

Phantastes. It seems these last words were very sig-

nificant. I promise you a god of great denomination, he may be my ⁹¹ lord Tappes for his large titles.

Communis Sensus. But forward, Olfactus, as they have done before you, with your description?

Olfactus. Just in the midst of Cephalon's round face,
As 'twere a frontispiece unto the hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly disparted with two precious vaults,
The roots whereof most richly are inclos'd
With orient pearls, and sparkling diamonds
Beset at th' end with emerauds and ⁹² turchis,
And rubies red, and flaming crysolites,
At upper end whereof, in costly manner,
I lay my head between two spongeous pillows,
Like fair Adonis 'twixt the paps of Venus,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the air inspir'd,
By my pure searching, if that it be pure,
And fit to serve the lungs with lively breath :
Hence do I likewise minister perfume
Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force
To cleanse your head, and make your fancy bright,
To refine wit, and sharp invention,
And strengthen memory : from whence it came,
That old devotion incense did ordain
To make man's spirit more apt for things divine.
Besides a thousand more commodities,
In lieu whereof, your lordships I request,
Give me the crown if I deserve it best.

[*Olfactus leads his company about the stage,
and goes out.*]

SCENA QUINTA.

*The bench as before. A page with a shield Argent, an
ape proper with an apple ; then GUSTUS with a cor-*

⁹¹ lord Tappes for his large titles.] Probably some character notorious in the University of Cambridge at the time when this play was written or represented. S.

⁹² turchis] i. e. turquois. See Note 10 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

nucopia in his hand ; BACCHUS in a garland of leaves and grapes, a white suit, and over it a thin sarsnet to his foot, in his hand a spear wreathed with vine leaves, on his arm a target with a tiger ; CERES with a crown of ears of corn, in a yellow silk robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a scutcheon charged with a dragon.

Communis Sensus. In good time, Gustus : have you brought your objects ?

Gustus. My servant Appetitus followeth with them.

Appetitus. Come, come, Bacchus, you are so fat ; enter, enter.

Phantastes. Fie, fie, Gustus, this is a great indecorum to bring Bacchus alone, you should have made Thirst lead him by the hand.

Gustus. Right, sir, but men now-a-days drink often when they be not dry : besides, I could not get red herrings and dried neats tongues enough to apparel him in.

Communis Sensus. What, never a speech of him ?

Gustus. I put an octavo of iambicks in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

Appetitus. Well done, muscadine and eggs stand hot ; what butter'd claret ? go thy way, thou hadst best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow are you here ? ha ?

Boy. Beer forsooth, beer forsooth.

Appetitus. Beer forsooth ? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you ; you are none of Bacchus's attendants, I am sure ; he cannot endure the smell of malt. Where's Ceres ? O well, well, is the March-pane broken ? Ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, never stand to set it together again ; serve out fruit there. [*Enter boys with a banquet, marmallad, sweet, &c. deliver it round among the gentlewomen, and go out*] What do you come with roast-meat after apples ? away with it. Digestion, serve out cheese ; what, but a penny-worth ! it is just the measure of his nose that sold it ! lambs wool ; the meekest meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snapdragon there.

Memory. O I remember this dish well, it was first invented by Pluto, to entertain Proserpina withal.

Phantastes. I think not so, Memory; for when Hercules had kill'd the flaming dragon of Hesperia with the apples of that orchard, he made this fiery meat; in memory whereof he named it snapdragon.

Communis Sensus. Gustus, let's hear your description?

Gustus. Near to the lowly base of Cephalon,
My house is plac'd not much unlike a cave:
Yet arch'd above by wondrous workmanship,
With hewen stones wrought smoother and more fine
Than jet or marble fair, from Iceland brought.
Over the door directly doth incline
A fair percellis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may annoy the state,
Or health of Microcosm; and within
Is spread a long board like a pliant tongue,
At which I hourly sit, and trial take
Of meats and drinks needful and delectable:
Twice every day do I provision make
For the sumptuous kitchin of the commonwealth;
Which, once well boil'd, is soon distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing food.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the realm would ruinate;
Yourself, my lord, with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserve yourself.
Nor you, Phantastes, nor you, Memory;
Psyche herself, were't not that I repair
Her crazy house with props of nourishment,
Would soon forsake us: for whose dearest sake
Many a grievous pain have I sustain'd,
By bitter pills, and sour purgations;
Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
She had been long ere this departed.
Since the whole Microcosm I maintain,
Let me, as Prince, above the Senses reign.

Communis Sensus. The reasons you urge, Gustus,

breed a new doubt whether it be commodious or necessary, the resolution whereof I refer to your judgment; licensing you mean while to depart.

[*Gustus leads his shew about the stage, and goes out.*]

SCENA SEXTA.

The bench as before; TACTUS, a page before him bearing his scutcheon, a tortoise Sables.

Tactus. Ready anon, forsooth! the devil she will! Who would be toil'd with wenches in a shew?

Communis Sensus. Why in such anger, Tactus? what's the matter?

Tactus. My lord, I had thought as other Senses did,

By sight of objects to have prov'd my worth;
Wherefore considering that of all the things
That please me most, women are counted chief,
I had thought to have represented in my shew
The queen of pleasure Venus and her son,
Leading a gentleman enamoured,
With his sweet touching of his mistress' lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

Phantastes. Tactus, of all I long to see your objects; How comes it we have lost those pretty sports?

Tactus. Thus 'tis; five hours ago I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings; painting blue veins and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, falls, squares, busks, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frisleets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many lets, that yet she's scarce drest to the girdle; and now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, &c. that seven pedlars' shops, nay all Stourbridge fair, will scarce furnish her.

A Ship is sooner rigg'd by far, than a gentlewoman made ready.

Phantastes. Tis' trange, that women being so mutable,

Will never change in changing their apparel.

Communis Sensus. Well, let them pass; Tactus, we are content

To know your dignity by relation.

Tactus. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtesy's index, chamberlain to nature,
The body's soldier, and mouth's caterer,
Psyche's great secretary, the dumb's eloquence,
The blindman's candle, and his forehead's buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign,
This is my instrument: nevertheless my power
Extends itself far as our queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of Microcosm.
I am the root of life, spreading my virtue
By sinews, that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.

For as a subtle spider closely sitting
In centre of her web that spreadeth round,
If the least fly but touch the smallest thread,
She feels it instantly; so doth myself,
Casting my slender nerves, and sundry nets,
O'er every particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference
Of several qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy, and slippery:
Sweet pleasure, and sharp pain profitable,
That makes us, wounded, seek for remedy.

By these means do I teach the body fly
From such bad things as may endanger it.

A wall of brass can be no more defence
Unto a town than I to Microcosm.

Tell me, what sense is not beholding to me?

The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep,
The ears do feel, the taste's a kind of touching.

Thus when I please, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them.

I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
The chiefest note, and first distinction,
Betwixt a living tree and living beast;
For though one hear, and see, and smell, and taste,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a block.
Therefore, my lord, grant me the royalty;
Of whom there is such great necessity.

Communis Sensus. Tactus, stand aside. You, sirrah,
Anamnestes, tell the Senses we expect their appearance.

Anamnestes. At your lordship's pleasure?

[*Exit Anamnestes.*]

SCENA SEPTIMA.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, PHANTASTES, MEMORIA, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, upon the bench consulting among themselves. VISUS, AUDITUS, TACTUS, GUSTUS, and OLFACTUS, every one with his shield upon his arm. LINGUA and MENDACIO with them.

Communis Sensus. Though you deserve no small punishment for these uproars, yet at the request of these my assistants I remit it; and by the power of judgment our gracious sovereign Psyche hath given me, thus I determine of your controversies: hum! By your former objects, instruments, and reasons, I conceive the state of Sense to be divided into two parts; one of commodity, the other of necessity, both which are either for our queen or for our country; but as the soul is more excellent than the body, so are the Senses that profit the soul to be estimated before those that are needful for the body. Visus and Auditus, serve yourselves. Master Register, give me the crown; because it is better to be well, than simply to be, therefore I judge the crown by right to belong to you of the commodity's part, and the robe to you of the necessity's side: and since you, Visus, are the author of invention, and you, Auditus, of increase and addition to the same, seeing it is more excellent to invent than to augment, I establish you, Visus, the better of the two, and chief

of all the rest : in token whereof, I bestow upon you this crown, to wear at your liberty.

Visus. I most humbly thank your lordships.

Communis Sensus. But lest I should seem to neglect you, *Auditus*, I here chuse you to be the lords' intelligencer to *Psyche* her majesty : and you, *Olfactus*, we bestow upon you the chief priesthood of *Microcosm*, perpetually to offer incense in her majesty's temple. As for you, *Tactus*, upon your reasons alleged, I bestow upon you the robe.

Tactus. I accept it most gratefully at your just hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good lordship.

Communis Sensus. And lastly, *Gustus*, we elect you *Psyche*'s only taster, and great purveyor for all her dominions both by sea and land, in her realm of *Microcosm*.

Gustus. We thank your lordship, and rest well content with equal arbitrement.

Communis Sensus. Now, for you, *Lingua*.

Lingua. I beseech your honour, let me speak ; I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Communis Sensus. I cannot stay so long ; we have consulted about you, and find your cause to stand upon these terms and conditions. The number of the Senses in this little world is answerable to the first bodies in the great world : now, since there be but five in the universe, the four elements and the pure substance of the heavens, therefore there can be but five Senses in our *Microcosm*, correspondent to those ; as the sight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water, by which five means only the understanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporeal substances, wherefore we judge you to be no sense simply : only thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your sake shall have six Senses, that is, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking.

Gustus. I beseech your lordships and your assistants,

(the only cause of our friendship) to grace my table with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Communis Sensus. I am sorry I cannot stay with you : you know we may by no means omit our daily attendance at the court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gustus. I hope I shall not have the denial at your hands, my masters, and you my lady Lingua. Come, let us drown all our anger in a bowl of ⁸³ hippocras.

[*Ereunt Sensus omnes exteriores.*]

Communis Sensus. Come, master Register, shall we walk ?

Memoria. I pray you stay a little. Let me see ! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Phantastes. How now, Memory, so merry ? what, do you trouble yourself with two palsies at once, shaking and laughing ?

Memory. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against Plato's great year.

Phantastes. Why not ?

Memory. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be ; for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000 years ago, all we were in this very place, and your lordship judged the very same controversy, after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

Communis Sensus. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Anamnestes. By the same token you held your staff in your right hand, just as you do now ; and Mr. Phantastes stood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Phantastes. Ay, but I did not give you a box on the ear, sirrah, 49000 years ago, did I ? [*Snap.*]

Anamnestes. I do not remember that, sir.

Phantastes. This time Plato's twelvemonth to come, look you save your cheeks better.

Communis Sensus. But what entertainment had we at court for our long staying ?

Memory. Let's go, I'll tell you as we walk.

⁸³ hippocras] See Note 27 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Phantastes. If I do not seem "pranker now than I did in those days, I'll be hang'd.

[*Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus : manet Lingua.*]

SCENA OCTAVA.

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lingua. Why this is good. By Common Sense's means,

Lingua, thou hast fram'd a perfect comedy.
 They are all good friends, whom thou mad'st enemies;
 And I am half a Sense: a sweet piece of service
 I promise you! a fair step to preferment!
 Was this the care and labour thou hast taken
 To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
 To lose thy crown, and be deluded thus!
 Well, now I see my cause is desperate,
 The judgment's past, sentence irrevocable,
 Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
 And give a Plaudite to their proceedings,
 What, shall I leave my hate begun, unperfect?
 So foully vanquish'd by the spiteful Senses!
 Shall I, the embassadress of Gods and men,
 That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
 And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
 Raising at pleasure storms, and winds, and earthquakes,
 Be over-crow'd, and breathe without revenge?
 Yet they, forsooth, base slaves, must be preferred,
 And deck themselves with my right ornaments.
 Doth the all-knowing Phœbus see this shame
 Without redress? will not the heavens help me?

"pranker"] i. e. finer, more gaudily dressed. So, in *Wily beguiled*:

"——— come nurse, gather:

"A crown of roses shall adorn my head,

"I'll *prank* myself with flowers of the prime;

"And thus I'll spend away my primrose time."

A Chast Mayd in Cheapside, 1658, p. 42.

"I hope to see thee wench within these few yeeres

"Cirkled with children, *pranking* up a girle,

"And putting jewels in their little eares,

"Fine sport I faith."

Then shall hell do it; my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the pole arctic to dark Acheron.
 I'll make them know mine anger is not spent;
 Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
 Mendacio, come hither quickly, sirrah.

Mendacio. Madam.

Lingua. Hark, hither in thine ear.

Mendacio. Why do you ⁸⁵whisht thus? here's none
 to hear you.

Lingua. I dare not trust these secrets to the earth,
 E'er since she brought forth reeds, whose babbling
 noise

Told all the world of Midas' asses ears.

[*She whispers him in the ear.*] Dost understand me?

Mendacio. Ay, ay, ay,—never fear that—there's a
 jest indeed—

Pish, pish,—Madam—do you think me so foolish?—

Tut, tut, doubt not.

Lingua. Tell her, if she do not—

Mendacio. Why do you make any question of it?—
 what a stir is here—I warrant you—presently.

[*Exit Mendacio.*]

Lingua. Well, I'll to supper, and so closely cover

The rusty canker of mine iron spite

With golden foil of goodly semblances.

But if I do not trounce them— [Exit *Lingua.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

MENDACIO, with a bottle in his hand.

Mendacio. My lady Lingua is just like one of these
 lean-witted comedians who, disturbing all to the fifth
 act, bring down some Mercury or Jupiter in an engine,
 to make all friends: so she, but in a contrary manner,

⁸⁵ *whisht*] i. e. whisper, or become silent. As in *Pierce Penilesse*
his Supplication to the Divell, 1592, p. 15. "But *whist*, these are
 "the workes of darknesse, and may not be talkt of in the day-
 "time."

seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old witch called Acrasia, to help to wreak her spite upon the Senses: the old hag, after many an incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direful Hecate, and Demogorgon, gives me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs and forcible words, that who-soever drinks of it shall be presently possess'd with an enraged and mad kind of anger.

SCENA SECUNDA.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITUS *crying*.

Mendacio. What's this, Crapula beating Appetitus out of doors? ha!

Crapula. You filthy long crane, you meagre slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continual hunger in them? the Senses have overcharged their stomachs already, and you, sirrah, serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish: they had burst their guts if thou hadst stay'd but a thought longer. Begone, or I'll set thee away; begone ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascal.*

[*Beats him*.

Mendacio. Then my device is clean spoiled. Appetitus should have been as the bowl to present this medicine to the Senses, and now Crapula hath beaten him out of doors; what shall I do?

Crapula. Away, sirrah.

[*Beats him*.

Appetitus. Well, Crapula, well; I have deserved better at your hands than so; I was the man you know first brought you into Gustus's service; I lin'd your guts there, and you use me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Crapula. Dost thou talk? hence, hence; avaunt, cur; avaunt you dog!

[*Erit Crapula*.

Appetitus. The belching⁸⁶ gor-belly hath well nigh

* While he is speaking, Crapula, from the effects of over-eating, is continually coughing, which is expressed in the old copies by the words *tiff toff, tiff toff*, within brackets. Though it might not be necessary to insert them, their omission ought to be mentioned. C.

⁸⁶ *gor-belly*] i. e. glutton; one whose paunch is distended by food. See a Note on *King Henry IV.* P. 1. vol. V. p. 304. edit. 1778. S.

kill'd me; I am shut out of doors finely; well this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleasure.

Mendacio. Appetitus, Appetitus!

Appetitus. Ah! Mendacio, Mendacio.

Mendacio. Why, how now man, how now? how is't? canst not speak?

Appetitus. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that never sounds but when the belly is full.

Mendacio. Thou empty, and com'st from a feast?

Appetitus. From a fray. I tell thee, Mendacio, I am now just like the ewe that gave suck to a wolf's whelp; I have nurs'd up my fellow Crapula so long, that he's grown strong enough to beat me.

Mendacio. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish'd out of service?

Appetitus. Faith I'll travel to some college or other in an university.

Mendacio. Why so?

Appetitus. Because Appetitus is well-beloved amongst scholars; for there I can dine and sup with them, and rise again as good friends as we sate down. I'll thither questionless.

Mendacio. Hear'st thou? give me thy hand; by this I love thee: go to then; thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

Appetitus. Alas! I am very loth; but how should I help it?

Mendacio. Why, take this bottle of wine, come on; go thy ways to them again.

Appetitus. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do?

Mendacio. This is the Nepenthe that reconciles the Gods: do but let the Senses taste of it, and fear not, they'll love thee as well as ever they did.

Appetitus. I pray thee, where hadst it?

Mendacio. My lady gave it me to bring her: Mercury stole it from Hebe for her: thou knowest there were some jars betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the relicks of their disagreement. Now, because I love thee, thou

shalt have the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in favour again.

Appetitus. It smells well, I would fain begin to them.

Mendacio. Nay, stay no longer, lest they have supp'd before thou come.

Appetitus. Mendacio, how shall I requite thy infinite courtesy?

Mendacio. Nay, pray thee leave, go catch occasion by the foretop: but hear'st thou? as soon as it is presented, ⁸⁷round my lady *Lingua* in the ear, and tell her of it.

Appetitus. I will, I will: adieu, adieu, adieu.
[*Exit Appetitus.*]

SCENA TERTIA.

MENDACIO, solus.

Mendacio. Why, this is better than I could have wish'd it;

Fortune, I think, is fallen in love with me,

Answering so right mine expectation.

By this time Appetite is at the table,

And with a lowly cringe presents the wine

To his old master *Gustus*; now he takes it,

And drinks perchance to *Lingua*; she craftily

Kisses the cup, but lets not down a drop,

And gives it to the rest: 'tis sweet, they'll swallow it:

But when 'tis once descended to the stomach,

And sends up noisome vapours to the brain,

'Twill make them swagger gallantly; they'll rage

Most strangely, or *Acrasia's* art deceives her;

When if my lady stir her nimble tongue,

And closely sow contentious words amongst them,

O what a stabbing there will be! what bleeding!

⁸⁷ round my lady *Lingua* in the ear] i. e. whisper. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

SCENA QUARTA.

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lingua. What art thou there, Mendacio? pretty rascal!

Come let me kiss thee for thy good deserts.

Mendacio. Madam, doesn't take? have they all tasted it?

Lingua. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already:
O how they stare, and swear, and fume, and brawl!
Wrath gives them weapons; pots and candlesticks,
Joint-stools and trenchers, fly about the room,
Like to the bloody banquet of the centaurs.
But all the sport's to see what several thoughts
The potion works in their imaginations.
For Visus thinks himself—— a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SCENA QUINTA.

APPETITUS, MENDACIO, LINGUA.

Appetitus. Soho, Mendacio! soho, soho!

Mendacio. Madam, I doubt they come: yonder is Appetitus: you had best be gone, lest in their outrage they should injure you. [*Exit Lingua.*] How now, Hunger? how dost thou, my fine may-pole, ha?

Appetitus. I may well be call'd a may-pole: for, the Senses do nothing but dance a morrice about me.

Mendacio. Why? what ails them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee?

Appetitus. Friends with me! nay, rather frenzy: I never knew them in such a case in all my life.

Mendacio. Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

Appetitus. They want Common Sense amongst them. There's such a hurly burley: Auditus is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear them: Visus hath drunk himself stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to be Polyphemus: Tactus is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise persuaded, but

he is *Hercules furens*. There's such conceits amongst them.

SCENA SEXTA.

VISUS, APPETITUS, MENDACIO.

Visus. O that⁸⁸ I could but find the villain Outis,
Outis the villain, that thus blinded me!

Mendacio. Who is this? *Visus*?

Appetitus. Ay, ay, ay; otherwise called Polyphemus.

Visus. By heaven's bright sun, the day's most glorious eye,

That lightneth all the world but Polypheme,
And by mine eye, that once was answerable
Unto that sun, but now's extinguished—

Mendacio. He can see to swear, methinks.

Visus. If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
That thus hath robb'd me of my dearest jewel,
I'll rend the miscreant to a thousand pieces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth
Drinking his live-warm blood to satisfy
The boiling thirst of pain and furiousness,
That thus exasperates great Polypheme.

Mendacio. Pray thee, *Appetitus*, see how he grasps
for that he would be loth to find.

Appetitus. What's that? a stumbling block?

Visus. These hands, that whilom tore up sturdy
oaks,

And rent the rock that dash'd out Acis' brains,
Both in the stole bliss of my Galatea,
Serve now (O misery!) to no better use,
But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accustom'd thus to be directed.

Mendacio. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a
wheel to make him the true picture of fortune; how
say'st? what, shall we play at blind-man's-buff with
him?

Appetitus. Ay, if thou wilt, but first I'll try whether
he can see?

⁸⁸ O that, &c.] See Homer's *Odyssey*.

Visus. Find me out Outis, search the rocks and woods,
The hills and dales, and all the coasts adjoining,
That I may have him, and revenge my wrong.

Appetitus. Visus, methinks your eyes are well enough.

Visus. What's he that calls me Visus? do'st not know—

[*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*]

Appetitus. To him, Mendacio, to him, to him.

Mendacio. There, there, Appetitus, he comes, he comes; ware, ware, he comes; ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Visus stumbles, falls down, and sits still.*]

SCENA SEPTIMA.

MENDACIO, APPETITUS, TACTUS *with a great black jack in his hand.*

Mendacio. Is this he that thinks himself Hercules?

Appetitus. Ay, wilt see me out-swagger him?

Mendacio. Ay, do, do; I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows: tickle him, Appetitus; tickle him, tickle him. [*Exit Mendacio.*]

Tactus. Have I not here the great and puissant club, Wherewith I conquer'd three-chopp'd Cerberus?

Appetitus. Have I not here the sharp and warlike teeth That at one breakfast quail'd thrice three hogs faces?

Tactus. And are not these Alcides' brawny arms, That rent the lion's jaws, and kill'd the boar?

Appetitus. And is not this the stomach that defeated Nine yards of pudding, and a rank of pyes?

Tactus. Did not I crop the seven-fold hydra's crest, And with a river cleans'd Augeas' stable?

Appetitus. Did not I crush a seven-fold custard's crust,

And with my tongue swept a well-furnish'd table?

Tactus. Did not these feet and hands o'ertake and slay

The nimble stag and fierce impetuous bull?

Appetitus. Did not this throat at one good meal
devour

That stag's sweet venison, and that strong bull's beef?

Tactus. Shall Hercules be thus disparaged?

Juno! you pouting quean, you louting trull,
Take heed I take you not; for by Jove's thunder
I'll be reveng'd.

[*Appetitus draws Visus backward from Tactus.*

Appetitus. Why, Visus, Visus, will you be kill'd?
away, away.

[*Exit Visus.*

Tactus. Who have we here? see, see the giant
Cacus

Draws an ox backward to his thievish den.

Hath this device so long deluded me?

Monster of men, Cacus, restore my cattle,
Or instantly I'll crush thy idle coxcomb,
And dash thy doltish brains against thy cave.

Appetitus. Cacus! I Cacus? ha, ha, ha. *Tactus,*
you mistake me;

I am yours to command, *Appetitus.*

Tactus. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so; run quickly,
villain,

Fetch a whole ox to satisfy my stomach.

Appetitus. Fetch an ass to keep you company.

Tactus. Then down to hell, tell Pluto, prince of
devils,

That great Alcides wants a kitchen wench
To turn his spit. Command him from myself,
To send up Proserpine; she'll serve the turn.

Appetitus. I must find you meat, and the devil find
you cooks,

Which is the next way?

Tactus. Follow the beaten path, thou canst not
miss it.

'Tis a wide causeway that conducteth thither,
An easy tract, and down hill all the way.
But if the black prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chair,
By the steel tresses, and then sow him fast

With the three furies in a leathern bag,
And thus will drown them in the ocean.

[He pours the jack of beer upon Appetitus.]

Appetitus. You had better keep him alive to light tobacco pipes, or to sweep chimneys.

Tactus. Art thou not gone? nay, then I'll send thy soul

Before thee; 'twill do thy message sooner. *[Beats him.]*

Appetitus. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! do not you hear Omphale? hark how she calls you, hark!

Tactus. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugar'd voice,
Omphale, dear commandress of my life,
My thoughts' repose, sweet center of my cares,
Where all my hopes and best desires take rest.
Lo! where the mighty son of Jupiter
Throws himself captive at your conquering feet!
Do not disdain my voluntary humbleness:
Accept my service, bless me with commanding,
I will perform the hardest imposition
And run through twelve new labours for thy sake.
Omphale, dear commandress of my life.

Appetitus. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her? look how she holds her distaff, look ye?

Tactus. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale, stay, stay, take thy Hercules!

Appetitus. There, there, man, you are right.

[Exit Tactus.]

SCENA OCTAVA.

APPETITUS solus.

Appetitus. What a strange temper are the Senses in!
How come their wits thus topsy-turvy turn'd?
Hercules Tactus, Visus Polypheme;
Two goodly surnames have they purchased.
By the rare ambrosian of an oyster pye,
They have got such proud imaginations,
That I could wish I were mad for company:
But, since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

SCENA NONA.

APPETITUS, AUDITUS *with a candlestick.*

Appetitus. What more anger? Auditus got abroad too?

Auditus. Take this abuse at base Olfactus' hands? What did he challenge me to meet me here, And is not come? well, I'll proclaim the slave, The vilest dastard that e'er broke his word: But stay, yonder's Appetitus.

Appetitus. I pray you, Auditus, what ails you?

Auditus. Ha, ha!

Appetitus. What ails you?

Auditus. Ha! what say'st thou?

Appetitus. Who hath abus'd you thus?

Auditus. Why dost thou whisper thus? Canst not speak out?

Appetitus. Save me, I had clean forgotten: why are you so angry, Auditus?

Auditus. Bite us! who dare bite us?

Appetitus. I talk of no biting; I say, what's the matter between Olfactus and you?

Auditus. Will Olfactus bite me? do if he dares; would he would meet me here according to his promise! Mine ears are somewhat thick of late; I pray thee speak out louder.

Appetitus. Ha, ha, ha, ha! this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha! Hear you, have you lost your ears at supper?

Auditus. Excellent cheer at supper, I confess it; But when 'tis sauc'd with sour contentions, And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intolerable.

Appetitus. Pish, pish, this is my question: Hath your supper spoil'd your hearing?

Auditus. Hearing at supper? tell not me of hearing?

But if thou saw'st Olfactus, bring me to him.

Appetitus. I ask you whether you have lost your hearing?

Auditus. O dost thou hear them ring? what a grief is this

Thus to be deaf, and lose such harmony?
 Wretched Auditus, now shalt thou never hear
 The pleasing changes that a well-tun'd cord
 Of trouling bells will make, when they are rung.

Appetitus. Here's a do indeed! I think he's mad, as well as drunk or deaf.

Auditus. Ha, what's that?

Appetitus. I say you have made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

Auditus. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking crowd?

Appetitus. I am hoarse I tell you, and my head aches.

Auditus. Oh, I understand thee! ^{as} the first crowd was made of a horse-head.

'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head
 Was the first invention of string instruments,
 Whence rose the gitterne, viol, and the lute:
 Though others think the lute was first devis'd
 In imitation of a tortoise back,
 Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
 Echo'd about the concave of the shell:
 And seeing the shortest and smallest gave shrillest
 sound,
 They found out frets, whose sweet diversity,
 (Well touched by the skilful learned fingers)
 Raiseth so strange a multitude of cords.
 Which their opinion many do confirm,
 Because Testudo signifies a lute.
 But if I by no means——

Appetitus. Nay, if you begin to critic once, we shall never have done.

[*Exit Appetitus, and carries away Auditus per force.*]

SCENA DECIMA.

CRAPULA, a fat-belly'd slave, cloath'd in a light veil of sarsnet, a garland of vine-leaves on his head, &c.
 SOMNUS in a mantle of black cobweb lawn down to the foot, over a dusky-coloured taffeta coat, and a crown of poppy-tops on his head, a company of dark-coloured

^{as} the first crowd] See Note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

silk scarfs in one hand, a mace of poppy in the other, leaving his head upon a pillow on Crapula's shoulders.

Crapula. Somnus, good Somnus, sweet Somnus, come apace!

Somnus. Hei oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oho, oho, oho; hei, waw?

What good can I do? ou, hoh, haw.

Crapula. Why, I tell you, unless you help——

[*Somnus falls down and sleeps.*]

Soft son of night, right heir to quietness,
Labour's repose, life's best restorative,
Digestion's careful nurse, blood's comforter,
Wit's help, thought's charm, the stay of Microcosm,
Sweet Somnus' chiefest enemy to care:
My dearest friend, lift up thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eyes, shake off this drowsiness,
Rouse up thyself.

Somnus. O Crapula! how now, how now! oh, oh, how; who's there?

Crapula, speak quickly, what's the matter?

Crapula. As I told you, the noble Senses, peers of Microcosm,

Will eft-soon fall to ruin perpetual,
Unless your ready helping hand recure them.
Lately they banquetted at Gustus' table,
And there fell mad, or drunk, I know not whether;
So that it's doubtful in these outrageous fits,
That they'll murder one another,

Somnus. Fear it not,

If they have 'scap'd already: bring me to them,
Or them to me; I'll quickly make them know
The power of my large-stretch'd authority.
These cords of sleep, wherewith I wont to bind
The strongest arms that e'er resisted me,
Shall be the means, whereby I will correct
The Senses outrage and distemperature.

Crapula. Thanks, gentle Somnus, I'll go seek them out,

And bring them to you as soon as possible.

Somnus. Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall asleep, for want of work.

Crapula. Stand still, stand still! *Visus*, I think, comes yonder.

If you think good, begin and bind him first:

For, he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet.

[*Erit Crapula.*]

SCENA UNDECIMA.

VISUS, SOMNUS.

Visus. Sage Telemus; I now too late admire
Thy deep foresight and skill in prophecy,
Who whilome told'st me, that in time to come
Ulysses should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slave that march'd in *Outis'* name,
Is prcv'd Ulysses; and by this device
Hath 'scap'd my hands, and fled away by sea,
Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
Ah, wretched Polypheme! where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beauteous Galatea?
She scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest
And loath to look upon thy dark'ned face:
Ay me most miserable Polyphemus!
But as for Ulysses, heaven and earth
Send vengeance ever on thy damned head,
In just revenge of my great injury!

[*Somnus binds him.*]

Who is he that dares to touch me? Cyclops come,
Come all ye Cyclops, help to rescue me.

[*Somnus charms him, he sleeps.*]

Somnus. There rest thyself, and let thy quiet sleep
Restore thy weak imaginations.

SCENA DUODECIMA.

LINGUA, SOMNUS, VISUS.

Lingua. Ha, ha, ha: oh how my spleen is tickled
with this sport

The madding Senses make about the woods!
It cheers my soul, and makes my body fat,
To laugh at their mischances: ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
 Would I had one to hold my sides a-while,
 That I might laugh afresh: Oh how they run,
 And chafe, and swear, and threaten one another!

[*Somnus binds her.*

Ay me, out, alas! ay me, help, help, who's this that binds me?

Help, Mendacio, Mendacio, help; here's one will ravish me.

Somnus. Lingua, content yourself, you must be bound.

Lingua. What a spite's this! are my nails par'd so near? Can I not scratch his eyes out? what have I done? what! do you mean to kill me? murder, murder, murder!

[*She falls asleep.*

SCENA DECIMA TERTIA.

GUSTUS, with a ^{so} voiding knife in his hand; SOMNUS,
 LINGUA, VISUS.

Gustus. Who cries out murder? what a woman slain!

My lady Lingua dead? oh Heavens unjust!
 Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact,
 And shower not fire upon the murderer?
 Ah peerless Lingua, mistress of heavenly words,
 Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
 Heart's dear enchantress! what disaster, fates!
 Has reft this jewel from our commonwealth?
 Gustus, the ruby that adorns the ring,
 Lo here defect, how shalt thou lead thy days,
 Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
 But in dark sorrow and dull melancholy?
 But stay, who's this? inhuman wretch!
 Blood-thirsty miscreant! is this thy handy work?
 To kill a woman, a harmless lady?

^{so} voiding knife] A voiding knife was a long one used by our indelicate ancestors to sweep bones, &c. from the table into the voider, or basket, in which broken meat was carried from the table. S.

Villain prepare thyself;
 Draw, or I'll sheathe my faulchion in thy sides.
 There, take the ⁹⁰ guerdon fit for murderers.

[*Gustus offers to run at Somnus; but, being suddenly charm'd, falls asleep.*]

Somnus. Here's such a stir, I never knew the Senses
 in such disorder.

Lingua. Ha, ha, ha; Mendacio, Mendacio! see how
 Visus hath broke his forehead against the oak yonder,
 ha, ha, ha.

Somnus. How now? Is not Lingua bound sufficiently? I have more trouble to make one woman
 sleep, than all the world besides, they are so full of
 tattle.

SCENA DECIMA QUARTA.

SOMNUS, CRAPULA, LINGUA, VISUS, GUSTUS, AUDITUS *pulling OLFACTUS by the nose; and OLFACTUS wringing AUDITUS by the ears.*

Auditus. Oh mine ears, mine ears, mine ears!

Olfactus. O my nose, my nose, my nose!

Crapula. Leave, leave, at length, these base contentions:

Olfactus, let him go.

Olfactus. Let him first loose my nose.

Crapula. Good *Auditus,* give over.

Auditus. I'll have his life that sought to kill me.

Somnus. Come, come, I'll end this quarrel; bind
 him, *Crapula.* [They bind them both.]

SCENA DECIMA QUINTA.

TACTUS, *with the robe in his hand,* SOMNUS, CRAPULA,
 LINGUA, GUSTUS, OLFACTUS, VISUS, AUDITUS.

Tactus. Thanks, *Dejanira,* for thy kind remembrance,

'Tis a fair shirt, I'll wear it for thy sake.

⁹⁰ guerdon] See Note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Crapula. Somnus, here's Tactus, worse than all his fellows :

Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage !

Somnus. What will he do? see that he escapes us not.

Tactus. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well ;

'Tis very warm indeed : but what's the matter ?

Methinks I am somewhat hotter than I was,

My heart beats faster than 'twas wont to do,

My brain's enflam'd my temples ach extremely ; oh, oh !

Oh what a wild-fire creeps among my bowels !

Ætna's within my breast, my marrow fries,

And runs about my bones ; oh my sides ! oh my sides !

My sides, my reins, my head, my reins, my head ;

My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh !

I burn, I burn, I burn ; oh how I burn

With scorching heat of implacable fire !

I burn extreme with flames unsufferable.

Somnus. Sure he doth but try how to act Hercules.

Tactus. Is it this shirt that boils me thus? oh heavens !

It fires me worse, and heats more furiously
Than Jove's dire thunderbolts ! oh miserable !

They bide less pain that bathe in Phlegeton !

Could not the triple kingdom of the world,

Heaven, earth, and hell, destroy great Hercules ?

Could not the damned sprites of hateful Juno,

Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me ?

Am I the mighty son of Jupiter,

And shall this poison'd linen thus consume me ?

Shall I be burnt? Villains, fly up to heaven,

Bid Iris muster up a troop of clouds,

And shower down cataracts of rain to cool me ;

Or else I'll break her speckled bow in pieces.

Will she not? no, she hates me like her Mistress.

Why then descend, you rogues, to the vile deep,

Fetch Neptune hither, charge him bring the sea

To quench these flames, or else the world's fair frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt,

Than when proud Phaeton rul'd the sun's rich chariot.

Somnus. I'll take that care the world shall not be burnt,
 If *Somnus'* cords can hold you. [*Somnus binds him.*
Tactus. What Vulcan's this that offers to enchain
 A greater soldier than the God of War? *
Somnus. He that each night with bloodless battle conquers
 The proudest conqueror that triumphs by wars.
Crapula. Now, *Somnus*, there's but only one remaining
 That was the author of these outrages.
Somnus. Who's that? is he under my command?
Crapula. Yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way
 and look about those thickets, I'll go hither, and search
 this grove: I doubt not but to find him.
Somnus. Content. [*Exeunt Somnus et Crapula.*

SCENA DECIMA SEXTA.

APPETITUS, IRASCIBILIS with a willow in his hand pull'd up by the roots, SOMNUS, CRAPULA. The Senses all asleep.

Appetitus. So now's the time that I would gladly meet
 These madding Senses that abus'd me thus;
 What! 'haunt me like an owl? make an ass of me?
 No, they shall know I scorn to serve such masters
 As cannot master their affections.
 Their injuries have chang'd my nature now;
 I'll be no more call'd hungry parasite,
 But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
 Of angry Appetite. My choler's up.
 Zephyrus, cool me quickly with thy fan,
 Or else I'll cut thy cheeks. Why this is brave,
 Far better than to fawn at *Gustus'* table
 For a few scraps; no, no such words as these:
 By *Pluto* stab the villain, kill the slave:

* The edition of 1657, reads,
 "A greater soldier than the God of Mars." C.

By the infernal hags ⁹¹ I'll hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascal that abus'd me thus.
Such words as these fit angry Appetite.

Enter CRAPULA.

Crapula. Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither
quickly, he's here, he's here.

Appetitus. Ay marry is he, sirrah, what of that, base
miscreant Crapula?

Crapula. O gentle Appetitus!

Appetitus. You muddy ⁹² gulch, dar'st look me in
the face,

While mine eyes sparkle with revengeful fire?

[*Beats him.*]

Crapula. Good Appetitus.

Appetitus. Peace, you fat ⁹³ bawson, peace,
Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, I'll maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this pestle!
You, when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of doors; but now prepare,
Make thyself ready, for thou shalt not 'scape.
Thus doth the great revengeful Appetite
Upon his fat foe wreak his wrathful spite.

[*Appetitus heaveth up his club to brain Crapula; but,
Somnus in the mean time catcheth him behind, and
binds him.*]

Somnus. Why, how now, Crapula?

Crapula. Am I not dead? is not my soul departed?

⁹¹ *I'll hough the rogue*] i. e. hamstring him. S.

⁹² *gulch*] fool. "Gulchin, q. d. a *Gulckin*, i. e. parvus Gulo, *kin*
"enim minuit. Alludit, It. *Guccio*; Stultus, hoc autem proculdubio
"a Teut. *Geck*, Stultus ortum ducit." SKINNER. Florio explains
Guccio, a gull, a sot, a ninnie, a meacock. Ben Jonson uses the
word in *The Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 4. "— come, we must have you
"turn fidler again, slave, get a base violin at your back, and march
"in a tawny coat, with one sleeve, to goose-fair; then you'll know
"us, you'll see us then, you will *gulch*, you will."

⁹³ *bawson*] *Bawsin*, in some counties, signifies a *badger*. I think
I have heard the vulgar Irish use it to express bulkiness. Mr.
Chatterton, in the Poems of the Pseudo Rowley, has it more than
once in this sense. As *bawson* *olyphantes*, i. e. bulky elephants. S.

Somnus. No, no, see where he lies that would have hurt thee! fear nothing.

[Somnus lays the Senses all in a circle, feet to feet, and wafes his wand over them.]

So rest you all in silent quietness;
Let nothing wake you till the power of sleep,
With his sweet dew, cooling your brains inflam'd,
Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts
Bred by your surfeit and distemperature;
Lo here the Senses, late outrageous,
All in a round together sleep like friends;
For there's no difference 'twixt the king and clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep;
Without whose power, and sweet dominion,
Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness.
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice' talons, and the fire of hate,
Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.
The sturdy mower, that with brawny arms
Wieldeth the crooked scythe, in many a swath
Cutting the flowery pride on velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wife's arms forgets his labour past.
The painful mariner, and careful smith,
The toiling plowman, all artificers,
Most humbly yield to my dominion:
Without due rest nothing is durable.
Lo thus doth Somnus conquer all the world
With his most awful wand, and half the year
Reigns o'er the best and proudest emperors.
Only the nurslings of the Sisters nine
Rebel against me, scorn my great command;
And when dark night from her bedewy wings
Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
They only wake, and with unwearied toil
Labour to find the *Via Lactea*,
That leads to the heaven of immortality;

And by the lofty towering of their minds,
 Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselves unto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth and heaven in a thought:
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was never yet rewarded:
 Better to sleep, than wake and toil for nothing.

[*Exeunt Somnus et Crapula.*]

SCENA DECIMA SEPTIMA.

The five Senses, LINGUA, APPETITUS, all asleep and dreaming: PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.

Auditus. So ho, Rockwood; so ho, Rockwood;
 Rockwood, your organ: hey Chanter, Chanter; by
 Acteon's head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd dog, a most
 admirable cry of hounds. Look here, again, again,
 there, there, there, ah ⁹⁴ware counter.

Visus. Do you see the full moon yonder, and not the
 man in it? why methinks 'tis too, too evident: I see
 his dog very plain, and look you, just under his tail is
 a thorn-bush of furs.

Gustus. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick, that Lark's
 heel there, O do not burn it.

Phantastes. Boy, Heuresis, what think'st thou I think
 when I think nothing?

Heuresis. And it please you, sir, I think you are de-
 vising how to answer a man that asks you nothing.

Phantastes. Well guess'd, boy; but yet thou mis-
 took'st it: for I was thinking of the constancy of wo-
 men. [*Appetitus snores aloud.*] Beware, sirrah, take
 heed; I doubt me there's some wild boar lodged here-
 about. How now? methinks these be the Senses; ha?

⁹⁴ *ware counter*] *Counter* is a term belonging to the Chase. Tur-
 berville, in his *Book of Hunting*, 1575, p. 243. says, "When a
 "hounde hunteth backwardes the same way that the chase is come,
 "then we say he hunteth *couster*. And if he hunt any other chase
 "than that which he first undertooke, we say he hunteth *change*."

So, in *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5:

"How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

"O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs."

See Dr. Johnson's Note on this passage.

in my conceit the elder brother of death has kiss'd them.

Tactus. Oh, oh, oh, I am stabb'd, I am stabb'd; hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

Phantastes. How now? do they talk in their sleep? are they not awake, *Heuresis*?

Heuresis. No, questionless they be all fast asleep.

Gustus. Eat not too many of those Apples, they be very flative.

Olfactus. Foh, beat out this dog here; foh, was it you, *Appetitus*?

Auditus. In faith it was most sweetly winded, who-soever it was; the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

Tactus. Put on, man, put on; keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

Phantastes. Ha, ha, ha, ha? 'st: *Heuresis*, stir not, sirrah,

Appetitus. Shut the door, the pot runs over, sirrah. Cook, that will be a sweet pasty, if you nibble the venison so.

Gustus. Say you so? is a marrow pie the *Helena* of meats? give me't; if I play not *Paris*, hang me. Boy, a clean trencher.

Appetitus. Serve up, serve up; this is a fat *Rabbit*, would I might have the maiden-head of it: come, give me the fish there; who hath meddled with these maids, ha?

Olfactus. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame; 'tis the worst smell that can be.

Tactus. O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my leg, my leg!

Lingua. I must abroad presently: reach me my best necklace presently.

Phantastes. Ah, *Lingua*, are you there?

Auditus. Here take this rope, and I'll help the leader close with the second bell. Fie, fie, there's a goodly peal clean spoil'd.

Visus. I'll lay my life that gentlewoman is painted: well, well, I know it; mark but her nose: do you not

see the complexion crack out? I must confess 'tis a good picture.

Tactus. Ha, ha, ha! fie, I pray you leave, you tickle me so: oh, ha, ha, ha! take away your hands, I cannot endure; ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah!

Visus. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now,—look about that bush, she trust her thereabout.—Here she is, ware wing cater, ware wing, avaunt.

Lingua. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Phantastes. Hist, sirrah, take heed you wake her not.

Heuresis. I know, sir, she is fast asleep, for her mouth is shut.

Lingua. This 'tis to venture upon such uncertainties; to lose so rich a crown to no end, well, well.

Phantastes. Ha, ha, ha, we shall hear anon where she lost her maidenhead: 'st, boy, my lord Vicegerent and master Register are hard by: run quickly; tell them of this accident, wish them come softly.

[*Exit Heuresis.*

Lingua. Mendacio, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery; and my robe likewise, I shall never have them again, well, well.

Phantastes. How? her crown and her robe, never recover them? hum, was it not said to be left by Mercury? ha? I conjecture here's some knavery,—fast lock'd with sleep in good faith. Was that crown and garment yours, *Lingua*?

Lingua. Ay marry were they, and that somebody hath felt, and shall feel more, if I live.

Phantastes. O strange, she answers in her sleep to my question! but how come the Senses to strive for it?

Lingua. Why, I laid it on purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

Phantastes. What a strange thing is this!

SCENA DECIMA OCTAVA.

The Senses, APPETITUS and LINGUA asleep. PHANTASTES, COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

Phantastes. Hist, my lord, softly, softly! here's the notablest piece of treason discovered; how say you? Lingua, set all the Senses at odds, she hath confess'd it to me in her sleep.

Communis Sensus. Is't possible, master Register? did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

Memoria. I remember, my lord, many have done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them have I heard answer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

Anamnestes. By the same token, there was a wanton maid, that being ask'd by her mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a room, she presently said, that—

Memoria. Peace, you vile rake-hell, is such a jest fit for this company? no more I say, sirrah.

Phantastes. My lord, will you believe your own ears? you shall hear her answer me, as directly and truly as may be. Lingua, what did you with the crown and garments?

Lingua. I'll tell thee, Mendacio.

Phantastes. She thinks Mendacio speaks to her; mark now, mark how truly she will answer. What say you, madam?

Lingua. I say Phantastes is a foolish transparent gull; a mere fanatic ⁹⁹nupson, in my imagination not worthy to sit as a judge's assistant.

Communis Sensus. Ha, ha, ha; how truly and directly she answers.

Phantastes. Faw, faw, she dreams now, she knows not what she says. I'll try her once again. Madam! what remedy can you have for your great losses?

Lingua. O, are you come, Acrasia? welcome, welcome! boy, reach a cushion, sit down, good Acrasia: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceed-

⁹⁹ nupson] See Note 32, to this Play.

ingly; the Senses were so mad: did not you see how they raged about the woods?

Communis Sensus. Hum, Acrasia? is Acrasia her confederate? my life that witch hath wrought some villainy—[*Lingua riseth in her sleep, and walketh.*] how this? is she asleep? have you seen one walk thus before?

Memoria. It is a very common thing, I have seen many sick of the peripatetic disease.

Anamnestes. By the same token, my lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleep, bent his bow, shot at a magpie, kill'd her, fetch'd his arrow, came home, lock'd the doors, and went to bed again.

Communis Sensus. What should be the reason of it?

Memoria. I remember Scaliger told me the reason once, as I think thus: the nerves that carry the moving faculty from the brains to the thighs, legs, feet, and arms, are wider far than the other nerves, wherefore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy shall command them.

Communis Sensus. It may be so. But, Phantastes, enquire more of Acrasia.

Phantastes. What did you with the potion Acrasia made you?

Lingua. Gave it to the Senses, and made them as mad as—well, if I cannot recover it—let it go. I'll not leave them thus. [*She lies down again.*]

Communis Sensus. Boy, awake the Senses there.

Anamnestes. Ho, ho, Auditus, up, up; so ho: Olfactus have at your nose; up Visus, Gustus, Tactus, up: what can you not feel a pinch? have at you with a pin.

Tactus. Oh, you stab me, oh.

Communis Sensus. Tactus, know you how you came hither?

Tactus. No, my lord, not I; this I remember,
We sup'd with Gustus, and had wine good store,
Whereof I think I tasted liberally.
Amongst the rest, we drunk a composition
Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,
That made our brains somewhat irregular.

SCENA DECIMA NONA.

The Senses awake, LINGUA asleep, COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS, drawing CRAPULA.

Heuresis. My lord, here's a fat rascal was lurking in a bush very suspiciously; his name he says is Crapula.

Communis Sensus. Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

Crapula. Nothing, my lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that Somnus, at my request, laid them asleep, in hope to recover them.

Communis Sensus. Why then, 'tis too evident, Acrasia, at Lingua's request, bewitch'd the Senses: wake her quickly, Heuresis.

Lingua. Heigh ho, out, alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah!

Communis Sensus. Lingua, look not so strangely upon the matter; you have confess'd in your sleep, that with a crown and a robe you have disturb'd the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them: can you deny it?

Lingua. Ay me, most miserable wretch! I beseech your lordship forgive me.

Communis Sensus. No, no, 'tis a fault unpardonable.
[*He consults with Memory.*]

Phantastes. In my conceit, Lingua, you should seal up your lips when you go to bed, these feminine tongues be so glib.

Communis Sensus. Visus, Tactus, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, we confirm as irrevocable, and establish the crown to you Visus, and the robe to you Tactus; but as for you, Lingua——

Lingua. Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

Communis Sensus. That may not be: your goods are fallen into our hands; my sentence cannot be recall'd: you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes lose what's their own: therefore, Lingua, granting you your life, I commit you to close prison, in

Gustus's house, and charge you, Gustus, to keep her under the custody of two strong doors, and every day till she come to eighty years of age, see she be well guarded with thirty tall watchmen, without whose licence she shall by no means wag abroad. Nevertheless, use her lady-like, according to her estate.

Phantastes. I pray you, my lord, add this to the judgment; that whensoever she obtaineth license to walk abroad, in token the tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great tongue; in my conceit 'tis a very pretty emblem of a woman.

Tactus. My lord, she hath a wild boy to her page, a chief agent in this treason; his name's Mendacio.

Communis Sensus. Ha! well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time: let him be soundly whipt, and ever after, though he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinews of truth, yet none shall believe him.

Phantastes. In my imagination my lord, the day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it grows dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold, and therefore, in my fancy and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our lodgings. [*Exeunt omnes, præter Anamnestes et Appetitus.*]

SCENA VIGINTA.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITUS *asleep in a corner.*

Anamnestes. What's this? a fellow whispering so closely with the earth? so, ho, so, ho, Appetitus? faith now I think Morpheus himself hath been here. Up with a pox to you; up you ⁹⁶ lusk! I have such news to tell thee, sirrah: all the Senses are well, and Lingua is proved guilty: up, up, up; I never knew him so fast asleep in my life. [*Appetitus snorts.*] Nay, then, have at you afresh. [*Jogs him.*]

Appetitus. Jog me once again, and I'll throw this

⁹⁶ lusk!] lusk is idle, lazy, slothful. Minshieu derives it from the French *Lasche*, desidious.

whole mess of pottage into your face; cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for you?

Anamnestes. Ha, ha, ha; I think 'tis impossible for him to sleep longer than he dreams of his victuals. What, *Appetitus*, up, quickly, quickly up, *Appetitus*; quickly, sirrah. [Jogs him.]

Appetitus. I'll come, presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be roasted: will you eat them raw?

Anamnestes. Roasted? ha, ha, ha, ha, up, up, up, away!

Appetitus. Reach the sauce quickly; here's no sugar, whaw, whaw, oh, ou, oh!

Anamnestes. What, never wake? [Jogs him.] wilt never be?

Then I must try another way I see.

EPILOGUE.

*Judicious friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite :
Then since the close upon his rising stands,
Let me obtain this at your courteous hands :
Try if the friendly opportunity
Of your good-will and gracious plaudite,
With the thrice welcome murmur it shall keep,
Can beg this prisoner from the bands of sleep.*

Plaudite.

*[Upon the Plaudite, Appetitus awakes, and
runs in after Anamnestes.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue and
" the five Senses for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie.
" At London, Printed by G. Eld, for Simon Waterson,
" 1607, 4to "

(2.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and
" the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie.
" London, Printed by N. Okes, for Simon Waterson,
" N. D. 4to."

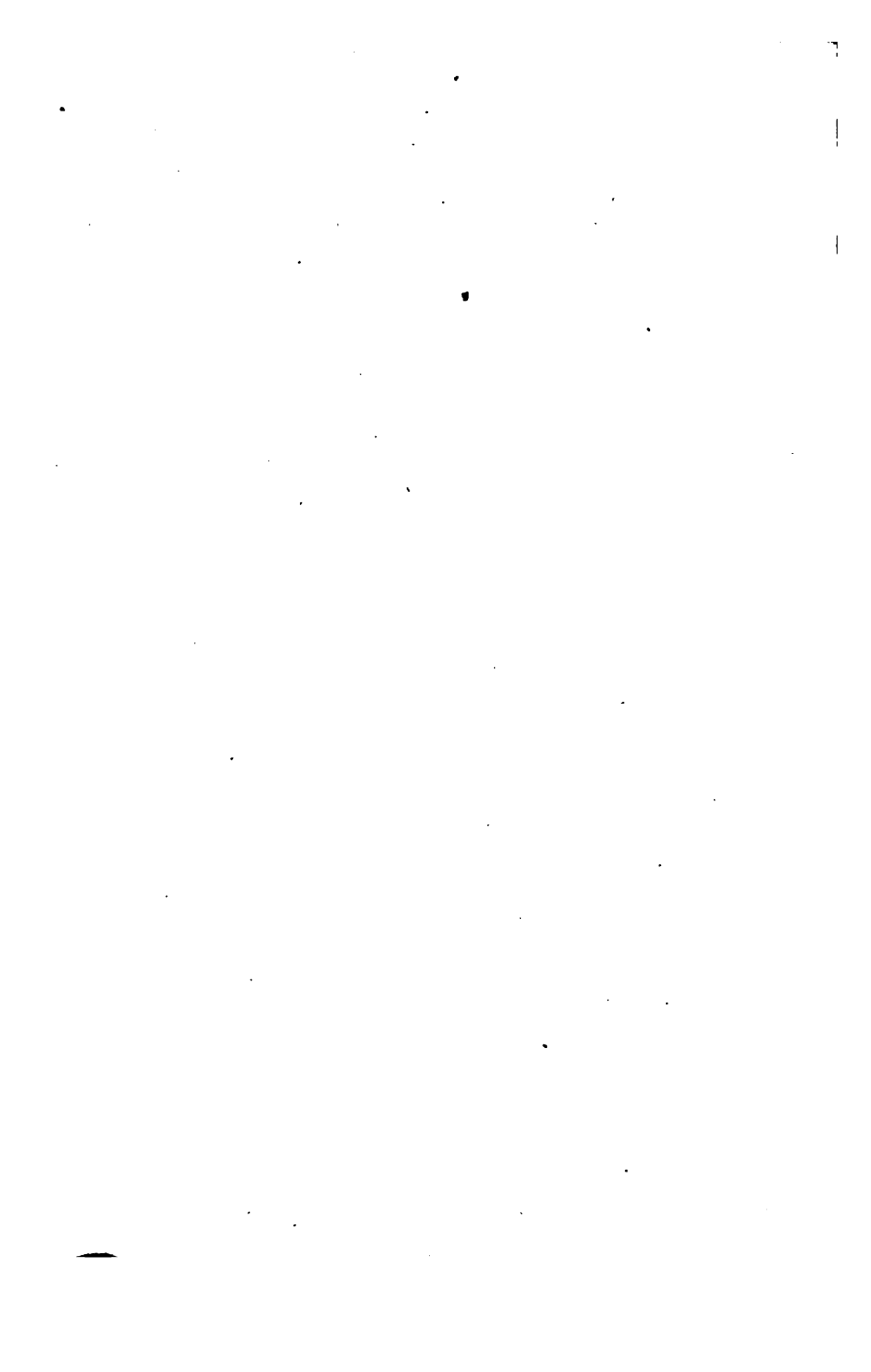
(3.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue,
" and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant
" Comœdie. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for
" Simon Waterson, 1617, 4to."

(4.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue,
" and the five Sences, for Superiority. A pleasant
" Comedy. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for
" Simon Waterson, 1622, 4to."

(5.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue,
" and the five Sences, for Superioritie. A pleasant
" Comœdie. London, Printed by Augustine Matthewes,
" for Simon Waterson, 1632, 4to."

(6.) " LINGUA: or, The Combat of the Tongue,
" and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant
" Comœdy. London, Printed for Simon Miller, at
" the Starre in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1657, 8vo."

THE
MERRY DEVIL
OF
EDMONTON.



ONE Kirkman, a Bookseller, who, in the last century, made diligent enquiry after old plays, hath, upon what authority I am unable to say, ascribed this play to Shakspeare. If a judgment may be formed of the Author from the internal evidence, it certainly will not be assigned to our great dramatic Bard, being in every respect very unworthy his genius. There are, however, many other circumstances from which it may be collected, that some other writer must take the merit or dishonour of the performance. Coxeter¹ says, that, in an old MS. of this play, he had seen it assigned to Michael Drayton; and Oldys, in his MS. Notes to Langbaine, speaks to the same effect. But, I believe, some other Author must be still sought for, as from the entry in the Books² of the Stationers Company in the year 1608,* when it was first published, it appears that the initial letters of the Author's name were T. B. It had been acted before that time, being mentioned in the *Blacke Booke* by T. M. 1604. "Give him leave "to see *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*; or, *A Woman kill'd with Kindnesse*;" and that it was a favourite performance, may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*:

" — If you'll come

"To see new plays, pray you afford us room,

"And show this but the same face you have done

"*Your dear delight THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON.*"†

¹ Companion to the Play-house.

² Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 260. edit. 1778.

* According to the Stationer's Registers (as quoted in Chalmers's Supp. Apol. 301.) this play was licenced by Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, on the 22d Oct. 1607. O. G.

† It went through various editions, the titles of which are inserted at the end in 1608, 1617, 1626, 1631, and 1655. The first of these is the most rare, and was not long since sold by auction for eight guineas. Mr. Reed states that the last edition of 1655 is "unworthy of any notice from the number of errors it contains;" but these errors are chiefly literal, and some corrections of considerable importance are made in it, of which Mr. Reed availed himself without acknowledgment.

It seems to have been revived before 1692, but at what precise date is not known: the following cast of parts is written on the back of a copy of the edition of 1655, in the Garrick collection, in a hand no doubt of the time when it was again brought upon the stage.

Sir Arthur Clare	Mr. Sandford.
Sir R. Mouchensey	Mr. Freeman.
Sir R. Jerningham	Mr. Betterton.
Henry Clare	Mr. Hudgson.
Raymond Mouchensey	Mr. Mountfort.
Frank Jerningham	Mr. Alexander.
Sir John.....	Mr. Noakes.
Banks.....	Mr. Bright.
Smug	Mr. Underhill.
Bilbo	Mr. Bower.
Host	Mr. Leigh.
Brian	Mr. Bowman.
Fabel	Mr. Kinaston.
Lady Clare.....	Mrs. Leigh.
Millisent.....	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Abdess	Mrs. Cory. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.
HENRY CLARE.
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.
FRANK JERNINGHAM.
SIR JOHN, *a Priest*.
BANKS.
SMUG.
BILBO.
BLAGUE, *the Host*.
BRIAN.
RALPH.
SEXTON.
FRYER HILDERSHAM.
BENEDIC.
CHAMBERLAIN.
FABEL, *the merry Devil*.
COREB, *a Spirit*.

LADY CLARE.
MILLISENT.
ABBESS, *of Cheston Nunnery*.
NUNS and ATTENDANTS.



THE MERRY DEVIL

OF

EDMONTON.

THE PROLOGUE.

YOUR silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene :
To which intent, to calm this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells ;
If that your list'ning ears be yet prepar'd
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabel^s, a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven miles from this great famous city ;
That, for his fame in slights and magic won,
Was call'd the merry fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,

^s 'Tis *Peter Fabel*] " Here (i. e. at Edmondton) lieth interred
" under a seemelie Tome without Inscription, the Body of *Peter*
" *Fabell* (as the report goes) upon whom this Fable was fathered,
" that he by his wittie devises beguiled the devill : belike he was
" some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some sleighty
" trickes for his owne disports. He lived and died in the raigne of
" Henry the Seventh, saith the booke of his merry pranks." *Weever's*
Funeral Monuments, fol. 1631, p. 514. Norden says, " There is a
" fable of one *Peter Fabell* that lyeth in the same church also, who
" is saide to have beguiled the Devill by pollicie for Money." *Speculum Britanniarum*, Middlesex, p. 18.

Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
 His monument remaineth to be seen :
 His memory yet in the mouths of men,*
 That whilst he liv'd he could deceive the devil.
 Imagine now, that whilst he is retir'd
 From Cambridge back unto his native home,
 Suppose the silent sable-visag'd night
 Casts her black curtain over all the world ;
 And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
 Toil'd with the studies of the passed day,
 The very time and hour wherein that spirit,
 That many years attended his command,
 And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that town
 Had in a minute borne him thro' the air,
 By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,
 Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.

[*Draw the curtains.*]

Behold him here laid on his restless couch !
 His fatal chime prepared at his head,
 His chamber guarded with these sable slights,
 And by him stands that necromantic chair;
 In which he makes his direful invocations,
 And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
 Sit with a pleased eye, until you know
 The comic end of our sad tragic show.

*The chime goes, in which time FABEL is oft seen to stare
 about him and hold up his hands.*

Fabel. What means the tolling of this fatal chime ?
 O what a trembling horror strikes my heart !
 My stiffen'd hair stands upright on my head,
 * As do the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter COREB, a spirit.

Coreb. Fabel, awake ! or I will bear thee hence
 Headlong to hell.

* A monosyllable (perhaps *is* or *lives*) has dropt out here, and rendered the line imperfect. C.

* *As do the bristles of a porcupine.*] So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 5.

"And each particular hair to stand on end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Fabel. Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me?

Coreb. is it thou?

Coreb. 'Tis I.

Fabel. I know thee well, I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach:
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distemper'd and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.

Coreb. Come, art thou ready?

Fabel. Whither, or to what?

Coreb. Why, scholar, this the hour my date expires:*
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

Fabel. Hah! what is thy due?

Coreb. Fabel, thyself.

Fabel. O let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe:
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill,
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That every day thus losing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise.

Coreb. Didst thou not write thy name with thine
own blood?

And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me?

And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fabel. Whycom'st thou in this stern and horrid shape?

Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont?

Coreb. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

Fabel. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest business for a private friend:
Reserve me, spirit, until some farther time.

Coreb. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fabel. Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world,
Dispatch † some business that I have to do;
And in mean time repose thee in that chair.

* The measure was injured by the needless insertion of *is* in this line, not supported by any of the old copies. C.

† The quarto's read, "I'll dispatch," &c. C.

Coreb. Fabel, I will.

[*Sits down.*]

Fabel. O that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own pride strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him; losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil.

Coreb. Come, Fabel, hast thou done?

Fabel. Yes, yes, come hither.

Coreb. Fabel, I cannot.

Fabel. Cannot! what ails your hollowness?

Coreb. Good Fabel, help me.

Fabel. Alas! where lies your grief?—Some aqua vitæ!
The devil's very sick, I fear he'll die,
For he looks very ill.

Coreb. Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's great name, Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.

Fabel. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me.

Coreb. Fabel, I give it thee.

Fabel. Swear, damned fiend.

Coreb. Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee
Till seven years, from this hour, be full expir'd.

Fabel. Enough, come out.

Coreb. A vengeance take thy art!
Live, and convert all piety to evil;

Never did man thus over-reach the devil.
 No time on earth, like Phætonic flames,
 Can have perpetual being. I'll return
 To my infernal mansion: but be sure,
 Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry;
 But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabel carry.

Fabel. Then thus between us two this variance ends;
 Thou to thy fellow-fiends, I to my friends. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE, DORCAS his lady, MILLI-
SENT his daughter, young HARRY CLARE; the men
booted, the gentlewomen in cloaks and 'safe-guards:
BLAGUE, the merry host of the George, comes in with
them.

Host. Welcome, good knight, to the George at
 Waltham; my freehold, my tenements, goods, and
 chattels. Madam, here's a room is* the very Homer
 and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four ele-
 ments in it; I built it out of the center, and I drink
 ne'er the less sack.—Welcome,—my little waste of
 maidenheads: what? I serve the good duke of Nor-
 folk.

Clare. God a mercy, my good host Blague:
 Thou hast a good seat here.

Host. 'Tis correspondent, or so: there's not a 'Tar-
 tarian, nor a carrier, shall breathe upon your geldings:
 they have villainous rank feet, the rogues, and they

⁶ *safe-guards*] *Safe-guards* are outward petticoats, still worn by
 the wives of farmers, &c. who ride on horseback to market. S.

They are called so, says Minahien, voce *Save-guard*, because
 they guard the other cloaths from soiling.

They are mentioned several times in *The Roaring Girl*. See
 vol. VII.

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, A. 1. S. 1:

"On with your cloak and *safe-guard*, you arrant drab."

* The quartos of 1626 and 1631, read, "Here's a room in the
 very Homer and Iliads of a lodging," which may be right. C.

⁶ *Tartarian*] *Tartarian* seems to have been a cant word for a
 thief. In *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 3. the Hangman says, "I
 pray (Mr. Jew) bestow a cast of your office upon me (a poor
 member of the Law) by telling me my fortune whether I shall
 die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me; and if any
 thieving *Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both
 hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him."

shall not sweat in my linen. Knights and lords too have been drunk in my house, I thank the Destinies.

Harry Clare. Pr'ythee, good sinful inn-keeper, will that corruption, thine hostler, to look well to my gelding—⁷ Hay! a pox of these rushes.

Host. You, St. Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of Saint George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison: now when wast thou in the forest?

Harry Clare. Away, you stale mess of white broth. Come hither, sister, let me help you.

Clare. Mine host, is not sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment when we last dined here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent—marry here's a fore-runner that summons a parley, and faith he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

Clare. 'Tis well; good mine host, go down and see breakfast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foe-man; or like a courtier, that must not shew his prince his posteriors: vanish to know my canvásadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

[*Exit.*]

⁷ *Hay! a pox of these rushes*] Before the use of carpets was introduced into England, it was customary to strew the floors of rooms with rushes. This practice is often mentioned.

Arden of Feversham, 1592:

Ales. In vaine we strive, for here his blood remains.

Mos. Why strew rushes on it, can you not?

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 5. "—that all the ladies and gallants lye languishing upon the rushes like so many pounded cattle i'the midst of harvest, &c."

Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. B 4: "—the windowes were spread with hearbs, the chimney drest up with greene boughes, and the floore strewed with butrushes, as if some lasse were that morning to be married."

See Hollingshed's *Chronicle*, vol. II. p. 1706.

Clare. How doth my lady? are you not weary,
madam?

Come hither, I must talk in private with you;
My daughter Millisent must not over-hear.

Millisent. I! whispering! pray God it tend to my
good!

Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.

Clare. You know, our meeting with the knight
Mouchensey

Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

Dorcas. 'Tis without question.

Clare. Two tedious winters have pass'd o'er, since
first

These couple lov'd each other, and in passion
Glew'd first their naked hands with youthful moisture;
Just so long, on my knowledge.

Dorcas. And what of this?

Clare. This morning should my daughter lose her
name,

And to Mouchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'scutcheon: the affiance made
'Twixt him and her, this morning should be seal'd.

Dorcas. I know it should.

Clare. ^aBut there are crosses, wife; here's one in
Waltham,

Another at the Abbey, and a third
At ^cCheston; and it is ominous to pass
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirits walk in night,
About those stony and hard-hearted plots.

Millisent. O God! what means my father? [*Aside.*

Clare. For look you wife, the riotous old knight
Hath over-run his annual revenue,

^a But there are crosses, &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Stephano says of Portia:

" My mistress 'will before the break of day

" Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about

" By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays

" For happy wedlock hours.

^c Cheston ;] In Hertfordshire, now called Cheshunt.

In keeping jolly Christmas all the year :
 The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd
 With smoak, more chargeable than cane-tobacco ;
 His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
 His leanest curs eat his hounds carrion.
 Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,
 Or Turkey-merchant,* hath sure suck'd the knight,
 By means of some great losses on the sea ;
 That (you conceive me) before God, all's naught,
 His seat is weak : thus each thing rightly scann'd,
 You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

Millisent. Treason to my heart's truest sovereign :
 How soon is love smothered in foggy gain ! [*Aside.*

Dorcas. But how shall we prevent this dangerous
 match ?

Clare. I have a plot, a trick, and this it is.
 Under this colour I'll break off the match ;
 I'll tell the knight, that now my mind is chang'd
 For marrying of my daughter ; for I intend
 To send her unto ¹⁰ Cheston nunnery.

Millisent. O me accurst !

Clare. There to become a most religious nun.

Millisent. I'll first be buried quick.

Clare. To spend her beauty in most private prayers.

Millisent. I'll sooner be a sinner in forsaking
 Mother and father.

Clare. How dost like my plot ?

Dorcas. Exceeding well : but is it your intent
 She shall continue there ?

Clare. Continue there ? ha, ha, that were a jest :
 You know a virgin may continue there
 A twelve-month and a day, only on trial.
 There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,

* *Qy.* if we ought not to read " A Turkey-merchant." C.

¹⁰ *Cheston nunnery.*] At Cheshunt there was a Benedictine nunnery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was founded before the year 1183, and augmented with lands and tenements of the Canons of Cathale, in the twenty-fourth year of King Henry the Third : but yet upon the general dissolution it was valued only at 14*l.* 1*s.* per Ann. See *England illustrated*, 4to. 1764. vol. I. p. 318.

And in mean time I'll compass a fair match
 "Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir
 Of sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest.
 I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey.

Dorcas. Your care argues the love you bear our child;

I will subscribe to any thing you'll have me.

[*Exeunt Sir Arthur and Dorcas.**]

Millisent. You will subscribe to it?—good, good,†
 'tis well;

Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell.
 My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
 Ere to thy heart *Millisent* prove untrue. [*Exit.*]

Enter BLAGUE.

Host. Hostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulks have put into harbour, they'll take in fresh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots. "Via—they come.

* The departure of Sir Arthur and his wife is not mentioned in the old copies. C.

† The line was spoilt by the omission of the repetition of the word *good* by Mr. Reed. C.

"Via!" This cant phrase is common in the old Plays. Mr. Tollet supposes it taken from the Italian *via*, and to be used on occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. See Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. It here signifies *away*! So, in *Edward the Third*, A. 2. S. 2:

"Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France."

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 1:

"—— let her go

"*Via pecunia.*"

Eastward Hoe, vol. IV.

"— Avaunt, dull flat cap then!

"*Via*, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

"There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state."

Marston's What you will, A. 2:

"Come now, *via*, alone to Celia."

See also *Mons. Thomas*, A. 2. S. 2.

Enter SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM, *young* FRANK JERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABEL, and *BILBO*.

Host. The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

Sir Richard. God a mercy, good mine host.

Sir Ralph. Thanks, good host Blague.

Host. Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them: let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger. Ha; I'll caper in mine own fee-simple; away with punctilios and orthography, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Bilbo.¹² *Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*. Truly, mine host, *Bilbo*, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade still; I have a villainous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast.

Host. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournment—what! we know our terms of hunting, and the sea card.

Bilbo. And do you serve the good duke of Norfolk still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my soldier of Saint Quintin's. Come follow me, I have¹³ Charles's-wain below in a butt of sack, I will glister like your crab-fish.*

Bilbo. You have fine scholar-like terms: your¹⁴ Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it. Come, my host, let's serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

¹² *Tityre, &c.*] The first line of Virgil's Eclogues.

¹³ *Charles's-wain*] In Astronomy, seven stars in the Constellation Ursa Minor.

* The old editions without variation have it "I will glister like your crab-fish," and though it be not very intelligible it is as well to preserve the ancient reading which was not attended to by Mr. Reed. C.

¹⁴ *Cooper's Dictionary*] A quibble alluding to Thomas Cooper's *Thesaurus lingue Latine*, printed in fol. 1584.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, HARRY CLARE, and
MILLISENT.*

Sir Ralph. Good sir Arthur Clare!

Clare. What gentleman is that? I know him not.

Sir Richard. 'Tis Mr. Fabel, sir, a Cambridge scholar,

My son's dear friend.

Clare. Sir, I entreat you know me.

Fabel. Command me, sir, I am affected to you
For your Mounchensey's sake.

Clare. Alas! for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim!

A word in private, sir Ralph Jerningham.

Raymond. Methinks your father looketh strangely
on me:

Say, love, why are you sad?

Millisent. I am not, sweet;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.

Clare. Shall's in to breakfast? After we'll conclude,
The cause of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed. [Exit.

Millisent. Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall
bleed. [Exit.

Young Clare. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be fro-
lick, friend;

This is the day thou hast expected long.

Raymond. Pray God, dear Harry Clare, it prove so
happy!

Young Clare. There's nought can alter it; be merry, lad.

Fabel. There's nought shall alter it; be lively, Ray-
mond:

Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. [Exeunt.

PETER FABEL, *solus.*

Fabel. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy royal parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn;

* Their entrance is not noticed in the quartos, and Mr. Reed omitted Millisent. C.

And after all these promises by Clare,
 Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
 Only because thy revenues cannot reach
 To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
 As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
 And therefore is the false fox now in hand
 To strike a match betwixt her and the other;
 And the old gray-beards now are close together,
 Plotting it in the garden. Is't even so?
 Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
 Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
 The metaphysicks, magick, and those parts
 Of the most secret deep philosophy?
 Have I so many melancholy nights
 Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
 And come we back unto our native home,
 For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
 We'll first hang Envil in such rings of mist
 As never rose from any dampish fenn;
 I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
 And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge:
 I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
 And scatter them, like sheep, in every field.
 We may perhaps be cross'd; but if we be,
 He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.

Enter RAYMOND and YOUNG JERNINGHAM.
 But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad;
 And here's the gallant that must have the wench.

Jerningham. I pr'ythee, Raymond, leave these solemn
 dumps,
 Revive thy spirits; thou that before hast been
 More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
 As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
 As mirth herself.

If aught in me may thy content procure,
 It is thine own, thou may'st thyself assure.

Raymond. Ha! Jerningham, if any but thyself
 Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
 As the bleak northern winds upon the face

Of winter.

From thee, they have some power upon my blood ;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear ;
From thee it cannot.

Jerningham. If I understand thee, I am a villain :
What! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend ?

Enter YOUNG CLARE.

Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love,
Troubled with stitches and the cough o'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at ¹⁵ hoodman-blind :
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks.

Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove ;
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.

Fabel. Why, how now, madcap? what, my lusty
Frank,

So near a wife, and will not tell your friend ?
But you will to this gear in ¹⁶ hugger-mugger :
Art thou turn'd miser, rascal, in thy loves ?

Jerningham. Who I? z'blood, what should all you
see in me, that I should look like a married man? ha?
am I bald? are my legs too little for my hose? if I feel
any thing in my forehead, I am a villain. Do I wear a
night-cap? do I bend in the hams? what dost thou see
in me, that I should be towards marriage? ha?

Young Clare. What, thou married? let me look
upon thee; rogue, who has given this out of thee? how
cam'st thou into this ill name? what company hast thou
been in, rascal?

Fabel. You are the man, Sir, must have Millisent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,

¹⁵ *Hoodman-blind*] That is, as Mr. Steevens supposes, *blind man's buff*. See Note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 4, edit. 1778.

¹⁶ *hugger-mugger*:] See Note 36 to *The Revenger's Tragedy*, vol. IV.

Your fathers, mean to launch their ¹⁷ busy bags;
 But in the mean time to thrust Mouchensey off.
 For colour of this new-intended match,
 Fair Millisent to Cheston must be sent,
 To take the approbation for a Nun,
 Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Jerningham. Raymond Mouchensey, now I touch
 thy grief

With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
 And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
 With my vain breath I will not seek to ¹⁸ slubber
 Her angel-like perfections: but thou know'st
 That Essex hath the saint that I adore:
 Where e'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
 But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
 And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
 How* many a sad and weary summer's night,
 My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
 And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
 And from the meadows sprung the early lark
 An hour before she should have list to sing:
 I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
 That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
 To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
 But, dear Mouchensey, had not my affection
 Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
 Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love†
 Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
 I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
 And will in love become a counterfeit.

Mouchensey. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
 And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
 I feel my spirit rebound against the stars,
 Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
 There time, nor death, can by their power controul.

¹⁷ So the Quartos: Mr. Dodsley reads *pursy*.

¹⁸ *slubber*] See Note 14 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, vol. III.

* The Quartos, without exception, erroneously read *Now*. C.

† Mr. Reed, without any warrant, inserted *o'ergive*, instead of
 "leave the love," &c. C.

Fabel. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
 And were he not my pupil, I would say,
 He were as fine a metal'd gentleman,
 Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
 As is in England; and he is a man
 That very richly may deserve thy love.
 But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
 What may Mouchensey's honour to thyself
 Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Young Clare. Raymond Mouchensey, I would have
 thee know,
 He does not breathe this air, whose love I cherish,
 And whose soul I love more than Mouchensey's:
 Nor ever in my life did see the man
 Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
 I think more worthy of my sister's love.
 But since the matter grows unto this pass,
 I must not seem to cross my father's will;
 But when thou list to visit her by night,
 My horse is saddled, and the stable door
 Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
 In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
 And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.

Mouchensey. Then, care away! let fate my fall pretend,

Back'd with the favours of so true a friend.

Fabel. Let us alone, to bustle for the set;
 For age and craft with wit and art have met.
 I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
 Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
 The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
 And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:
 The milk-maids ¹⁹ cuts shall turn the wenches off,
 And lay their ²⁰ dossers tumbling in the dust:
 The frank and merry London 'prentices,
 That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
 Shall lose their way; and scrambling in the ditches

¹⁹ Cuts] i. e. horses. See Note 62 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

²⁰ dossers] i. e. paniers.

All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other find the way at all.

Mounchensey. Pursue the project scholar, what we
can do

To help endeavour, join our lives thereto. [Exeunt.

Enter BANKS, SIR JOHN, and SMUG.

Banks. ²¹ Take me with you, good Sir John ²²: a plague on thee, Smug, and thou touchest liquor thou art foundered straight—What! are your brains always water-mills? must they ever run round?

Smug. Banks, your ale is as a Philistine fox;—nouns! there's fire i' th' tail on't;—you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rearward;—a plague of this wind, ²³ O, it tickles our catastrophe.

Sir John. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and good-man Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart both.—Hem, grass and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live 'till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. Well said, sir John, you are of the same humour still; and doth the water run the same way still, boy?

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him;—Sir John, lock,

²¹ Take me with you] Let me understand you. So Falstaff says, "I would your grace would take me with you; Whom means your Grace?" First Part of *King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2. and Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's Notes.

²² Sir John] This is one of the many instances which might be given where a parson is called Sir. "Upon which," says Sir John Hawkins, "it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller somewhere in his Church History, says, that anciently there were in England more sirs than knights; and so lately as temp. William and Mary, in a deposition in the Exchequer, in a case of tythes, the witness, speaking of the curate, whom he remembers, styles him Sir Gyles. Vide Gibson's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacey, &c. p. 36." Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1. edit. 1778.

So in the *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639—"Sir me no Sirs; I am no knight nor Churchman." C.

²³ O it tickles our catastrophe] This expression is used by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1.

lock, lock fast, sir John ;—So, sir John, I'll one of these years, when it shall please the goddesses and the destinies, be drunk in your company ; that's all now, and God send us health.—Shall I swear I love you ?

Sir John. No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug,

We'll wet our lips together, and hug ;
Carouse in private, and elevate the heart, and the liver, and the lights, and the lights ; mark you me, within us for—hem—grass and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison ; whither go we ?

Sir John. Into the forest, neighbour Banks ; into Brian's walk, the mad-keeper.

Smug. Blood ! I'll tickle your keeper.

Banks. I'faith, thou art always drunk, when we have need of thee.

Smug. Need of me ! heart, you shall have need of me always, while there is iron in an anvil.

Banks. Mr. Parson, may the Smith go (think you) being in this taking ?

Smug. Go ! I'll go, in spite of all the bells in Waltham.

Sir John. The question is, good neighbour Banks—let me see, the moon shines to night,—there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forest,—his brain may be settled ere night,—he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague, of the George at Waltham : if he were here, our consort were full. Look where comes my good host, the duke of Norfolk's man ! and how ? and how ? A hem—grass and hay—we are not yet mortal ; let us live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Host.

Host. Ha ! my Castilian dialogues ; and art thou in breath still, boy ? Miller, doth the match hold ? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little Ge-

neva print: but ²⁴wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer? I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the ²⁵Hungarians. If we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield: is't correspondent?

Banks. 'Tis well; but how if any of us should be taken?

Smug. He shall have ransom by my sword.

Host. Tush, the knaves keepers are my ²⁶bona socias, and my pensioners—Nine o'clock—Be valiant, my little Gogmagogs;—I'll fence with all the justices in Hertfordshire—I'll have a buck till I die; I'll slay a doe while I live—Hold—your bow strait and steady; I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy.

Sir John. Peace, neighbour Smug! You see this boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good-fellows. Come, let's provide: a hem—grass and hay,—we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end: come, Smug.

Smug. Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen, from breakfast again.

Old Mounchensey. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this: What! hast thou fed me all this while with ²⁷shalles?

²⁴ wend] See Note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

²⁵ Hungarians] The Host's conversation is almost wholly made up of puns and quibbles. He means here his hungry guests. His address to the Smith before, on reading the little Geneva print, was intended to signify that he had been drinking gin.

²⁶ bona socias] The Quarto of 1617, reads *basonians*; that of 1631, *bonasosis*.

²⁷ shalles] i. e. shells. The phrase seems to have been proverbial. Churchyard, in his *Challenge*, p. 153, says:

"Thus all with *shall*, or *shalles*, ye *shal* be fed."

The old editions spell it *shales*, and it may mean what is pointed out in the above note; but it is not a very forced construction to suppose that Mounchensey complaining of Clare's want of faith, uses the word *shalls* in the sense of *promises*; and this seems to be the real meaning of the quotation from Churchyard. C.

And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

Clare. I do not hold thy offer competent:
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Mouchensey. Too good for thee: and, knight,
thou know'st it well,

I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.

Lady Clare. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.

Clare. Hold thy chat, quean.

Old Mouchensey. To which I hearkened willingly,
and the rather,

Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do:

Nor is my poor distressed state so low
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.

Clare. Let it suffice, Mouchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.

Old Mouchensey. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good
and clear

As the best drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.

Clare. She is the last is left me to bestow;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.

Old Mouchensey. You do, sir?

Clare. Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.

Old Mouchensey. And pity she is so:

Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf. [*Aside.*]

Clare. Not thou, Mouchensey, shalt bestow my
child.

Old Mouchensey. Neither shouldst thou bestow her
where thou meanest.

Clare. What wilt thou do?

Old Mounchensey. No matter, let that be;
 I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
 Thou hast wrong'd my love, and, by God's blessed
 angel,
 Thou shalt well know it.

Clare. Tut, brave not me.

Old Mounchensey. Brave thee, base churl! were't
 not for manhood sake—

I say no more, but that there be some by
 Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
 Which, being stirr'd might make us both repent
 This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
 Although thy father hath abus'd my friendship,
 Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
 I do i'faith.

Lady Clare. I, do, do, fill all the world with talk of
 us, man; man, I never look'd for better at your hands.

Fabel. I hop'd your great experience, and your
 years,
 Would have prov'd patience rather to your soul,
 Than with this frantick and untamed passion
 To whet their ^{skens}; and, but for that
 I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,
 And their minds tempered with more kindly heat,
 Than for their forward parent's frowardness,
 That they should break forth into publick brawls.
 Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
 Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
 Yet I am sure the first intent was love:
 Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
 Let it die gently, ne'er kill it with a scorn.

Raymond. O thou base world! how leprous is that
 soul
 That is once lim'd in that polluted mud!
 O sir Arthur! you have startled his free active spirit
 With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.

^{skens} ;] Knives or daggers. Skein is the Irish word for a
 knife. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,
 “And in my skin bear tokens of the *skens*.” S.

Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe,
Is, to leave that of force we must forego.

Millisent. And I must take a twelvemonth's appro-
bation,

That in the mean time this sole and private life,

At the year's end may fashion me a wife.

But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this year be done,

Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun.

And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,

I will turn mad, to spite both him and thee. [*Aside.*

Clare. Wife, come to horse; and, huswife, make
you ready:

For if I live, I swear by this good light,

I'll see you lodg'd in Cheston-house to night. [*Exeunt.*

Old Mounchensey. Raymond, away, thou see'st how
matters fall.

Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf and all!

Fabel. Now, Mr. Clare, you see how matters fadge;⁹⁰

Your Millisent must needs be made a nun.

Well, sir, we are the men must ply the match:

Hold you your peace, and be a looker-on:

And send her unto Cheston, where he will,

I'll send me fellows of a handful high

Into the cloisters where the nuns frequent,

Shall make them skip like does about the dale;

And make the lady prioress of the house

To play at leap-frog naked in their smocks,

Until the merry wenches at their mass

Cry teehee, weehee;

And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,

Shall sprawl and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns.

Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,

I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose. [*Exeunt.*

⁹⁰ *fadge*] i. e. go, proceed. The word is used in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "It would not *fadge*, for then the market was raised
" to three hundred."

Again, in *Old Law*, by Massinger, &c. A. 4. S. 4:

"Now it begins to *fadge*."

It also means to *succeed*, as in the following quotation from
Houghton's *Englishmen for any Money*, Sig. B.

"But, sirra Ned, what sayes Mathea to thee

"Wilt *fadge*? Wilt *fadge*? What, will it be a match?" C.

Enter HARRY CLARE, FRANK JERNINGHAM, PETER FABEL, and MILLISENT.

Harry Clare. Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient.

Jerningham. Forewarn'd poor Raymond's company!
O heaven!

When the composure of weak frailty meet
Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
And wink on all deformities.

Millisent. 'Tis well:

Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Moun-
chensey?

Would we might weep together, and then part,
Our sighing partly would much ease my heart.

Fabel. Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the thought
Of future reconciliation: let your tears
Shew you a woman, but be no farther spent
Than from the eyes: for sweet experience says,
That love is firm that's flatter'd with delays.

Millisent. Alas, sir, think you I shall e'er be his?

Fabel. As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
Yond comes my friend; see, he hath doated
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood:
For in true love musick doth sweetly dwell;
Sever'd, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Enter MOUNCHENSEY.

Mouchensey. Harry and Frank, you are enjoined
to wean

Your friendship from me, we must part; the breath
Of all advis'd corruption; pardon me,
Faith, I must say so; you may think I love you,
I breathe not rougher spite do sever us;
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend, by stealth you
twain;

Kisses are sweetest got by struggling pain.

Jerningham. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.

Mouchensey. Pardon me:

I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millisent's clear eyes.

Millisent. Alas! sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more.

Mounchensey. How, sweet!
I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu—
This be a double charm to keep both true.

Fabel. Have done, your fathers may chance spy
your parting.
Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go into the nunnery, for from hence
Must we beget your loves sweet happiness:
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed
Shall be more soft, when nun and maid are dead.

Enter BILBO.

Mounchensey. Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

Bilbo. Marry, you must to horse presently; that villainous old gouty churl, sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

Harry Clare. How, sir?

*Bilbo.** O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed; but I am sure, that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures, than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.

Mounchensey. Bring me my gelding, sirrah.

Bilbo. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster pies, artichokes, and all such meats of mortality. Poor gentlewoman! the sign must not be in *virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves: farewell.

Poor Millisent

Must pray and repent:

O fatal wonder!

She'll now be no fatter,

Love must not come at her,

Yet she shall be kept under.

[*Exit.*]

* The older copies made this speech part of what was said by Harry Clare, and the edition of 1855 first introduced the correction. C.

Jerningham. Farewel, dear Raymond.

Harry Clare. Friend, adieu.

Millisent. Dear sweet,

No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet. [*Exeunt.*]

Fabel. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but ere't be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood. We must to Waltham-abbey,
And as fair Millisent in Cheston lives
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless novice; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Taste thou my sleights, thy love I'll only share.

Mouchensey. Turn friar? Come, my good counselor,
let's go,

Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the PRIORESS of CHESTON, with a nun or two,
SIR ARTHUR CLARE, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM,
HENRY and FRANK, the Lady and BILBO, with
MILLISENT.*

Lady Clare. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

Prioress. Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them,
For you shall sing a *Requiem*.

Frank. The wench is gone, Harry, she is no more a
woman of this world—Mark her well, she looks like a
nun already: what think'st on her?

Harry. By my faith, her face comes handsomely
to't.

But peace, let's hear the rest.

Sir Arthur. Madam, for a twelve month's approba-
tion,

We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear blessing in mean time,

We pray may prosper this intended work.

Prioress. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe :
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Millisent. Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge.

Prioress. First, a mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look ;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy ;
For your busk attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys :
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray, and fast.

Bilbo. Let her take heed of fasting ; and if ever she
hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast.

Millisent. This goes hard, by'r lady. [*Aside.*]

Prioress. You shall ring the ³⁰sacring bell,
Keep your hours and tell your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your psalter, sing your latins ;
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.

Millisent. Worse and worse, by saint Mary. [*Aside.*]

Frank. Sirrah, Hal, how does she hold her countenance ?—well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun,
I'll build an abbey.

Harry. She may be a nun ; but if ever she prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my nails.

Frank. To her again, mother.

Harry. Hold thine own, wench

³⁰ *sacring bell.*] " The little bell which is rung to give notice of
" the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in
" other offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring*, or *con-*
" *secration* bell, from the French word *sacrer*." Mr. Theobald's
" Note to *Henry VIII.* A. 3. S. 2.

Prioress. You must read the morning mass,
 "You must creep unto the cross,
 Put cold ashes on your head,
 Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

Bilbo. She had rather have a man in her bed.

Prioress. Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
 Your holy *aves* and your creeds:
 Holy maid, this must be done,
 If you mean to live a nun.

Millisent. The holy maid will be no nun. [*Aside.*

Sir Arthur. Madam, we have some business of import,
 And must be gone;

Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
 Who farther will acquaint you with my mind:
 And so, good madam, for this time adieu.

[*Exeunt women, and Sir Arthur.*

Sir Ralph. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how sayest thou? *

To be brief.

What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
 Her father and myself, can bring about,
 That we convert this nun to be a wife,

* *You must creep unto the cross,*] This Popish ceremony is particularly described in an antient book of the Ceremonial of the Kings of England, purchased by the late Duchess of Northumberland, at the sale of the MSS. of Mr. Anstis, Garter King at arms. It appears from this curious treatise, that the Bishop and the Dean brought a crucifix out of the vestry, and placed it on a cushion before the altar. A carpet was then laid "for the Kinge to *creepe to the crosse* upon. See Dr. Percy's Note to the *Northumberland Household book*, p. 436. S.

Creeping to the Cross is mentioned in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, p. 115.

"We offer tapers, pay our tythes and vowes; we pilgrims goe
 To every saint, at every shrine we offerings doe bestow;
 We kiss the pix, we *creepe the crosse*, our beades we over-runne,
 The covent hath a legacie, who so is left undone."

* The copies of 1626 and 1631 read, "Well now, Frank *Clare*, how say'st thou?" which is clearly wrong: the error was corrected in the reprint of 1656, to which Mr. Reed was again indebted. C.

And thou the husband to this pretty nun ?
How then, my lad ? ha, Frank ; it may be done.

Harry. I, now it works.

Frank. O God, sir ! you amaze me at your
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were
To cause a recluse to remove her vow :
A maimed, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortify'd with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fix'd on heaven ;
To draw a virgin thus devout with zeal,
Back to the world ; O impious deed !
Nor by the canon-law can it be done,
Without a dispensation from the church :
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband nam'd.

Bilbo. ³² I, a poor innocent she !—well, here's ³³ no
knavery ;

He flouts the old fools to their teeth. [*Aside.*]

Sir Ralph. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience ;
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen.
But Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself,
To thrust Mouchensey's nose beside the cushion ;
That being thus debarr'd of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bilbo. A plague on you both for a couple of Jews.

[*Aside.*]

Harry. How now, Frank, what say you to that ?

Frank. Let me alone, I warrant thee. [*To Harry.*]
Sir, assured that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure :
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,

³² a poor innocent] See Note 71 to *Eastward Hoe*, vol. IV.

³³ here's no knavery] See Note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. XI.

To have some conference with my ghostly father,
 Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham-abbey,
 To be absolv'd of things, that it is fit
 None only but my confessor should know.

Sir Ralph. With all my heart, he is a reverend man ;
 And to-morrow morning we will meet all at the abbey,
 Where, by the opinion of that reverend man,
 We will proceed ; I like it passing well.
 Till then we part, boy ; I, think of it, farewell :
 A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE and RAYMOND MOUN-
 CHENSEY like a friar.*

Sir Arthur. Holy young novice, I have told you now
 My full intent, and do refer the rest
 To your professed secrecy and care :
 And see,

Our serious speech hath stolen upon the way,
 That we are come unto the abbey-gate.
 Because I know Mouchensey is a fox,
 That craftily doth overlook my doings,
 I'll not be seen, not I ; tush, I have done,
 I had a daughter, but she's now a nun :
 Farewel, dear son, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Mouchensey. Fare you well—Ay, you have done :
 Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
 O my rare tutor ! never mortal brain
 Plotted out such a plot of policy ;
 And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
 Begot by his simplicity and error,
 My soul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
 O my friends, Frank Jerningham, and Clare !
 Did you but know but how this jest takes fire,
 That good sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
 Hath even pour'd himself into my bosom,
 O you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth.
 But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
 For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out.

Peace and charity within,
 Never touch'd with deadly sin ;

I cast holy-water pure
 On this wall, and on this door,
 That from evil shall defend,
 And keep you from the ugly fiend :
 Evil sprite, by night nor day,
 Shall approach, or come this way ;
 Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
 Day nor night shall haunt this place.

Holy maidens—* [Knocks.]
Answer within.] Who's that which knocks ? ha, who's
 there ?

Mouchensey. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter NUN.

Nun. A friar without ? now Christ us save :
 Holy man, what would'st thou have ?

Mouchensey. Holy maid, I hither come
 From friar and father Hildersham,
 By the favour and the grace
 Of the Prioress of this place,
 Amongst you all to visit one
 That's come for approbation ;
 Before she was as now you are,
 The daughter of sir Arthur Clare ;
 But since she now became a nun,
 * Call'd Millisent of Edmonton.

Nun. Holy man, repose you there,
 This news I'll to our abbess bear,
 To tell what a man is sent,
 And your message, and intent.

Mouchensey. Benedicite

Nun. Benedicite.

[Exit.]

Mouchensey. Do, my good plump wench ; if all fall
 right,
 I'll make your sister-hood one less by night.
 Now, happy fortune, speed this merry drift,
 I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

* In all the copies " Holy maidens " is made, absurdly enough,
 part of the stage direction. C.

* Call'd Millisent of Edmonton.] Monks and Nuns always changed
 their names when they entered into the Religious Houses. S. P.

Enter LADY and MILLISENT.

Lady. Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?

Millisent. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
(Lest that for fear, or such sinister practice,
She should be forc'd to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion)
A visitor is sent from Waltham-house,
To take the true confession of the maid.

Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell. [*Exit.*

Mouchensey. Life of my soul! bright angel!

Millisent. What means the friar?

Mouchensey. O Millisent, 'tis I.

Millisent. My heart misgives me; I should know
that voice.

You? who are you? the holy virgin bless me!
Tell me your name: you shall ere you confess me.

Mouchensey. Mouchensey, thy true friend.

Millisent. My Raymond! my dear heart!

Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.

By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?

Mouchensey. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind
tutor,

Who in the habit of friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so delivered to sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.

Millisent. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old
father.

O my dear life, I was a dreamed to-night,
That as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery: and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape,

That mortal eye did ever look upon.
 Ha! thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
 Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.

Mounchensey. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship

To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
 Thou bright unsetting star, which through this veil,
 For very envy, mak'st the sun look pale.

Millisent. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
 Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
 I this confess to my sweet ghostly father;
 If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
 I have offended three years now with thee.

Mounchensey. But do you yet repent you of the
 same?

Millisent. I'faith I cannot.

Mounchensey. Nor will I absolve thee
 Of that sweet sin, though it be venial:
 Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses;
 And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage:—
 That in the evening you bestow yourself
 Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
 Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
 To wait your coming, and convey you hence
 Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase:
 No more reply if that you yield consent:
 I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.

Millisent. Sweet life, farewell, 'tis done, let that
 suffice;

What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes.

[*Exit.*

Enter FABEL, YOUNG CLARE, and JERNINGHAM.*

Jerningham. Now, visitor, how does this new-made
 nun?

Young Clare. Come, come, how does she, noble
 capuchin?

* Every copy mentions Fabel as entering at this time, and just afterwards he speaks; but Mr. Reed, by some accident, omitted his name in the proper place. C.

Mouchensey. She may be poor in spirit, but for the flesh

'Tis fat and plump, boys. Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girls would turn you all friars.

Fabel. But how, Mouchensey, how, lad, for the wench?

Mouchensey. Zounds, lads (i'faith I thank my holy habit,)

I have confest her, and the lady prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel, with her blessing.

And how say ye, boys,

If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Young Clare. Blood! she'll have ne'er a nun unbagg'd to sing mass then.

Jerningham. The abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put to nurse, as he has calves in the marsh.

Mouchensey. Well, to be brief, the nun will soon at night turn Tippet;* if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is mine own.

Fabel. But sirrah, Raymond, what news of Peter Fabel at the house?

Mouchensey. Tush, he is the only man, a necromancer, and a conjurer, that works for young Mouchensey altogether; and if it be not for friar Benedict, that he can cross him by his learned skill, the wench is gone, Fabel will fetch her out by very magick.

Fabel. Stands the wind there, boy? keep them in that key,

The wench is ours before to-morrow day.

Well, Harry† and Frank, as ye are gentlemen,
Stick to us close this once; you know your fathers
Have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston,
To watch the coast be clear, to scout about,
And have an eye unto Mouchensey's walks:
Therefore you two may hover thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter:

* See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vi. 378, note 1. C.

† Mr. Reed was again indebted to the "unworthy" copy of 1655, for the introduction of the name of Harry, instead of Ralph, as it is found in the previous editions. C.

Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leave us to ³⁵scamble for her getting out.

Jerningham. Blood! if all Hertfordshire were at our heels, we'll carry her away in sight of them.

Young Clare. But whither, Raymond?

Mounchensey. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase;

He is mine honest friend, and a ³⁶tall-keeper;

I'll send my man unto him presently,

To acquaint him with your coming and intent.

Fabel. Be brief, and secret.

Mounchensey. Soon at night, remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Jerningham. 'Tis done, no more.

Young Clare. We will not fail the hour,
My life and fortune now lie in your power.

Fabel. About our business! Raymond, let's away,
Think of your hour, it draws well off the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLAGUE, BANKS, SMUG and SIR JOHN.

Blague. Come, ye ³⁷Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the Zona Torrida of the forest; let's be resolute; let's fly to and again; and the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot. What! foot, I'll put fire into you, ye shall all three serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy house twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was last night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had

³⁵ —scamble—] Instances of this word, which means almost the same as *scramble*, are given in a note on Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* Sc. 1. edit. 1778. S.

³⁶ tall keeper] See Note 28 to *George a Greene*, vol. III.

³⁷ Hungarian pilchers] Hungarian was a cant term then frequently in use. See Mr. Stevens's Note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 3. Mr. Tollet observes, that "the Hungarians when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England if they could have come to it. See Stowe in the year 930, and *Holingshed's* *Invasions of Ireland*, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness."

yeast in't, but now I am a man of action ; is't not so, lad ?

Banks. Why, now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayest serve the duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serve the duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar, than all the plate in his buttery ; is't not so, lad ?

Sir John. Mine host, and Smug, stand there : *Banks*, you and your horse keep together, but lie close, shew no tricks for fear of the keeper. If we be scar'd, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, sir John.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellest out of last night.

Smug. Tush, and't had been as high as an abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself ; I have fall'n into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning.

Sir John. Come, sever, fear no spirits, we'll have a buck presently ; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

Host. Thou speakest as true as velvet.

Sir John. Why then come—grass and hay, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG CLARE, JERNINGHAM, and MILLISENT.

Young Clare. Frank Jerningham !

Jerningham. Speak, softly, rogue, how now ?

Young Clare. 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark : whereabouts are we ?

Jerningham. Why man, at Porter's gate, The way lies right : hark, the clock strikes at Enfield, what's the hour ?

Young Clare. Ten, the bell says.

Jerningham. A lie's in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston ; sir John and his sexton are at their ale to-night, the clock runs at random.

* The &c. means, of course, that Sir John repeats his old saying, " we are not yet all mortal ; we'll live till we die, and be merry, " and there's an end." C.

Young Clare. Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villainous vicar is abroad in the chase this dark night: the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

Jerningham. Millisent, how dost thou?

Millisent. Sir, very well.

I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.

Young Clare. We shall anon—nouns, hark! What means this noise?

Jerningham. Stay, I hear horsemen.

Young Clare. I hear footmen too.

Jerningham. Nay then I have it: we have been discovered,

And we are followed by our fathers men.

Millisent. Brother, and friend, alas! what shall we do?

Young Clare. Sister, speak softly, or we are descry'd, They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be; Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern, We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.

Enter SIR JOHN, BLAGUE, SMUG, and BANKS; *one after another.*

Sir John. Grass and hay, we are all mortal! the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.

Banks. Sir John!

Sir John. Neighbour Banks, what news?

Banks. Zounds, sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'em.

Sir John. Grass and hay, where's mine host Blague?

Blague. Here, metropolitan; the Philistines are upon us, be silent: let us serve the good duke of Norfolk.—But where is Smug?

Smug. Here: a pox on you all, dogs; I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk:—Shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up; let's meet in Enfield church-porch:—Away, we are all taken else. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BRIAN, *with his man* RALPH *and his hound.*

Brian. Ralph, hear'st thou any stirring?

Ralph. I heard one speak here hard by in the bottom. Peace, master, speak low—nouns, if I did not hear a

bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

Brian. When went your fellows into their walks?

Ralph. An hour ago.

Brian. Life! is there stealers abroad, and we cannot hear of them?

Where the devil are my men to-night?

Sirrah, go up and wind toward Buckley's lodge:

I'll cast about the bottom with my hound,

And I will meet thee under Cony-oak.

Ralph. I will, sir.

[*Erit.*

Brian. How now! by the mass my hound stays upon something; hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark there.

Millisent. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!

Brian. Peace; that a woman's voice—Stand! who's there? Stand, or I'll shoot.

Millisent. O lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.

Brian. Speak, who are you?

Millisent. I am a maid, sir—who? master Brian?

Brian. The very same: sure I should know her voice—
—Mistress Millisent!

Millisent. I; it is I, sir.

Brian. God for his passion! what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my lodge an hour ago. What means your company to leave you thus? Who brought you hither?

Millisent. My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham; who, hearing folks about us in the Chase, feared it had been sir Arthur my father, who had pursued us, and thus dispers'd ourselves till they were past us.

Brian. But where be they?

Millisent. They be not far off, here about the grove.

Enter Young CLARE and JERNINGHAM.

Young Clare. Be not afraid; man; I hear Brian's tongue, that's certain.

Jerningham. Call softly for your sister.

Young Clare. Millisent!

Millisent. Ay, brother, here.

Brian. Master Clare!

Young Clare. I told you it was Brian.

Brian. Who is that, Master Jerningham? You are a couple of hot-shots: does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grass at this time of night?

Jerningham. We heard a noise about us in the Chase, And fearing that our fathers had pursu'd us, Severed ourselves.

Young Clare. Brian, how hapdst thou on her?

Brian. Seeking for stealers that are abroad to-night, My hound stay'd on her, and so found her out.

Young Clare. They were these stealers that affrighted us;

I was hard upon them when they hors'd their deer, And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Brian. Which way took they?

Jerningham. Towards Enfield.

Brian. A plague upon't, that's the damn'd priest, and Blague of the George, he that serves the good duke of Norfolk.

A noise within.] Follow, follow, follow.

Young Clare. Peace; that's my father's voice.

Brian. Nouns, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.

Millisent. Alas! what shall we do?

Brian. If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken: Strike down the wood to Enfield presently, And if Mounchensey come, I'll send him to you. Let me alone to bustle with your fathers; I warrant you that I will keep them play Till you have quit the Chase; away, away. Who's there?

Enter the Knights

Sir Ralph. In the king's name pursue the ravisher.

Brian. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Sir Arthur. Who's there?

Brian. I am the keeper, that do charge you stand; You have stolen my deer.

Sir Arthur. We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.

Brian. You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.

Sir Arthur. We are knights; sir Arthur Clare, and sir Ralph Jerningham.

Brian. The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.

Sir Arthur. Who, or what art thou?

Brian. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

Sir Arthur. O Brian, a villain!

Thou hast receiv'd my daughter to thy lodge.

Brian. You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night: my deer.

Sir Arthur. My daughter—
Stop not my way.

Brian. What make you in my walk? you have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

Sir Arthur. My daughter—

Brian. My deer—

Sir Ralph. Where is Mouchensey?

Brian. Where is my buck?

Sir Arthur. I will complain me of thee to the king.

Brian. I'll complain unto the king, you spoil his game: 'tis strange that men of your account and calling will offer it. I tell you true, sir Arthur and sir Ralph, that none but you have only spoil'd my game.

Sir Arthur. I charge you stop us not.

Brian. I charge you both get out of my ground. Is this a time for such as you, men of place, and of your gravity, to be abroad a thieving? 'tis a shame; and afore God if I had shot at you, I had served you well enough. [Exeunt.]

Enter BANKS the Miller, wet on his legs.

Banks. Foot, here's a dark night indeed: I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest—Soft, here's Enfield church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard, for to steal some filberts—Well, here I'll sit in the church-porch, and wait for the rest of my consorts.

Enter SEXTON.

Sexton. Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us. Here was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best nut-cracker that ever dwelt in England—³⁸ Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew. Lord bless us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch! O lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my night-cap, my heart fails; this is the ghost of Theophilus: O lord, it follows me, I cannot say my prayers and one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit! I have bowld and drunk and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you—O lord!

Enter PRIEST.

Priest. Grass and hay! we are all mortal; who's there?

Sexton. We are grass and hay indeed: I know you to be master parson, by your phrase.

Priest. Sexton!

Sexton. I, sir.

Priest. For mortality's sake, what's the matter?

Sexton. O lord, I am a man of another element; master Theophilus's ghost is in the church porch. There was an hundred cats, all fire, dancing even now, and they are clomb up to the top of the steeple: I'll not into the belfry for a world.

Priest. O Goodman Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night: O Lord! I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an errant thief: mortality haunts us—grass and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage.

[*Exeunt.*]

³⁸Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew.] *Curfew* is derived from two French words *couvrir*, i. e. *tegere* and *feu*, i. e. *ignis*. William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, and that all people should put out their fire and candle and go to bed. The ringing of a bell in the evening is in many places still called ringing the Curfew Bell.

The Miller comes out very softly.

Miller. What noise was that? 'tis the watch; sure that villainous unlucky rogue Smug is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our knavery comes out: I heard one cry, sure.

Enter HOST BLAGUE.

Host. If I go steal any more venison, I am a paradox: foot, I can scarce bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy: if I turn not honest, and serve the good duke of Norfolk as a true mareterraneum ³⁹skinker should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.

Miller. By the mass there are some watchmen; I hear them name master constable: I would my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Miller. 'Tis the constable, by this light: I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself. [Exit.

Host. What the devil is that white thing? this same is a church-yard, and I have heard that ghosts and villainous goblins have been seen here.

Enter SEXTON and PRIEST.

Priest. Grass and hay! oh that I could conjure! we saw a spirit here in the church-yard; and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet.

Sexton. It may be a woman's body, sir John.

Priest. If she be a woman, the sheets damn her. Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

Host. Priest!

Priest. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile?

Sexton. O no, mine host! but there sat one in the porch: I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil.

³⁹ skinker] See Note 17 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

Host. Who's that?

Priest. The Sexton, almost frightened out of his wits : Did you see Banks, or Smug?

Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my house: I'll ne'er serve the duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I breathe. If the devil be among us, it's time to hoist sail, and cry roomer. Keep together; Sexton, thou art secret. What! let's be comfortable one to another.

Priest. We are all mortal, mine host.

Host. True; and I'll serve God in the night hereafter, afore the duke of Norfolk. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARE, and SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM,* *trussing their points, as newly up.*

Sir Ralph. Good-morrow, gentle knight;
A happy day after your short night's rest.

Sir Arthur. Ha, ha, sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?

By'r lady, sir, rest would have done right well:
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy.
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.

Sir Ralph. Sir Arthur, sir Arthur, care go with those days,

Let 'em even go together, let 'em go;
'Tis time, i'faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay it shall not do, it shall not:
No, Mouchensey, thou'lt hear on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt, i'faith;

I'll hang thy son, if there be law in England.

A man's child ravish'd from a nunnery!

This is rare! well, there's one gone for friar Hildersham.

Sir Arthur. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus, it will but hurt your heat; you cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end; but hark you, sir Ralph, I was

* All the copies printed before that of 1655 call them *Sir Ralph Clare* and *Sir Arthur Jerningham*. C.

about to say something; it makes no matter: but hark you, in your ear; the friar's a knave: but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither: 'sfoot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

Sir Ralph. There's one went for the friar an hour ago. Comes he not yet? 'Sfoot, if I do find knavery under's cowl, I'll tickle him, I'll ferk him—Here, here, he's here, he's here. Good-morrow, friar; good-morrow, gentle friar.

Enter HILDERSHAM.

Sir Arthur. Good-morrow, father Hildersham, good-morrow.

Hildersham. Good-morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

Sir Arthur. Father, how now? You hear how matters go;

I am undone, my child is cast away;
You did your best, at least I think the best:
But we are all cross'd; flatly, all is dash'd.

Hildersham. Alas! good knights, how might the matter be?

Let me understand your grief, for charity.

Sir Arthur. Who does not understand my grief?
Alas! alas!

And yet you do not: will the church permit
A nun, in approbation of her habit,
To be ravished?

Hildersham. A holy woman, benedicite!
Now God ⁴⁰forefend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

Sir Arthur. Jesus deliver me!

Sir Ralph. Why, Millisent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken this last night.

Hildersham. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

Sir Ralph. Was she, quoth a? Knavery, knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it, i'faith; is the wind in that door? Is it even so? Dost thou ask me that now?

⁴⁰ forefend] See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

Hildersham. It is the first time that e'er I heard of it.

Sir Arthur. That's very strange.

Sir Ralph. Why, tell me friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, (nor* bear with me) I cannot dissemble: did I aught but by thy own consent? by thy allowance? nay, farther, by thy warrant?

Hildersham. Why, reverend knight—

Sir Ralph. Unreverend friar—

Hildersham. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet:

I had hop'd you had sent for me to some other end.

Sir Arthur. Nay, stay, good friar, if any thing hath hapt

About this matter, in thy love to us,

That thy strict order cannot justify,

Admit it to be so, we will cover it;

Take no care, man:

Disclaim not yet my counsel and advice,

The wisest man that is may be o'er-reach'd.

Hildersham. Sir Arthur, by my order, and my faith, I know not what you mean.

Sir Ralph. By your order, and by your faith? this is most strange of all: why tell me, friar, are not you confessor to my son Frank;

Hildersham. Yes, that I am.

Sir Ralph. And did not this good knight here, and myself,

Confess with you, being his ghostly father,

To deal with him about th' unbanded marriage

Betwixt him and that fair young Millisent?

Hildersham. I never heard of any match intended.

Sir Arthur. Did not we break our minds that very time,

That our device in making her a nun

Was but a colour, and a very plot

To put by young Mouchensey? Is't not true?

Hildersham. The more I strive to know what you should mean,

Probably we ought to read, "Now bear with me." C.

The less I understand you.

Sir Ralph. Did not you tell us still, how Peter Fabel

At length would cross us, if we took not heed?

Hildersham. I have heard of one that is a great magician,

But he's about the university.

Sir Ralph. Did not you send your novice, Benedic, To persuade the girl to leave Mounchensey's love, To cross that Peter Fabel in his art, And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hildersham. I never sent my novice from my house, Nor have we made our visitation yet.

Sir Arthur. Never sent him! nay, did he not go? and did not I direct him to the house, and confer with him by the way? and did not he tell me what charge he had received from you, word by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hildersham. That you shall know; he came along with me,

And stays without:—Come hither, Benedic.

Enter BENEDIC.

Young Benedic, were you e'er sent by me To Cheston-nunnery for a visitor?

Benedic. Never, sir, truly.

Sir Ralph. Stranger than all the rest!

Sir Arthur. Did not I direct you to the house, Confer with you from Waltham-abbey Unto Cheston-wall?

Benedic. I never saw you, sir, before this hour.

Sir Ralph. The devil thou didst not!—Ho Chamberlain.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain. Anon, anon.

Sir Ralph. Call mine host Blague hither.

Chamberlain. I will send one over, sir, to see if he be up: I think he be scarce stirring yet.

Sir Ralph. Why, knave, didst thou not tell me an hour ago mine host was up?

Chamberlain. Ay, sir, my master's up.

Sir Ralph. You knave, is he up, and is he not up?
Dost thou mock me?

Chamberlain. Ay, sir, my master is up; but I think master Blague indeed be not stirring.

Sir Ralph. Why, who's thy master? Is not the master of the house thy master?

Chamberlain. Yes, sir, but master Blague dwells over the way.

Sir Arthur. Is not this the George? Before Jove there's some villany in this.

Chamberlain. Foot, our sign's remov'd; this is strange!

Enter BLAGUE, trussing his points.

Host. Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings.
Bid Nell look well to the bak'd meat.

⁴¹ How now, my old Jenerts bank, my horse,
My castle; lie in Waltham all night, and
Not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?

Sir Arthur. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a question: look upon your sign.

Host. Body of St. George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers. I'll tickle his catastrophe for this; if I do not indict him at the next assizes for burglary, ⁴² let me die of the yellows; for I see it is no boot in these days

⁴¹ How now, my old jenerts bank, my horse,

My castle; &c.] I once suspected this passage of corruption, but have found reason to change my opinion. The merry Host seems willing to assemble ideas expressive of *trust* and *confidence*. The old quartos begin the word *jenert* with a capital letter; and, therefore, we may suppose *Jenert's bank* to have been the shop of some banker, in whose possession money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say---as sure as *Burton's Bank*; and our own countrymen---as safe as the *Bank of England*. We might read ---*my house* instead of *my horse*, as the former agrees better with *Castle*. The services of a *horse* are of all things the most uncertain. S.

⁴² --- *let me die of the yellows*;] i. e. of a disease peculiar to horses. So, in Shakspeare's *Taming of a Shrew*:

"His horse sped with spavins, and raied with the yellows." S.

to serve the good duke of Norfolk: the villainous world is turn'd manger; one jade deceives another, and your hostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share. Have we comedies in hand, you whorson, villainous male London-letcher?

Sir Arthur. Mine host, we have had the moilingest night of it, that ever we had in our lives.

Host. Is it certain?

Sir Arthur. We have been in the forest all night almost.

Host. Foot, how did I miss you? Heart! I was stealing of a buck there.

Sir Arthur. A plague on you; we were staid for you.

Host. Were you, my noble Romans? Why you shall share; the venison is a footing, *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*; that is, there is a good breakfast provided for a marriage that is in my house this morning.

Sir Arthur. A marriage, mine host!

Host. A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Raymond Mounchensey, young juvenus.

Sir Arthur. How?

Host. 'Tis firm; 'tis done.

We'll shew you a precedent in the civil law for't.

Sir Ralph. How! married?

Host. Leave tricks and admiration, there's a cleanly pair of sheets on the bed in the orchard-chamber, and they shall lie there—What? I'll do it, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir Arthur. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Ralph. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

Host. I renounce your defiance; if you parly so roughly, I'll barricado my gates against you. Stand fair, bully; priest, come off from the rear-ward: what can you say now? 'Twas done in my house; I have shelter in the court for't. Do you see yon ⁴³bay window? I serve the good duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his

⁴³ bay window] See Note 13 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.

lodging. Storm, I care not, serving the good duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter SMUG, MOUNCHENSEY, HARRY CLARE, and MILLISENT.

Smug. Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your Trinidad sack. Is any man here humourous? * We stole the venison, and we'll justify it: say you now.

Host. In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sack; but if you'll lend me a pike staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

Host. I say thou shalt into the cellar.

Smug. 'Sfoot, mine host, shall's not grapple? Pray you, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the duke of Norfolk? [Exit.

Host. In, skipper, in.

Sir Arthur. Sirrah! hath young Mouchensey married your sister?

Harry Clare. 'Tis certain, sir; here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cry'd amen.

Mouchensey. Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beseech you hear me.

Sir Arthur. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you have done that you cannot answer; I dare be bold to seize her from you, for she's a profess'd nun.

Millisent. With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;

This true-love knot cancels both maid and nun.

When first you told me I should act that part,

How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart.

To Cheston with a smiling brow I went,

But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,

That my sweet Raymond might find better means

* See Note 74 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

To steal me thence. In brief, disguis'd he came,
Like novice to old father Hildersham;
His tutor, here, did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath join'd much wit to art.

Sir Arthur. Is it even so?

Millisent. With pardon, therefore, we entreat your smiles?

Love thwarted, turns itself to thousand wiles.

Sir Arthur. Young master Jerningham, were you an actor

In your own love's abuse?

Jerningham. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse my friend.

Host. He speaks like a batchelor of musick; all in numbers. Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my sign post, I would have spread my door with coverlids.

Sir Arthur. Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, master Peter Fabel; and Smug (lord bless us) could never stand upright since.

Sir Arthur. You, sir, 'twas you was his minister that married them.

Sir John. Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last night in the forest stealing venison; now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if the matter should be called in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Arthur. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for't.

Sir John. If you do, I am as resolute as my neighbour vicar of Waltham-abbey—a hem—grass and hay, we are all mortal; let's live till we be hang'd, mine host, and be merry, and there's an end.

*Enter FABEL.**

Fabel. Now, knights, I enter; now my part begins.

* Misprinted *Fabian* in the first editions but corrected in that of 1655.

To end this difference, know, at first I knew
 What you intended, ere your love took flight
 From old Mouchensey : you, sir Arthur Clare,
 Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
 To young Frank Jerningham : to cross this match
 I us'd some pretty sleights, but I protest,
 Such as but sat upon the skirts of art ;
 No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
 As tie the soul to their performancy :
 These, for his love who once was my dear pupil,
 Have I effected. Now, methinks 'tis strange
 That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
 Your forehead on this match ; since reason fails,
 No law can curb the lover's rash attempt ;
 Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent :
 Smile then upon your daughter and kind son,
 And let our toil to future ages prove,
 The devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Sir Arthur. Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence:

Dear son, I take thee up into my heart ;
 Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part,

Host. Why, sir George, send for "Spindle's noise presently:

Ha! ere't be night I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Grass and hay, mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Sir Arthur. What, is breakfast ready, mine host ?

Host. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Arthur. Sirrah! ride strait to Cheston nunnery,
 Fetch thence my lady; the house, I know,
 By this time misses their young votary.
 Come, knights, let's in.

Bilbo. I will to horse presently, sir.—A plague on my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast.—Smug, how chance you cut so plaguely behind, Smug ?

Smug. Stand away, I'll founder you else.

Bilbo. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

⁴⁴ *Spindle's noise*] See note 76 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Smug. I will be, by and by; I will be Saint George again.

Sir Arthur. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

Sir Ralph. Did we not last night find too Saint George's here?

Fabel. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

Clare. Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EDITIONS.

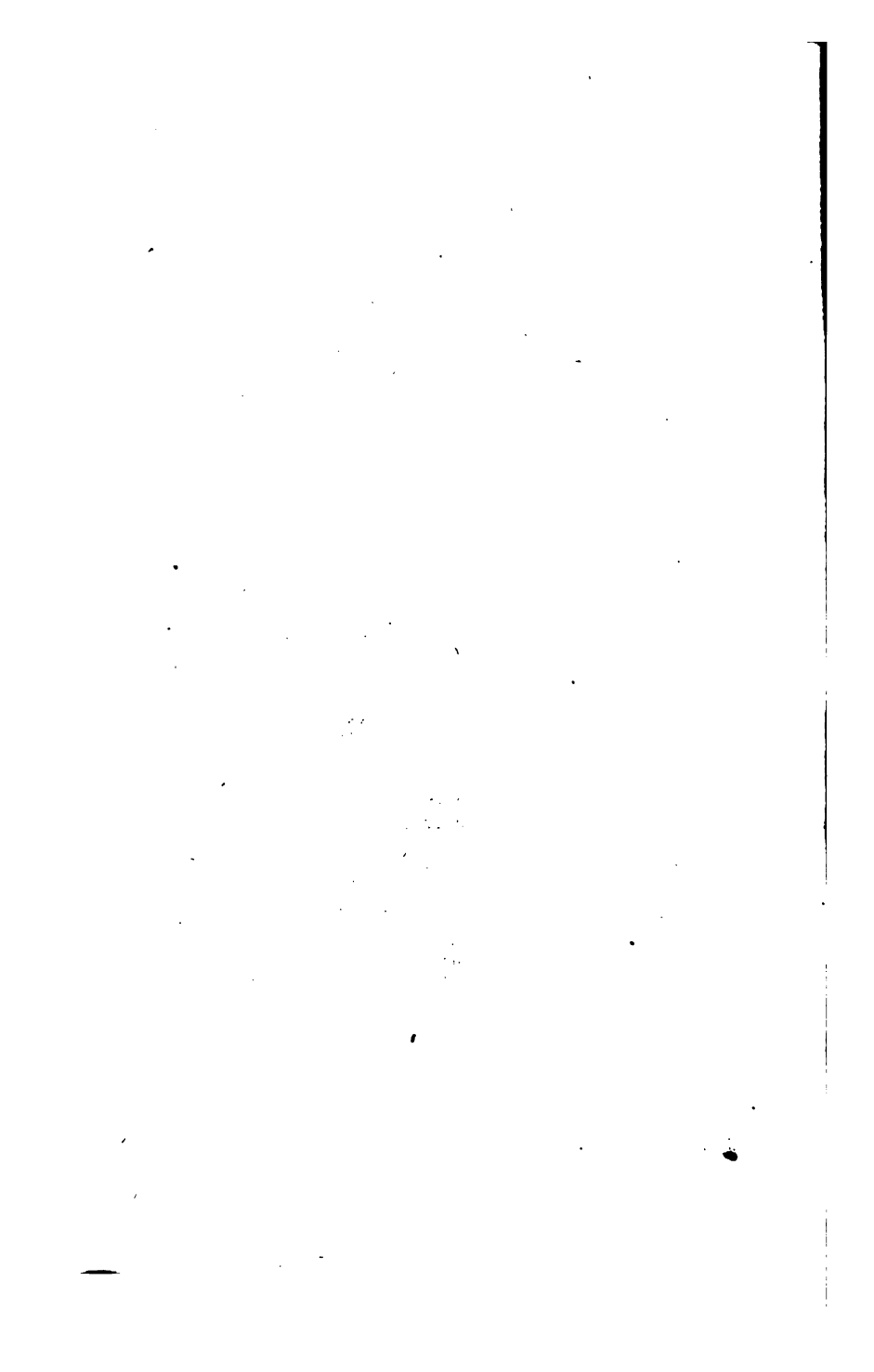
(1.) The Merry Divel of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Globe, on the Banke-side. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Arthur Johnson, dwelling at the signe of the White Horse, in Paule's Church-yard, over-against the great North-doore of Paule's, 1617, 4to.

(2.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Globe, on the Banke-side. London, printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarite's-hill, in Southwarke, 1626, 4to.

(3.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Globe, on the Bancke-side. London. Printed by T. P. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarite's-hill, in Southwarke, 1631, 4to.

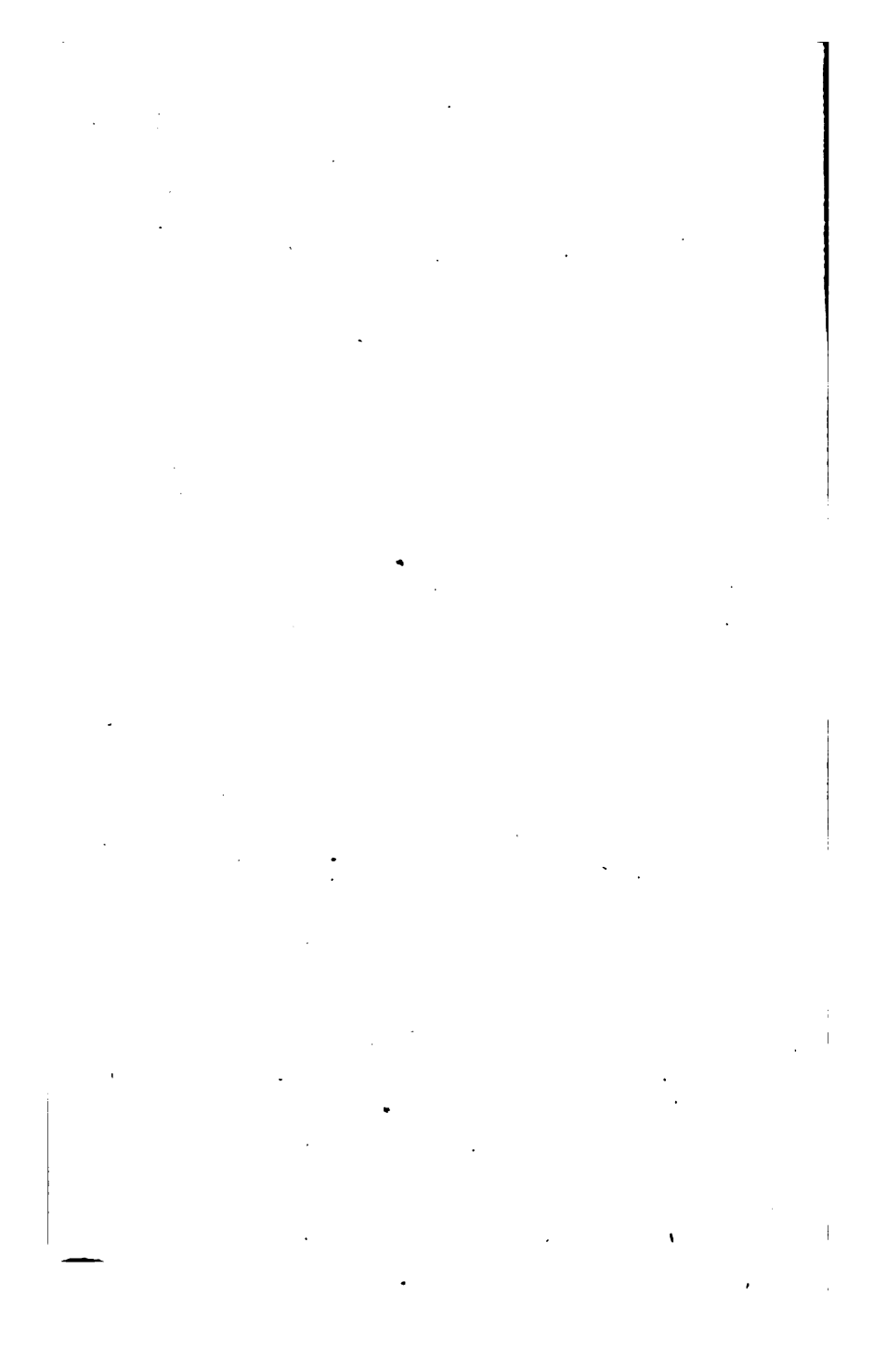
There is also an Edition printed in 1608, by Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson, which I have not been able to obtain a sight of. That of 1655, from which the former Edition of this play was printed, is unworthy of any notice from the number of errors it contains.*

* The imprint of the Edition of 1655 is as follows, and it forms the only variation in the title-page. "London. Printed for William Gilbertson, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Bible, in Giltspur-street, without Newgate. 1655." In the centre is a large wood-cut of a man on horseback, with two others looking at him, alluding probably to the incident regarding the sign in the latter end of the play. C.



A

MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.



THOMAS MIDDLETON was a writer in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles the First. Though an author of considerable reputation, the memory of him is almost lost. No contemporary writer hath transmitted any circumstances concerning him, and, except that we learn he was appointed in the year 1620¹ Chronologer to the City of London,* we are totally ignorant of every thing else which relates to him. He is supposed to have died soon after the year 1626,² having first written the following dramatic performances.

(1.) Your five Gallants.† As it is acted at Black-Friers. 4to. N. D.

(2.) Blurt Master Constable; or, The Spaniard's Night-walke. As it hath been sundry times privately acted by the Children of Paul's. 1602. 4to.

(3.) The Phoenix.‡ As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's, and presented before his Majestie. 1607. 4to. 1630. 4to.

(4.) Michaelmas Term. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to. 1607. 4to. 1630.

(5.) The Familie of Love. Acted by the Children of his Majesties Revels. 1608. 4to.

¹ Oldys's MS. Notes to Langbaine, p. 370.

* The subsequent information is extracted from the Notes of Oldys. "There are two MSS. of this author (Middleton) in being, which have never been taken notice of in any account of him. They were sold in an auction of books at the Apollo Coffee-house, in Fleet-street, about the year 1785, by Edward Lewis, but puffed up to a great price, bought back, and could not afterwards be recovered. They are entitled, 1st. 'Annales; or, a Continuation of Chronologie: conteyning passages and occurrences proper to the Honourable City of London; beginning in the year 1620. By Thomas Middleton; then received by their honourable Senate, as Chronologer for the Cittie.' 2dly. 'Middleton's Farrago.'" C.
² Malone's Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 324.

† Entered in the Books of the Stationers' Company, 22d March, 1607 (i. e. 1607-8), under the title of *the five wittie Gallants*. I. R.

‡ Licenced by the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, the 9th May, 1607. See Chalm. Supp. Apol. 200. O. G.

(6.) *A Mad World, my Masters.* As it hath been lately in action by the Children of Paul's. 1608. 4to. 1640. 4to.

(7.) *A Tricke to catch the Old-one.* As it hath been often in action both at Paul's and Black-fryers. Presented before his Majestie on New-year's-night last. 1608. 4to. 1616. 4to.

(8.) *The Roaring Girle; or, Mol Cut-purse.* As it hath been acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar. 1611. 4to.

(9.) *A Faire Quarrell.* With new additions of Mr. Chaugh's and Trimtram's Roaring and the Baud's Song. Never before printed. As it was acted before the King by the Prince his Highnesse Servants. Written by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent. 1617. 4to.

(10.) *The Inner Temple Masque; or, Masque of Heroes.* Presented (as an Entertainement for many worthy ladies) by Gentlemen of the same ancient and noble House. 1619. 4to.

(11.) *A Courtly Masque: The Device, called The World tost at Tennis.* As it hath beene divers times presented to the contentment of many noble and worthy Spectators: by the Prince his Servants. Invented and set downe by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent. N. D. 4to.*

(12.) *A Game of Chæss.* As it was acted nine days together, at the Globe on the Banks-side. N. D. 4to. In a copy of this play, belonging to Thomas Pearson,

* The following has been assigned to Middleton, but disputed: the copy from which the following is taken is full of MS. corrections, in a hand-writing of the time of great importance to the sense. It is not improbable that they were made by the author himself.

"*Corona Minervæ*, or a Masque presented before Prince Charles " his Highnesse, the Duke of York, his brother, and the Lady Mary, " his sister, the 27th February, at the Colledge of the *Museum Minervæ*. London, Printed for William Sheares. 1635."

If Thomas Middleton died about 1626, he could not of course be the author of this production. C.

Esq. in an old hand, is the following memorandum :
 " After nine days, wherein I have heard some of the
 " actors say, they took fifteen hundred pounds, the
 " Spanish faction being prevalent, got it suppressed ;
 " and the author, Mr. Thomas Middleton, committed
 " to prison, where he lay some time, and at last got
 " out upon this petition to King James.*

" A harmless Game coyned only for delight,
 " Was play'd betwixt the black house and the white.
 " The white house won. Yet still the black doth brag,
 " They had the power to put me in the bag.
 " Use but your royal hand, 'twill set me free,
 " 'Tis but removing of a man that's me.

" THOMAS MIDDLETON."

(13.) A Chast Mayd in Cheepe-side. A pleasant, conceited Comedy, never before printed. As it hath been often acted at the Swan, by the Lady Elizabeth her Servants. 1630. 4to.

(14.) The Widow : a Comedy. Acted at the private house in Black-fryars, with great applause, 4to. 1652. This play was written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, and Thomas Middleton.

* Mr. Chalmers, in his Apology, p. 496, produces a number of State Papers upon this singular proceeding, from which it appears that the Spanish Ambassador made a remonstrance against the *Game of Chess*, for bringing upon the stage " in a rude dishonourable fashion," the King of Spain, the Conde de Gondomar, the Bishop of Spalato, &c. Secretary Conway, therefore, in a letter dated August 12th, 1624, directed the Privy Council to call the poet and the comedians before it. The answer, dated nine days afterwards, mentions that the players had been rebuked, the play forbidden ; but that Middleton, the author of it, had " shifted out of the way." It appears subsequently, by an entry in the Council Register of the 30th August, 1624, that Middleton having been sent for by warrant from the Board, had " tendered his appearance ; wherefore his indemnity is here entered into the register of Council Causes." In a letter from Madrid, 15th August, 1623, Howell (Familiar Letters, p. 123, edit. 1678) observes, " And I am sorry to hear how other nations do much tax the English of their incivility to public Ministers of State ; and what ballads, and pasquils, and fopperies, and plays, were made against Gondomar, for doing his master's business." This remark was made in the August of the year preceding the calling of Middleton before the Privy Council, and must, therefore, allude to some other play than the *Game of Chess*. C.

(15.) *The Changeling: a Tragedy.* Acted at the private house in Drury-lane and Salisbury-court. 4to. 1653. 4to. 1668. Rowley joined in this.

(16.) *The Spanish Gipsie.* As it was acted (with great applause) at the private house in Drury-lane and Salisbury-court. By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. 4to. 1653. 4to. 1661.

(17.) *The Old Law; or, A new Way to please you.* By Phil. Massinger, Tho. Middleton, and William Rowley. Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury-House, and several other places, with great applause. 1666. 4to.

(18.) *No Wit; No Help like a Woman's: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1657.

(19.) *More Dissemblers besides Women:** A Comedy. 8vo. 1657.

(20.) *Women beware Women: A Tragedy.* 8vo. 1657.

(21.) *The Mayor of Quinborough: A Comedy.* Acted at Black-fryars. 4to. 1661. See vol. XI.

(22.) *Any Thing for a quiet Life: A Comedy.* Formerly acted at Black-fryers. 4to. 1662.

He is also the Author of a Play, called *THE WITCH*; the MS. of which is in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq. A very full account of this play, from which there is reason to believe Shakspeare borrowed the incantations of Macbeth, is given by Mr. Steevens in a Note on Mr. Malone's Attempt to settle the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. See p. 325.

He was also the Author of

(1.) *The Triumphs of Truth.* A solemnity unparalleled for cost, art, and magnificence, at the confirmation and establishment of that worthy and true

* The following licence which appears in the Office Book of Sir H. Herbert, Master of the Revels, shews that in 1623 *More Dissemblers besides Women*, was considered "an old play," though not printed until 1657.

"1623, Octo. 13. For the King's Company, an old play called "more dissemblers besides Women: allowed by Sir George Bucke, "and being free from alterations was allowed by me for a new "play, called *The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury* put to use, written "by Fletcher." O. G.

nobly-minded gentleman Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, in the honourable office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the thrice famous Cittie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Jude's Day, October, 29, 1613. 4to. 1613.*

(2.) The Sunne in Aries. A noble solemnity performed though the Citie at the sole cost and charges of the honourable and ancient Fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most worthy Brother the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, in the high office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the famous Citie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and perfecting itself after his returne from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, being the 29th of October, 1621. 4to. 1621.

(3.) The Triumph of Health and Prosperity, at the inauguration of the most worthy Brother the Right Honourable Cuthbert Hasket, Draper. 4to. 1626.†

* The verses composed by Middleton upon the entertainment given by the city of London to James, the Queen, and Henry, in March, 1603, were recited "by W. Bourne, one of the servants to the young Prince," and I think it probable that, as one at least of his plays was acted by Henry's players, he was indebted to the liberality of that promising youth. See Dekkar's account of this ceremony as reprinted in Lord Somers's Tracts, III. 31. O. G.

† The following is found in *Wit's Recreations*, 8vo. 1641.

TO MR. THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Facetious Middleton, thy witty muse
Hath pleased all that books or men peruse.
If any thee despise, he doth but shew
Antipathy to wit in daring so.
Thy fame's above his malice, and 'twill be
Dispraise enough for him to censure thee. O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS, *an old rich Knight.*

RICHARD FOLLY-WIT, *his Grandson.*

HAREBRAIN, *a Citizen.*

PENITENT BROTHEL, *a country Gentleman.*

LIEUTENANT MAWEWORM, } *Comrades to Folly-*
ANTIENT HAUTOY, } *wit.*

INESSE, } *two Brothers.*
POSSIBILITY, }

GUM-WATER, *Sir Bounteous's Man.*

JASPER, *Penitent's Man.*

SEMUS.

RALPH, *Harebrain's Man.*

FOOTMAN.

CONSTABLE.

WATCHMEN.

TWO KNIGHTS.

WOMEN.

MRS. HAREBRAIN.

FRANCES GULMAN, *a Curtezan.*

HER MOTHER.

A SUCCUBUS.

* This list of persons has been corrected and filled up with some explanatory matter from the edition of 1640. C.

'MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter DICK FOLLY-WIT, and his consorts, LIEUTENANT MAWEWORM, ANTIENT HAUTBOY, and others his comrades.

Lieutenant. CAPTAIN, regent, principal!

Antient. What shall I call thee? The noble spark of bounty? The life-blood of society?

³ In the year 1715, Charles Johnson borrowed part of the plot of this play, and introduced it into a Comedy then brought on the stage by him; entitled, "The Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor;" a Play ever since acted with universal applause.

* The following Epistle was prefixed to the edition of this play in 1640, in as much as it alludes to Middleton's death, and to some other matters it was thought worth subjoining. C.

"The Printer and Stationer to the gentle Reader.

"Courteous Reader, let not the title or name of this Comedy be any forestalling or weakening of the worthy author's judgment, whose known abilities will survive to all posterities, though he be long since dead. I hope the reading thereof shall not prove distasteful unto any in particular, nor hurtful unto any in general; but I had rather trust that the language and the plot which you shall find in each scene shall rather be commended and applauded, than any way derided or scorned. In the action, which is the life of a Comedy, and the glory of the author, it hath been sufficiently expressed to the liking of the spectators and commendations of the actors, who have set it forth in such lively colours, and to the meaning of the gentleman that true penned it, that I dare say few can excel them, though some may equal them. In the reading of one act you guess the consequence, for here is no bombasted or fustian stuff, but every line weighed as with balance, and every sentence placed with judgment and deliberation. All that you can

Folly-wit. Call me your forecast, you whore-sons ! when you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into form still ; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not give a louse for the proceeding : I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upon the tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and conscience.

Lieutenant. A ha, our little forecast !

Folly-wit. Hang you, you have bewitch'd me among you ! ⁴ I was as well-given till I fell to be wicked, my grandsire had hope of me : I went all in black, swore but a sundays ; never came home drunk, but upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach ; 'slid, now I am quite altered ! blown into light colours ; let out oaths by the minute ; sit up late till it be early ; drink drunk, till I am sober ; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop : here's a transformation ! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money ; 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience ! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Lieutenant. I deny the last ; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

Folly-wit. How prove you that, sir ?

find in the perusal I will give you notice of before hand to prevent a censure that may arise in thy reading of this Comedy, as also for the excuse of the author ; and that is this : here and there you shall find some lines that do answer in metre, which I hope will not prove so disdainful, whereby the book may be so much slighted as not to be read ; or the author's judgment undervalued as of no worth. Consider (gentle Reader) it is full twenty years since it was written, at which time metre was most in use, and shewed well upon the conclusion of every act and scene. My prevalent hope desires thy charitable censure and thereby draws me to be

" Thy immutable friend,

" J. S."

⁴ *I was us well given, &c.]* Imitated from Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. A. 3. S. 3. where Falstaff says, " I was as " virtuously given, as a gentleman need be ; virtuous enough : " swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy " house, not above once in a quarter---of an hour ; paid money that " I borrow'd, three or four times ; liv'd well, and in good compass : " and now I live out of all order, out of all compass."

Lieutenant. Because the drawers never fill their pots.

Folly-wit. Mass, that was well found out, all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, now I'm put i'th' mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains? yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits?

Antient. I warrant you for blushing, captain.

Folly-wit. I easily believe that, Antient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all; 'tis Lent in your cheeks, 'the flag's down. Well, your blushing-face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing-face, unless you had more money in your purses: then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolick grandsire, sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me. I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I think one mind runs through a million of them; they love to keep us sober all the while they're alive, that when they are dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers funerals. I know my grandsire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it: there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.

Lieutenant. You may build upon that, captain.

Folly-wit. Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I will do myself good before he dies; and now I arrive at the purpose.

* *the flag's down.*] On the tops of our ancient theatres were flags, which we may suppose to have been taken down during the season of Lent, when Plays were not suffered to be represented. See Preface to the Edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. I. p. 85. S.

Thus in Dekkar's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, Plain-dealing says,

"She takes downe the flagge: belike the play is done."

See also Note 37. C.

You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandsire sir Bounteous Progress is a knight of thousands, and therefore ⁶ no knight since one thousand six hundred; next, that he keeps a house like his name, Bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon ⁷ the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mix'd together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate. To be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandsire like a lord.

Lieutenant. How, captain?

Folly-wit. A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't. I can hire blue coats for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

Lieutenant. But pr'ythee, captain?

Folly-wit. Pish, I reach past your fathoms: you desire crowns?

Lieutenant. From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

Folly-wit. Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with yourselves.

Enter Mr. PENITENT BROTHEL.

Antient. Why there spoke a Roman captain!—Mr. Penitent Brothel!

Penitent. Sweet Mr. Folly-wit! [*Exeunt Folly-wit, &c.*] Here's a mad-brain a'th' first rate, whose pranks scorn to have presidents, to be second to any, or walk beneath

⁶ no knight since one thousand six hundred;] Alluding to the number of necessitous people who were created knights by king James after his accession.

⁷ the glory of his complement,] i. e. the number of his servants. We still say a ship full mann'd, that she has her full complement. See also Note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, edit. 1778, vol. II. p. 384. S.

any madcaps inventions; has play'd more tricks than the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow, whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which he maintains all the rest: he's the carrion, and they the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?

I tax his youth of common receiv'd riot,
Time's comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself sooth up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it—love to Harebrain's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserv'd suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrain'd to use the means
Of one that knows no mean, a curtezan,
One poison for another, whom her husband
Without suspicion, innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,
Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself * gives aim.

Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly; see here she comes,
The close curtezan, whose mother is her bawd.

Enter CURTEZAN.

Curtezan. Master Penitent Brothel.

Penitent. My little pretty lady Gulman, the news,
the comfort?

Curtezan. You're the fortunate man, sir knight of
the holland skirt; * there wants but opportunity, and
she's wax of your own fashioning. She had wrought

* *gives aim.*] See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

* Perhaps we ought to read, "Knight of the Holland shirt," not skirt, though the latter may be right. C.

herself into the form of your love before my art set finger to her.

Penitent. Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Curtezan. So it should seem by the musick: the only jar is in the grumbling bass-viol her husband.

Penitent. Oh his waking suspicion!

Curtezan. Sigh not, Mr. Penitent; trust the managing of the business with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finish'd: if I do you no good, sir, you shall give me no money, sir.

Penitent. I am arriv'd at the court of conscience; a curtezan! O admirable times! honesty is remov'd to the common place. Farewel, lady. [*Exit Penitent.*]

Enter MOTHER.

Mother. How now, daughter?

Curtezan. What news, mother?

Mother. A token from thy keeper.

Curtezan. Oh, from sir Bounteous Progress: he's my keeper indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mother. Hold thee there, girl.

Curtezan. Fear not me, mother.

Mother. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the fly.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now

'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.

Your base mechanic fellow can spy out

A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.

How do'st behove us then that live by slight,

To have our wits wound up to their stretch'd height?

Fifteen times thou know'st I have sold thy maidenhead

To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet

There's maidenhead enough for old sir Bounteous still.
He'll be all his life-time about it yet, and be as far to
seek when he has done.

The sums that I have told upon thy pillow !
I shall once see those golden days again :
Tho' fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone.
The Italian is not served yet, nor the French :
The British men come for a dozen at once,
They engross all the market : tut my girl,
'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,
That throws their charms over the worldlings senses ;
And when thou spyest a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doats upon thy love,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband.
Be wisely temper'd, and learn this, my wench,
Who gets th' ^o opinion for a virtuous name,
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

Curtezan. Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

Mother. 'Twill be thine own,
I say no more ; peace, hark, remove thyself ;
Oh, the two elder brothers. [*Exit Curtezan.*]

Enter INESSE and POSSIBILITY.

Possibility. A fair hour, sweet lady.

Mother. Good morrow, gentlemen, Mr. Inesse and
Mr. Possibility.

Inesse. Where's the little sweet lady your daughter ?

Mother. Even at her book, sir.

^o *opinion*] i. e. reputation.

So in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Thierry and Theodoret*, vol. 10. p. 169. edit. 1778.

"What *opinion* will the managing

"Of this affair bring to my wisdom ! my invention

"Tickles with apprehension on't !"

The Two noble Kinsmen, vol. 10. p. 74.

"Might breed the ruin of my name, *opinion* !"

Macbeth, A. 1. S. 7.

"He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought

"Golden *opinions* from all sorts of people."

Possibility. So religious?

Mother. 'Tis no new motion, sir, she has took it from an infant.

Possibility. May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

Mother. Upon that condition you will promise me, gentlemen, to avoid all prophane talk, wanton compliments, indecent phrases, and lascivious courtings (which I know my daughter will sooner die than endure), I am contented your suits shall be granted.

Possibility. Not a bawdy syllable I protest.

Inesse. Syllable was well plac'd there; for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words: prick that down. [Exeunt.]

Enter MASTER HAREBRAIN.

Harebrain. She may make night-work on't; 'twas well recover'd,
He-cats and curtizans stroll most i'th' night,
Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly;
I'll be at charge for ¹⁰ watch and ward, for watch and ward
I'faith, and here they come.

*Enter two or three.**

First. Give your worship good even.

Harebrain. Welcome, my friends; I must deserve your diligence

In an employment serious. The truth is,
There is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered,
To rob my house; the night uncertain when,
But fix'd within the circle of this month;
Nor does this villainy consist in numbers,
Or many partners, only some one shall
In the form of my familiar friend,
Be receiv'd privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Address'd fit for the practice.

First. O abominable!

Harebrain. If you be faithful watchmen, shew your goodness,

¹⁰ watch and ward] See Note 145 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

• Watchmen, says the Edit. of 1640. C.

And with these angels shore up your eye-lids:
Let me not be purloin'd, purloin'd indeed; the merry
Greeks conceive me: there is a jem I would not lose,
kept by the Italian under lock and key: we Englishmen
are careless creatures: well, I have said enough.

Second. And we will do enough, sir. [*Ereunt.*]

Harebrain. Why well said, watch me a good turn
now, so, so, so:

Rise villainy with the lark, why 'tis prevented,
Or steal't by with the leather winged bat,
The evening cannot save it; peace.

Enter CURTEZAN.

Oh, lady Gulman, my wife's only company, welcome!
and how does the virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty
be in the world, she has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her life-time in court, city, and country.

Curtezan. She has always carried it well in those places, sir; witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*]
How does your sweet bed-fellow, sir? you see I'm her boldest visitant.

Harebrain. And welcome, sweet virgin; the only companion my soul wishes for her. I left her within at her lute; pr'ythee give her good council.

Curtezan. Alas! she needs none, sir.

Harebrain. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amiss to her.

Curtezan. I'll bestow my labour, sir.

Harebrain. Do, labour her pr'ythee; I have convey'd away all her wanton pamphlets; as ¹¹ *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*; oh, two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife! here, here, pr'ythee take the resolution, and read to her a little.

Curtezan. She has set up her resolution already, sir.

Harebrain. True, true, and this will confirm it the more; there's a chapter of *Hell*, 'tis good to read, this cold weather; terrify her, terrify her. Go, read to her

¹¹ *Hero and Leander*] By Christopher Marlow.
Venus and Adonis] By Shakspeare.

the horrible punishments for itching wantons, the pains allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreams are answerable, say so: rip up the life of a curtezan, and shew how loathsome 'tis.

Curtezan. The gentleman would persuade me in time to disgrace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside*]. [*Exit.*]

Harebrain. This is the course I take; I'll teach the married man

A new selected strain; I admit none

But this pure virgin to her company:

Puh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her stint,

I'll put her to her pension;

She gets but her allowance, that's a bare one,*

Few women but have that beside their own:

Ha, ha, ha, nay, I'll put her hard to't.

Enter WIFE and CURTEZAN.

Wife. Fain would I meet the gentleman.

Curtezan. Pish, fain would you meet him; why, you do not take the course?

Harebrain. How earnestly she labours her, like a good wholesome sister of the family; she will prevail I hope.

Curtezan. Is that the means?

Wife. What is the means? I would as gladly, to enjoy his sight, embrace it as the——

Curtezan. Shall I have hearing? listen.

Harebrain. ²¹ She's round with her i'faith.

Curtezan. When husbands in their rank'st suspicions dwell,

Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well:

Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,

He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you;

Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,

To visit such and such, still give denial:

Both the editions give the line thus:—

"She gets but her allowance, that's bare one;" but as the metre and the meaning seem to require the article, it has been inserted. C.

²¹ *She's round with her i'faith*] i. e. she speaks plainly, in earnest to her. So Polonius in *Hamlet*:

Pray you be round with him. S.

Let no persuasions sway you, they are but fetches
Set to betray you, jealousies, slights, and reaches.
Seem in his sight to endure the sight of no man,
Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common ;
Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen ;
If he chance steal upon you, let him find
Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
And quoted scriptures, tho' for your own pleasure
You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it,
This is the course, my wench, to enjoy thy wishes,
Here you perform best, when you most neglect,
The way to daunt, is to outvy suspect ;
Manage these principles with art and life,
Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Harebrain. She puts it home i'faith, e'en to the quick,
From her elaborate action I reach that.
I must requite this maid, faith I'm forgetful.

Wife. Here, lady, convey my heart unto him in this
jewel,

Against you see me next you shall perceive
I have profited ; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet i'th' master's side,
My husband's jealousy,
That masters him, as he doth master me ;
And as a keeper that locks prisoners up,
Is himself prison'd under his own key :
Even so my husband in restraining me,
With the same ward bars his own liberty.

Curtezan. I'll tell him how you wish it, and ¹³ I'll
wear

My wits to the third pile, but all shall clear:

Wife. I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

¹³ — I'll wear

My wits to the third pile, &c.] The allusion is to velvet. Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*, says, he has wore *thres pile*. See Note on this passage, edit. 1778, vol. IV. p. 367. S.

Curtezan. Think you so, lady? he has small reason for't.

Harebrain. What, done so soon? away, to't again, to't again, good wench, to't again, leave her not so: where left you? come.

Curtezan. Faith, I am weary, sir.
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Harebrain. No; let me come, fie wife, you must consent. What opinion is't? let's hear.

Curtezan. Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
• That every sin is damn'd.

Harebrain. Oh fie, fie, wife! pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time? for shame be converted: there's a diabolical opinion indeed! then you may think that usury were damn'd: you're a fine merchant i'faith; or bribery? you know the law well; or sloth? would some of the clergy heard you, i'faith: or pride? you come at court! or gluttony? you're not worthy to dine at an alderman's table:

Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villainous ring-worm, woman's worst requital,
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to th' pit-hole;
Ah, that's an arch-offence, believe it squal,
• All sins are venial but venereal.

Curtezan. I've said enough to her.

Harebrain. And she will be rul'd by you.

Curtezan. Fah.

Harebrain. I'll pawn my credit on't. Come hither, lady,
I will not altogether rest ingrateful;
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and council.

Curtezan. It is not so much worth, sir; I am a very ill counsellor, truly.

Harebrain. Go to, I say.

Curtezan. Y'are to blame i'faith, sir, I shall ne'er deserve it.

Harebrain. Thou hast don't already: farewell, sweet virgin; pr'ythee let's see thee oft'ner.

Curtezan. Such gifts will soon intreat me. [*Exit*-

Harebrain. Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,

Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices ;

Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end ;

Thou'lt feel an alteration, pr'ythee think on't :

Mine eyes can scarce refrain.

Wife. Keep in your dew, sir, lest when you would, you want it.

Harebrain. I've pawn'd my credit on't ; ah, didst thou know

The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go.

Wife. 'Tis that I strive to get.

Harebrain. And still do so. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS, with two Knights.

First. You have been too much like your name, sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, not so, good knights, not so, you know my humour ; most welcome, good sir Andrew Polcut : * sir Aquitain Colewort, most welcome.

Both. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt at one door.*

At the other, enter in haste a FOOTMAN.

Footman. Oh, cry your worship, heartily mercy, sir.

Sir Bounteous. How now, linen stockings, and three-score mile a-day ; whose footman art thou ?

Footman. Pray, can your worship tell me, ho, ho, ho, if my lord be come in yet.

Sir Bounteous. Thy lord ! what lord ?

Footman. My lord Owe-much, sir.

Sir Bounteous. My lord Owe-much ! I have heard much speech of that lord, he has great acquaintance i'th' city ; that lord has been much followed.

Footman. And is still, sir ; he wants no company

* It is doubtful what name is here meant, whether Polecut or Polecat : the quarto of 1608 has it *Polecut*, and that of 1640 *Polcut* : but it is not a matter of much moment. C.

when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of them all dare cross him.

Sir Bounteous. And they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i'th' end. Much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him; art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

Footman. Thinks your worship so, sir? by your leave, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Puh; passion of me, footman! why, pumps I say, come back.

Footman. Does your worship call?

Sir Bounteous. Come hither, I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well: how do'st know? did he name the house with the great turret o'th' top?

Footman. No faith did he not, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Come hither, I say, did he speak of a cloth o' gold chamber?

Footman. Not one word by my troth, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Come again, you lousy seven mile an hour.

Footman. I beseech your worship detain me not.

Sir Bounteous. Was there no task of a pair of organs, a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

Footman. 'Twere sin to bely my lord; I heard no such words, sir.

Sir Bounteous. A pox confine thee, come again, puh.

Footman. Your worship will undo me, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Was there no speech of a long dining room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser board?

Footman. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous. Whom did he name?

Footman. Why, one sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Bounteous. Ah, a, a, I am that sir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.

Footman. Puh!

[Laughs.]

Sir Bounteous. I knew I should have him i'th' end : there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours, 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complimentary gift given me above ordinary country knights, and how soon 'tis smelt out ! I warrant ye, there's not one knight i'th' shire able to entertain a lord i'th' cue, or a lady i'th' nick like me ; like me ! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me. I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't ; cuds me, I forget myself, where—

Footman. Does your worship call ?

Sir Bounteous. Run sirrah, ¹⁴ call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, expedite ; and how does my good lord ? I never saw him before in my life. ¹⁵ A cup of bastard for this footman !

Footman. My lord has travell'd this five year, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Travell'd this five year ? how many children has he ? some bastard, I say !

Footman. No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous. A cup of sack to strengthen his wit, the footman's a fool.

*Enter GUM-WATER.**

Oh, come hither master Gum-water, come hither, send presently to Mr. Pheasant for one of his hens ; there's partridge i'th' house.

Gum-water. And wild duck an't please your worship.

¹⁴ *Call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold,*] Stewards of Noblemen and Gentlemen of property used formerly to wear a gold chain. So, in Massinger's *New way to Pay old Debts*, A. 1. S. 1. Order the Steward says :

“ Set all things right, or as my name is Order,

“ And by this staff of office that commands you

“ *This chain* and double ruff, symbols of power !”

Again, in *The Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 1 :

“ *This chain*, which my lord's peasants worship flouted.”

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

¹⁵ *A cup of bastard,*] See Note 38 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

* The entrance of Gum-water is not mentioned in the old copies, but it is clearly at this part of the dialogue. C.

Sir Bounteous. And woodcock an't please thy worship.

Gum-water. And woodcock an't please your worship, I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir Bounteous. Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down six wood-cocks, ¹⁶ my love's coming: now, sir.

Gum-water. An't please your worship there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Bounteous. Dispatch, I say, dispatch! why, where's my music? he's come indeed.

Enter FOLLY-WIT like a lord, with his comrades in
¹⁷ *blue coats.*

Folly-wit. Footman.

Footman. My lord.

Folly-wit. Run swiftly with my commendations to sir Jasper Topas. We'll ride and visit him i'th' morning, say.

Footman. Your lordship's charge shall be effected.

[*Exit.*]

Folly-wit. That courtly comely form should present to me sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Bounteous. Y'ave found me out, my lord; I cannot hide myself:

Your honour is most spaciously welcome.

Folly-wit. In this forgive me, sir, that being a stranger to your ¹⁸ house

And you, I make my way so bold; and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge;
Only your bounteous disposition
Fame hath divulg'd, and is to me well known.

Sir Bounteous. Nay, and your lordship knows my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

¹⁶ *my love's*] So both the Editions. Probably we should read *my lord's*. S.

¹⁷ *blue coats*] See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

¹⁸ *house*] Both the Quartos read *houses*.

Folly-wit. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness, To have wish'd your lordship where your lordship is, A noble guest in this unworthy seat : Your lordship ne'er heard my organs ?

Folly-wit. Heard of 'em, sir Bounteous, but never heard 'em.

Sir Bounteous. They're but double gilt, my lord ; some hundred and fifty pounds will fit your lordship with such another pair.

Folly-wit. Indeed, sir Bounteous !

Sir Bounteous. O, my lord, I have a present suit to you.

Folly-wit. To me, sir Bounteous ? and you could ne'er speak at fitter time, for I'm here present to grant you.

Sir Bounteous. Your lordship has been a traveller ?

Folly-wit. Some five year, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I have a grandchild, my lord, I love him ; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him : I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Folly-wit. So have we been all, sir.

Sir Bounteous. So have we been all indeed, my lord, I thank your lordship's assistance. Some comic pranks he has been guilty of ; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest trusty bosom.

Folly-wit. And that's worth all, sir.

Sir Bounteous. And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die : *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's : there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming. Shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforesaid Ganimede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup ?

Folly-wit. You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and you call that boldness. Sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

Sir Bounteous. Nay, he has a good wit i'faith, my lord.

Folly-wit. He has carried himself always generously.

Sir Bounteous. Are you advised of that, my lord? he has carried many things cleanly. I'll shew your lordship my will, I keep it above in an out-landish box; the whoreson boy must have all: I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

Folly-wit. Well, sir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

Sir Bounteous. I understand your good lordship, you'll make him your secretary. My music! give my lord a taste of his welcome.

[A strain play'd by the consort: Sir Bounteous makes a courtly honour to that lord, and seems to foot the tune.]

Sir Bounteous. So, how like you our airs, my lord? are they choice?

Folly-wit. They're seldom match'd believe it.

Sir Bounteous. The consort of mine own household.

Folly-wit. Yea, sir!

Sir Bounteous. The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians. Your lordship shall hear my organs now.

Folly-wit. Oh, I beseech you, sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. My Organist.

[The organs play, and covered dishes march over the stage.]

Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ?

Folly-wit. A very proud air, i'faith, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, how can't chuse; a Walloon plays upon them, and a Welchman blows wind in their breech.

[Exeunt.]

[A song to the organs.]

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS, with FOLLY-WIT and his consorts, towards his lodging.*

Sir Bounteous. You must pardon us, my lord;

* This word, and the latter part of the preceding dialogue, shews how consort was formerly applied both to a band of musicians, and

hasty cates, your honour has had ev'n a hunting meal on't; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging; a hard down-bed i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth of tissue-canopy: the curtains indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the prodigal child in silk and gold; only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.

Folly-wit. 'Twas well prevented, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams to your lordship.

Folly-wit. The like to kind sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. Fie, not to me, my lord; I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Folly-wit. Old men should dream best.

Sir Bounteous. Their dreams! indeed, my lord, y'ave gi'nt us: to-morrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fish-ponds, my park, my champain grounds; I keep champers in my house can shew your lordship some pleasure.

Folly-wit. Sir Bounteous, you ev'n overwhelm me with delights.

Sir Bounteous. Once again a musical night to your honour. I'll trouble your lordship no more. [*Exit.*]

Folly-wit. Good rest, sir Bounteous. So, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

Lieutenant. In your lordship's portmanteau.

Folly-wit. Peace, lieutenant.

Lieutenant. I'd rather have war, captain.

Folly-wit. Puh, the plot's ripe! come, to our business, lad,

Tho' guilt condemns, 'tis ¹⁸gilt must make us glad.

Lieutenant. Nay, and you be at your distinctions, captain,

I'll follow behind no longer.

Folly-wit. Get you before then, and overwhelm your nose with your vizard, go.*

to companions: we now distinguish them by spelling the one *concert*, and the other *consort*. C.

¹⁸ *gilt*] i. e. money; *geld*, Dutch. See Notes on *King Henry V.* vol. VI. p. 33. and on *Macbeth*, vol. IV. p. 505. edit. 1778. S.

*The Lieutenant makes his *exit* here, but it is marked in neither copy. C.

Now grandsire, you that hold me at hard meat,
 And keep me out at the ¹⁹dag's end, I'll fit you:
 Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine
 He and his will confesses; what I take then
 Is but a borrowing of so much before hand;
 I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many ²⁰blacks,
 I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard,
 Or requite him in 'scutcheons: let him trap me
 In gold, and I'll lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*. I
 Must look none of his angels in the face, forsooth,
 Until his face be not worth looking on; tut, lads,
 Let sires and grandsires keep us low, we must
 Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust.
 [Exit.]

Enter CURTEZAN with her man.

Curtezan. Go, sirrah, run presently to Mr. Penitent
 Brothel; you know his lodging, knock him up: I
 know he cannot sleep for sighing;
 Tell him, I've happily bethought a mean,
 To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
 Which only rests to be approv'd by him;
 Make haste, I know he thirsts for't. [Exeunt.]

Enter in a masking suit, with a vizard in his hand,

FOLLY-WIT.

Within. Oh.

Folly-wit. Hark, they're at their business.

First Servant. Thieves, Thieves.

Folly-wit. Gag that gaping rascal! though he be my
 grandsire's ²¹chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, I'll
 have no pity of him: how now, lads?

Enter the rest vizarded.

Lieutenant. All's sure and safe, on with your vizard,
 sir: the servants are all bound.

Folly-wit. There's one care past then; come follow

¹⁹ dag's end] i. e. at a distance, as by a sword or pistol advanced against me. *Dag* is an ancient word, signifying either the one or the other. S.

See also Note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

²⁰ blacks] The common term formerly for mournings. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, vol. IV. p. 300. edit. 1778.

²¹ chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold] See Note 14.

me, lads ! I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your fortunes : yon lodging is my grandsire's.

Lieutenant. So, so, lead on, on ! [*Exeunt.*]

Antient. Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring !

Enter with Sir Bounteous in his night-gown.

Sir Bounteous. Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you ?

Folly-wit. Lincolnshire-men, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I am glad of that i'faith.

Folly-wit. And why should you be glad of that ?

Sir Bounteous. Oh, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire ; the kindest natur'd gentlemen ; they'll rob a man with conscience : they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes. Ah, pitiful gentlemen !

Folly-wit. Pish, money, money, we come for money.

Sir Bounteous. Is that all you come for ? Ah, what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day ! alas, good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you ? pray come again another time.

Folly-wit. Tut, tut, sir, money.

Sir Bounteous. Oh not so loud, sir, you're too shrill a gentleman ; I have a lord lies in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Folly-wit. Who, my lord Owe-much ? we have took order with him before hand, he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir Bounteous. Who, my lord ? bound, my lord !—Alas, what did you mean to bind my lord ? he could keep his bed well enough without binding. Y'ave undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Folly-wit. Which is the key ? come !

Sir Bounteous. Ah, I perceive now, y'are no true Lincolnshire spirits ; you come rather out of Bedfordshire, we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you. So, take enough, my masters : spur a free horse, my name's sir Bounteous, a merry world i'faith ; what knight but I keep open house at midnight ? well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Folly-wit. Away now, seize upon him, bind him.

Sir Bounteous. Is this your court of equity? why should I be bound for mine own money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have been too liberal to-night, keep in my hands: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to bear my lord company. You have watch'd your time, my masters; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me ²² a knight of Windsor. You've deserv'd so well, my masters, I bid you all to dinner to-morrow: I would I might have your companies i'faith, I desire no more.

Folly-wit. Oh, ho, sir!

Sir Bounteous. Pray meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Folly-wit. Oh no, here's better music, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Ah, pox feast you.

[*Erit.*

Folly-wit. Dispatch with him, away! so, thank you, good grandsire; this was bounteously done of him i'faith; it came somewhat hard from him at first; for indeed nothing comes stiff from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon. Where's our portmanteau?

Lieutenant. Here, bully captain.

Folly-wit. In with the ²³ purchase, 'twill lie safe enough there under's nose, I warrant you: what, is all sure?

Enter ANTIENT.

Antient. All's sure, Captain.

Folly-wit. You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals. There's no dallying upon the points; you conceit me: there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you pick out that lord now?

Lieutenant. O admirable spirit!

Folly-wit. You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.

²² a knight of Windsor] i. e. one of the poor Knights of Windsor.

²³ purchase] See Note 33 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Antient. But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Folly-wit. Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

Footman. That's I; I thank you, sir.

Folly-wit. The footman of all other will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lies in's clothes, to be first ready in the morning: the horse and he lie in litter together; that's the right fashion of your bonny footman: and his freedom will make the better for our purpose; for we must have one in the morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves. We now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease; to be thieves and lie by't; look to't, lads, it concerns every man's gullet: I'll not have the jest spoiled, that's certain, though it hazard a windpipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hang'd like a thief as I am; and that's my resolution.

Lieutenant. Troth, a match captain, of all hands.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CURTEZAN, with Mr. PENITENT BROTHEL.

Curtezan. Oh, Mr. Penitent Brothel!

Penitent Brothel. What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?

Curtezan. A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.

Penitent Brothel. I would embrace that, lady, with such courage,

I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Curtezan. I will give trust to you, sir; the cause then why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it:

You love that woman, Mr. Harebrain's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom,
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

Penitent Brothel. I'm covetous, lady.

Curtezan. You know her husband ling'ring in suspect,
Locks her from all society, but mine.

Penitent Brothel. Most true.

Curtezan. I only am admitted, yet hitherto

That has done you no real happiness ; by my admittance I cannot perform that deed, that should please you, You know : wherefore thus I have convey'd it ; I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

Penitent Brothel. Good.

Curtezan. Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.

Penitent Brothel. And in that sense I call'd it ; but * take me with you, lady : would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly violent ?

Curtezan. Puh, all the world knows women are soon down : we can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark, and bestow ten pound in physic upon't : we're likest ourselves when we're down ; 'tis the easiest art and cunning for our ²⁴ sect to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well ; for since we were made for a weak imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for : I thus translated, and yourself slipp'd into the form of a physician.

Penitent Brothel. I a physician, lady ! talk not on't I beseech you : I shall shame the whole college.

Curtezan. Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose ; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfum'd in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate, and restoring of my health. Lay on load enough upon them, and spare them not, for they are good plump fleshly asses, and may well enough bear it : let gold, amber, and dissolved pearl, be common ingredients ; and that you cannot compose a cullice without them. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall be both a sufficient recompense for all my pains in your love ; and the ready means to make Mistress Harebrain's way, by the visiting of me, to your mutual desired company.

²⁴ take me with you, lady] See Note 21 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

²⁵ sect] i. e. sex. See Note 15 to *The Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII.

Penitent Brothel. I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will instantly embrace it. [*Exeunt.*]

Voices within.

Sir Bounteous. Ho, Gum-water!

Folly-wit. Singlestone!

Within. Jenkin, wa, ha, ho.

Within. Ewen!

Within. Simcod!

Folly-wit. Footman! whew—

Footman. O good your worship, let me help your good old worship.

*Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, with a cord half unbound,
footman with him.*

Sir Bounteous. Ah, poor honest footman. How did'st thou 'scape this massacre?

Footman. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I think so; I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scap'd them: I could have but risen like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces; so, so, 'tis well! I thank thee: run to thy fellows; undo them, undo them, undo them!

Footman. Alas, if my lord should miscarry! they're unbound already, sir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. [*Exit.*]

Sir Bounteous. If I be not asham'd to look my lord in the face, I'm a Saracen. My lord!

Folly-wit. Who's that?

Sir Bounteous. One may see he has been scar'd: a pox on them for their labours.

Folly-wit. Singlestone!

Sir Bounteous. Singlestone? I'll never answer to that, i'faith.

Folly-wit. Suchman!

Sir Bounteous. Suchman? nor that neither, i'faith; I am not brought so low, though I be old.

Folly-wit. Who's that in the chamber?

Sir Bounteous. Good morrow, my lord, 'tis I.

Folly-wit. Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it. Is this the courtesy of the country, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous. Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss;

'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found,
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Folly-wit. Trust me, I thought you had been better belov'd, sir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, sir, and your friends fare the worse for them: I like your talk better than your lodging; I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down; I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous. Faith! Lincolnshire-men, my lord.

Folly-wit. How? fie, fie, believe it not, sir; these lie not far off, I warrant you.

Sir Bounteous. Think you so, my lord?

Folly-wit. I'll be burnt if they do; some that are used to your house, sir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.

Sir Bounteous. This is the commodity of keeping open house, my lord, that makes so many shut their doors about dinner-time.

Folly-wit. They were resolute villains: I made myself known to them, told them what I was, gave them my honourable word not to disclose them.

Sir Bounteous. O saucy, unmannerly villains!

Folly-wit. And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?

Sir Bounteous. They would not?

Folly-wit. Forsooth no, I must pardon them; they told me lords promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred came to any full growth or perfection; and therefore, though I were a lord, I must enter into bond.

Sir Bounteous. Insupportable rascals!

Folly-wit. Troth, I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you far'd the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Bounteous. Ah, good my lord, but I'm sure your lordship far'd the worse.

Folly-wit. Pray pity not me, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? a murren meet them, I feel it.

Folly-wit. About this place, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous. You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

Folly-wit. Ay, e'en a twinge, you say right.

Sir Bounteous. A pox discover them, that twinge I feel too.

Folly-wit. But that which disturbs the most, sir Bounteous, lies here.

Sir Bounteous. True; about the wrist, a kind of tæmid numbness.

Folly-wit. You say true, sir.

Sir Bounteous. The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

Folly-wit. Mass, so I guess'd it.

Sir Bounteous. A mischief swell them! for I feel that too.

Lieutenant. 'Slid, here's a house haunted indeed.

Sir Bounteous. A word with you, sir.

Folly-wit. How now, Singlestone?

Lieutenant. I'm sorry, my lord, your lordship has lost—

Sir Bounteous. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Folly-wit. What have I lost? speak.

Sir Bounteous. A good night's sleep say.

Folly-wit. Speak, what have I lost I say?

Lieutenant. A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.

Folly-wit. That's true; my clothes, come.

[*Curtains draw.*]

Lieutenant. My lord's clothes, his honour's rising.

Sir Bounteous. Hist, well said, come hither; what has my lord lost? tell me, speak softly.

Lieutenant. His lordship must know that, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Hush, pr'ythee tell me.

Lieutenant. 'Twill do you no pleasure to know it, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Yet again, I desire it I say.

Lieutenant. Since your worship will needs know it, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair ^{as} Spur Royals.

Sir Bounteous. That's some two hundred i'th' total.

Lieutenant. Your worship's much about it, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money, let not my lord know on't.

Lieutenant. Oh pardon me, sir Bounteous, that were a dishonour to my lord: should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir Bounteous. How should it come to his ear? if you be my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for it; and I had rather give you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace. Come, go to, follow me, I say.

Lieutenant. There will be scarce time to tell it, sir, my lord will away instantly.

Sir Bounteous. His honour shall stay dinner by his leave; I'll prevail with him so far: and now I remember a jest, I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night; I would I might have their companies; a pox poison them.

[*Exit.*

Lieutenant. Faith, and you are like to have no other guests, sir Bounteous, if you have none but us; I'll give you that gift i'faith.

[*Exeunt.* *]

^{as} Spur Royals] See Note 17 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.

* The edition of 1640 has the following direction at the end of this act not found in the copy of 1608. "A song sung by the musicians, and after the song a country dance by the Actors in their vizards to a new footing. C.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Master HAREBRAIN with two elder brothers, Master INESSE, and Master POSSIBILITY.

Possibility. You see, bold guests, Master Harebrain.

Harebrain. You're kindly welcome to my house, good Mr. Inesse, and Mr. Possibility.

Inesse. That's our presumption, sir.

Harebrain. Ralph?

Ralph. Here, sir.

Harebrain. Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen, my friends.

Ralph. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Harebrain. I will observe her carriage, and watch The slippery revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,
And poise her words i'th' balance of ²⁷ suspect:
If she but swag, she's gone; either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectful.
It does behave her carry herself even.

[*Aside.*]

Possibility. But, Mr. Harebrain—

Harebrain. True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?

Possibility. I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Harebrain. Right, so I say.

Possibility. Is it not strange, that in so short a time my little lady Gulman should be so violently handled?

Harebrain. Oh sickness has no mercy, sir;

It neither pities lady's lip, nor eye:

It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,

²⁸ And so deflow'rs her that was ne'er deflow'rd.

Fools then are maids, to lock from men that treasure
Which death will pluck, and never yield them pleasure.

²⁷ suspect] i. e. suspicion. See Note 45 to *Edward II.* vol. II.
²⁸ And so deflow'rs her that was ne'er deflow'rd] The same play upon words we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 5.

— See where she lies

“ Flower as she was deflowered now by him,

“ Death is my Son-in-law,” &c.

See Mr. Collins's Note on this passage.

Ah, gentlemen, tho' I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly, she was my wife's only delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i'th' midst of her extremest fit, still how she call'd upon my wife, remembered still my wife, sweet Mrs. Harebrain. When she sent for me, on one side of her bed stood the physiciau, the scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives; for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

Possibility. But not loose of their bonds, sir.

Harebrain. No, by my faith, sir, I say not so: if the physician could make them loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take physic, that dares not now for poisoning; but, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning, wherein I found her best and richest jewel given as a legacy unto my wife. When I read that, I could not refrain weeping; well, of all other my wife has most reason to visit her, if she have any good nature in her, she'll shew it there. Now, sir, where's your mistress?

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. She desires you, and the gentlemen, your friends, to hold her excused; she has a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Harebrain. Where does it shake her most?

Ralph. All over her body, sir.

Harebrain. Shake all her body? 'tis a saucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague. Pray walk in, gentlemen, I'll see you instantly. [*Exeunt Inesse and Possibility.*]*

Ralph. Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.

Harebrain. What!

Ralph. My mistress has her health, sir;
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From the sight of all men but your own dear self, sir:
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Harebrain. No; visit her again, commend me to her,

* Their departure is not marked in the edition of 1608, nor in that of 1640. C.

Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here to exchange a word or two with her.

Ralph. I'll tell her so, sir.

[*Exit.*

Harebrain. Fool that I am, and madman, beast!
what worse?

Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion, and the purest thought;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself;
To doubt her ways that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects: I, foolish fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barr'd her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper.
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuck'd up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery.
Ah let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious!
And here the unmatch'd comes;

Enter WIFE.

Now, wife, i'faith they're gone,
Pish, see how fearful 'tis, will you not credit me?
They're gone i'faith; why, think you I'll betray you?
Come, come, thy delight and mine, thy only virtuous
friend, thy sweet instructress is violently taken, grie-
vous sick, and, which is worse, she mends not.

Wife. Her friends are sorry for that, sir.

Harebrain. She calls upon thee, poor soul, remem-
bers thee still; thy name whirls in her breath; where's
mistress Harebrain, says she?

Wife. Alas, good soul!

Harebrain. She made me weep thrice: she has put
thee in a jewel in her will.

Wife. Even to the last gasp a kind soul.

Harebrain. Take my man, go, visit her.

Wife. Pray pardon me, sir; alas, my visitation can-
not help her.

Harebrain. Oh, yet the kindness of a thing, wife
Still she holds the same rare temper; take my man, I
say.

Wife. I would not take your man, sir, tho' I did
purpose going.

Harebrain. No? thy reason.

Wife. The world's condition is itself so wild, sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not:
'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
All to the form of its own luxury;
This censure flies from one, that from another;
That man's her squire, says he; her pimp, the other;
She's of the stamp, a third; fourth, I ha' known her:
I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
Then our attires are tax'd; our very gait
Is call'd in question; where a husband's presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes them sink for fear
Into the hearts that breed them: nay, surely
If I went, sir, I would intreat your company.

Harebrain. Mine? pr'ythee, wife, I have been there
already.

Wife. That's all one; although you bring me but to
the door, sir, I would intreat no farther.

Harebrain. Thou'rt such a wife! why I will bring
thee thither then, but not go up, I swear.

Wife. I'faith you shall not, I do not desire it, sir.

Harebrain. Why then content.

Wife. Give me your hand; you will do so, sir?

Harebrain. Why there's my lip I will.

Wife. Why then I go, sir.

Harebrain. With me, or no man; incomparable!
such a woman! [Exeunt.

*Phials, Gallipots, Plate, and an hour-glass by her. The
CURTEZAN on a bed for her counterfeit fit.*

*To her Mr. PENITENT BROTHEL, like a Doctor of
Physic.*

Penitent Brothel. Lady!

Curtezan. Ha, what news?

Penitent Brothel. There's one sir Bounteous Progress

newly alighted from his foot cloth²⁰, and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

Curtezan. 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little short, old spiny gentleman, in a great doublet?

Penitent Brothel. The same, I know him.

Curtezan. He's my sole revenue, meat, drink and rayment! my good physician work upon him, I'm weak.

Penitent Brothel. Enough.

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS.

Sir Bounteous. Why, where 'be these ladies? these plump soft delicate creatures? ha?

Penitent Brothel. Who would you visit, sir?

Sir Bounteous. Visit, who? what are you with the plague in your mouth?

Penitent Brothel. A physician, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Then you are a loose-liver, sir; I have put you to your purgation.

Penitent Brothel. But you need none, you're purg'd in a worse fashion.

Curtezan. Ah, sir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous. How now? what art thou?

Curtezan. Sweet sir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous. Passion of me, what an alteration's here! Rosamond sick, old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink! I was lusty when I came in, but I am down now i'faith; mortality! yea this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot deep; my grave, my grave, my grave. Hist, master doctor, a word, sir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

Penitent Brothel. The plague, sir? no.

Sir Bounteous. Good.

Penitent Brothel. He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no; and of the twain that had been more likely.

Sir Bounteous. How now, my wench? how dost?

²⁰ foot-cloth] It is observed by Mr. Steevens, that anciently the housings of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were denominated a foot-cloth. See Note on *King Richard III.* A. 3. S. 4.

Curtezan. Huh, weak knight, huh.

Penitent Brothel. She says true, he's a weak knight indeed.

Sir Bounteous. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Curtezan. All parts alike, sir.

Penitent Brothel. She says true still, for it holds her in none.

Sir Bounteous. Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

Curtezan. I fear that much, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, oh, if it should be a young Progress when all's done.

Curtezan. You have done your good will, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I see by her, 'tis nothing but a surfeit of Venus, i'faith; and though I be old, I have giv'n't her; but since I had the power to make thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's certain. Master doctor!

Penitent Brothel. Sir.

Sir Bounteous. Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to her.

Penitent Brothel. Marry, sir, some precious cordial, some costly ^{so} refocillation, a composure comfortable and restorative.

Sir Bounteous. Ay, ay, that, that, that.

Penitent Brothel. No poorer ingredients than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or succinum; unicorn's horn, six grains; magisterium pellarum, one scruple.

Sir Bounteous. Ah!

Penitent Brothel. *Ossis de corde cerui*, half a scruple; *aurum potable*, or his tincture.

Sir Bounteous. Very precious, sir.

Penitent Brothel. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glass mortar, with the spirit of diamber—

Sir Bounteous. Nay, pray be patient, sir.

^{so} *refocillation*,] i. e. restoration of strength by refreshment. S.

Penitent Brothel. That's impossible; I cannot be patient and a physician too, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, cry-you-mercy, that's true, sir.

Penitent Brothel. All which aforesaid—

Sir Bounteous. Ay, there you left, sir.

Penitent Brothel. When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add thereto *olei succini, olei masi, et sinnamoni*.

Sir Bounteous. So, sir, *olei masi*,¹ that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.

Penitent Brothel. And has been of a long time, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Well, be of good cheer, wench, there's gold for thee! huh. Let her want for nothing, master doctor; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her—There I gull'd you, Mr. Doctor. [*aside*]. Gather up a good spirit, wench! the fit will away; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles: ha, ha, I have fitted her: an old knight and a cock a'th' game still; I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

Penitent Brothel. No, by my faith, they're hatch'd; they cost you an angel, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Look to her, good Mr. Doctor; let her want nothing; I have given her enough already, ha, ha, ha. [*Erit.*]

Curtezan. So, is he gone?

Penitent Brothel. He's like himself, gone.

Curtezan. Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own flattery, soothing his own defects! He only fears he has done that deed which I ne'er fear'd to come from him in my life. This purchase came unlook'd for.

Penitent Brothel. Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

Curtezan. O, they're welcome, they bring money.

Enter M. INESSE and POSSIBILITY.

Possibility. Mr. Doctor.

Penitent Brothel. I come to you, gentleman.

Possibility. How does she now?

Penitent Brothel. Faith, much after one fashion, sir.

¹ that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.] A pun alluding to the maces which were carried by the serjeants or varlets when they arrested people.

Inesse. There's hope of life, sir?

Penitent Brothel. I see no signs of death of her.

Possibility. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

Penitent Brothel. Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; she has a kind of facility in taking. How comes your band bloody, sir?

Inesse. You may see I met with a scab, sir.

Penitent Brothel. *Diversa genera scabierum*, as Pliny reports, there are divers kind of scabs.

Inesse. Pray let's hear 'em, sir.

Penitent Brothel. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running, your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pandar: but, to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal, are new officers.

Inesse. Why now you come to mine, sir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and covet the head.

Penitent Brothel. Why you saw I deriv'd him, sir.

Inesse. You physicians are mad gentlemen.

Penitent Brothel. We physicians see the most sights of any men living. Your astronomers look upward into the air; we look downward into the body; and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

Inesse. That you have i'faith, sir.

Possibility. Lady, how cheer you now?

Curtezan. The same woman still, huh.

Possibility. That's not good.

Curtezan. Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

Inesse. Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million—Here, Mr. Doctor, spare for no cost.

Possibility. Look what you find there, sir—

Curtezan. What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up, you see I'm down and cannot strive with you, I would rule you else; you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deeply.

Inesse. Tut, an't come to that once we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Possibility. Mrs. Harebrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Curtezan. Hah, huh.

Penitent Brothel. There struck the minute* that brings forth the birth of all my joys and wishes; but see the jar now, how shall I rid these from her?

[*Aside.*

Curtezan. Pray, gentlemen, stay not above an hour from my sight.

Inesse. 'Sfoot! we are not going, lady.

Penitent Brothel. Subtly brought about! yet 'twill not do, they'll stick by't. A word with you, gentlemen.

Both. What says Mr. Doctor?

Penitent Brothel. She wants but settling of her sense with rest; one hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.

Possibility. He says true, i'faith.

Inesse. Get her to sleep, Mr. Doctor; we'll both sit here, and watch by her.

Penitent Brothel. Hell's angels watch you! no art can prevail with them: what with the thoughts of joys, and sight of crosses, my wits are at Hercules's pillars; *non plus ultra.*

[*Aside.*

Curtezan. Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor?

Penitent Brothel. Here, lady.

Curtezan. Your physic works; lend me your hand.

Possibility. Farewell, sweet lady.

Inesse. Adieu, Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Possibility and Inesse.*†

Curtezan. So.

Penitent Brothel. Let me admire thee!

The wit of man wains and decreases soon;
But women's wit is ever at full moon.

* The quarto of 1608 reads *manit*, and so Mr. Reed reprinted it, but the edition of 1640 corrects it to *minute*, which is intelligible.

C.

† It is to be presumed that on this hint they depart, but we are not told so, excepting by inference. C.

Enter Mistress HAREBRAIN.

There shot a star from heaven !
I dare not yet behold my happiness,
The splendor is so glorious and so piercing.

Curtezan. Mistress Harebrain, give my wit thanks hereafter; your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife. Will you but hear a word from me ?

Curtezan. Puh—

Wife. My husband himself brought me to the door, walks below for my return : jealousy is prick-ear'd, and will hear the wagging of a hair.

Curtezan. Pish, you are a faint liver ! trust yourself with your pleasure, and me with your security, go.

Penitent Brothel. The fulness of my wish.

Wife. Of my desire.

Penitent Brothel. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire.
[*Exeunt Penitent and Wife.*]

Enter Mr. HAREBRAIN listening.

Harebrain. I'll listen, now the flesh draws nigh her end,

At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts :
What many years hath whelm'd, this hour imparts.

*Curtezan.** Pray, sit down, there's a low stool. Good mistress Harebrain, this was kindly done ; huh, give me your hand ; huh, alas, how cold you are ; even so is your husband, that worthy, wise gentleman ; as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh—shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him ; he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman ; and, to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

Harebrain. And so I do i'faith ; 'tis right my humour.

Curtezan. You live a lady's life with him ; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

* It is obvious from what follows that the Curtezan discovers Harebrain the moment he enters. C.

Harebrain. Not so, not so neither; she's better look'd to.

Curtezan. I know you do, you need not tell me that; it were even pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mrs. Harebrain, what do you mean? come you to discomfort me? nothing but weeping with you?

Harebrain. She's weeping! it has made her weep: my wife shews her good-nature already.

Curtezan. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leave; suh, suh, she cannot answer me for sobbing.

Harebrain. All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hind'rance.

Curtezan. O no, lay your hand here, Mrs. Harebrain: ay, there! oh there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! sore! oh I, I can scarce endure your hand upon't—

Harebrain. Poor soul, how she's tormented!

Curtezan. Yes, yes, I eat a cullice an hour since.

Harebrain. There's some comfort in that yet, she may escape it.

Curtezan. Oh, it lies about my heart much.

Harebrain. I am sorry for that, i'faith, she'll hardly escape it.

Curtezan. Bound? no, no; I had a very comfortable stool this morning.

Harebrain. I am glad of that, i'faith, that's a good sign; I smell she'll escape it now.

Curtezan. Will you be going then?

Harebrain. Fall back, she's coming.

Curtezan. Thanks, good Mrs. Harebrain, welcome, sweet Mrs. Harebrain! pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Harebrain. I could do that myself now.

Curtezan. And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my aunt Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falsetop, and to my

cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman; and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St. John's.

Enter WIFE with Mr. PENITENT.

Wife. At three days end my husband takes a journey.

Penitent Brothel. O, thence I derive a second meeting.

Wife. May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will:

Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee, sweet lady: farewell, you witty squall; good Mr. Doctor, have a care to her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her good.

Curtezan. Take pity of your waiter, go: farewell, sweet Mrs. Harebrain.

Harebrain. Welcome, sweet wife; alight upon my lip; never was hour spent better.

Wife. Why, were you within the hearing, sir?

Harebrain. Ay that I was i'faith, to my great comfort; I deceived you there, wife, ha, ha; I do intreat thee, nay conjure thee, wife, Upon my love, or what can more be said, Oftner to visit this sick virtuous maid.

Wife. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

Harebrain. Why then I see thou lov'st me. [*Exeunt.*]

Penitent Brothel. Art of ladies!

When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head;
Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FOLLY-WIT, with LIEUTENANT MAWORM, ANTIENT HAUTOBOY, and the rest of his consorts.

Folly-wit. Was't not well manag'd, you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

Lieutenant. 'Twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another ³² muss at all adventures.

Folly-wit. Do'st call't a muss? I am sure my grand-sire ne'er got his money worse in his life, than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple, why, I was born to revenge their quarrel; if ever oppress the widow,

³² muss] i. e. scramble. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 11.

I, a fatherless child, have done as much for him. And so 'tis, through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't; for craft recoils in the end, like an overcharg'd musket, and maims the very hand that put's fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons: my grandsire, thinking in his conscience that we had not robbed him enough o'er night, must needs pity me i'th' morning, and give me the rest.

Lieutenant. Two hundred pounds in-fair³³ Rose-Nobles, I protest.

Folly-wit. Pish, I knew he could not sleep quietly till he had paid me for robbing of him too: 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy; and give them more that have too much already; and what call you that, but robbing of themselves a courtlier way? Oh!

Lieutenant. Cuds me, how now, captain?

Folly-wit. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes.

Lieutenant. What's that, sir?

Folly-wit. Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandsire keeps an uncertain creature, a quean?

Lieutenant. Ay, that's too true, sir.

Folly-wit. So much the more preposterous for me; I shall hop shorter, by that trick: she carries away the thirds, at least. 'Twill prove entail'd land, I am afraid, when all's done i'faith.

Nay, I have known a vicious-old-thought-acting father Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game, (When his best parts hung down their heads for shame)
³⁴ For his blanch'd harlot dispossess his son,
 And make the pox his heir; 'twas gravely done!

³³ *Rose-Nobles*] A Rose Noble was an ancient English gold coin, first struck in the reign of Edward III. and then called *the penny of gold*; since called *Rose-Noble*, because stamped with a *Rose*. It
 as current at 6s. 8d.

³⁴ *For his blanch'd harlot*] i. e. his harlot se skin is made white by the use of cosmetics. S.

How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant?

Lieutenant. Faith from discourse; yet, all the policy That I could use, I could not get her name.

Folly-wit. Dull slave, that ne'er could'st spy it!

Lieutenant. But the manner of her coming was describ'd to me.

Folly-wit. How is the manner, pr'ythee?

Lieutenant. Marry, sir, she comes most commonly coach'd.

Folly-wit. Most commonly coach'd, indeed; for coaches are as common now-a-days, as some that ride in 'em. She comes most commonly coach'd?

Lieutenant. True, there I left, sir: guarded with some leash of pimps.

Folly-wit. Beside the coachman?

Lieutenant. Right, sir; then alighting, she's privately received by Mr. Gum-water.

Folly-wit. That's my grandsire's chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold. That he should live to be a pandar, and yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket!

Lieutenant. Then is your grandsire ^{as} rounded i'th' ear; the key given after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely convey'd into his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send down some hot caudle to take order in his performance.

Folly-wit. Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

Lieutenant. How now, sir?

Folly-wit. Thanks, thanks to any spirit, That mingled it 'mongst my inventions?

Antient. Why, Mr. Folly-wit!

All. Captain!

Folly-wit. Give me scope, and hear me.

I have begot that means, which will both furnish me, And make that quean walk under his conceit.

Lieutenant. That were double happiness; to put thyself into money, and her out of favour.

Folly-wit. And all at one dealing.

Antient. 'Sfoot, I long to see that hand play'd!

^{as} rounded i'th' ear] See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Folly-wit. And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith. Nay, 'tis in grain; I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant step behind yon hanging: if I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown, with a mask and a chinclout: bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly now, 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you.

Antient. But, pr'ythee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

Folly-wit. Why, use it.

Antient. Y'ave answered me indeed, in that; I can demand no farther.

Folly-wit. Well said, lieutenant.

Lieutenant. What will you do now, sir?

Folly-wit. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Lieutenant. But that's against kind, captain; for they are always long a making ready.

Folly-wit. And is not most they do against kind, I pr'ythee? to lie with their horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons* made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kind now? nay, over with it, lieutenant, over with it; ever while you live put a woman's clothes over her head: Cupid plays best at blindman's buff.

Lieutenant. You shall have your will, maintenance: I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, sir; but what shift will you make for upper bodies, captain?

Folly-wit. I see now thour't an ass; why, I'm ready.

Lieutenant. Ready?

Folly-wit. Why, the doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion; we're all male, to the middle: mankind from the beaver to the bum. 'Tis

* The edition of 1640 has it "to wear *periwigs*, made of another's hair;" as if it was not then understood why they were called *half moons*. C.

an Amazonian time; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind; pr'ythee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband; nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probability: the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

Lieutenant. Nay, I'll give thee thy due behind thy back; thou art as mad a piece of clay—

Folly-wit. Clay! dost call thy captain clay? indeed, clay was made to stop holes; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up?

Antient. I'll swear for't, captain.

Folly-wit. Come, come, my mask, and my chinclout—Come into the court.

Lieutenant. Nay, they were both i'th' court long ago, sir.

Folly-wit. Let me see; where shall I chuse two or three for pimps now? but I cannot chuse amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me; and guard me sure. I give you warning before hand; 'tis a monkey-tail'd age. Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blyth fellows surprize me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney.

Lieutenant. We should laugh at that, i'faith.

Folly-wit. Or shoot upon the coast of ³⁶ Cue.

Lieutenant. Two notable fit landing places for lechers, P and C, Putney and Cue.

Folly-wit. Well, say you have fair warning on't; the hair about the hat is as good as ³⁷ a flag upon the pole

³⁶ Cue] i. e. Kew.

³⁷ a flag upon the pole of a common play-house] That it was the custom formerly to have flags on the tops of the play-houses, may be seen in the South View of the City of London, as it appeared in 1599, where are representations of the Globe and Swan Play-houses. So, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 47. "Each play-house advanceth his flagge in the aire, whither quickly " at the waving thereof are summoned whole troopes of men, women, and children."

at a common play-house, to waft company; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

Lieutenant. Fear not us, captain; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns o' court man.

Folly-wit. Why then set forward;
And as you scorn two shilling brothels,
Twelvepenny pandarism, and such base bribes,
Guard me from bony scribes and bony scribes.*

Lieutenant. Hang 'em, pensions and allowances!
fourpence half-penny a meal, hang 'em! [*Ereunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter in his chamber out of his study MR. PENITENT BROTHEL,† a book in his right hand.

Penitent Brothel. Ha? read that place again!—
adultery

Draws the divorce 'twixt heav'n and the soul.
Accursed man, that stands divorc'd from heaven!
Thou wretched unthrift, that hast play'd away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game;
To please the flesh, hast blotted out thy name!
Where were thy nobler meditations busied,
That they durst trust this body with itself?
This natural drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our shame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil!
My soul, I know, would never grieve to th' death,
Th' eternal spirit, that feeds her with his breath:
Nay, I that knew the price of life and sin,
What crown is kept for continence, what for lust,
The end of man, and glory of that end,
As endless as the giver;

* "And bony rags," adds the copy of 1640, as if it were an interpolation of the player. C.

† Both of the old copies here call him "Mr. Penitent Once-ill." C.

To doat on weakness, slime, corruption, woman !
 What is she, took asunder from her clothes ?
 Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
³⁸ Much like your German clock, and near ally'd ;
 Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride.
 Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
 They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
 Within these three days the next meeting's fix'd,
 If I meet then, hell and my soul be mix'd !
 My lodging I know constantly, she not knows ;
 Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows :
 I'll ne'er embrace her more,—never—bear witness,
 never.

Enter the DEVIL in her shape, claps him on the shoulder.

Succubus. What, at a stand ? the fitter for my company.

Penitent Brothel. Celestial soldiers guard me !

Succubus. How now, man ? 'lass, did the quickness of my presence fright thee ?

Penitent Brothel. ³⁹ Shield me, you ministers of faith and grace !

Succubus. Leave, leave ; are you not asham'd to use such words to a woman ?

Penitent Brothel. Th'art a devil.

Succubus. A devil ! feel, feel man, has a devil flesh and bone ?

Penitent Brothel. I do conjure thee, by that dreadful power—

Succubus. The man has a delight to make me tremble !

Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love ?

Was I entic'd for this, to be so soon rejected ?

Come what has chang'd thee so, delight ?

Penitent Brothel. Away !

³⁸ Much like your German clock,] Tom Otter, in Ben Jonson's *Epicene, or the Silent Woman*, A. 4. S. 2. speaking of his wife, says, "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed into some twenty boxes ; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock."

³⁹ Shield me, &c.] See *Hamlet*. S.

Succubus. Remember—

Penitent Brothel. Leave my sight!

Succubus. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I find thee shunning?

Rouze thy amorous thoughts, and twine me;

All my interest I resign thee:

Shall we let slip this mutual hour,

Comes so seldom in her power?

Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fathom?

Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?

Art a man? or dost abuse one?

A love! and know'st not how to use one?

Come, I'll teach thee!

Penitent Brothel. Do not follow—

Succubus. Once so firm and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?

Thy bliss in sight, and dar'st not meet her?

Where's thy courage, youth and vigour?

Love's best pleas'd, when't's ⁴⁰ seiz'd with rigour:

Seize me then with veins most chearful;

Women love no flesh that's fearful:

'Tis but a fit, come drink't away,

And dance and sing, and kiss and play! fa le

La, le la, fa le la, le la la; fa le la, fa la le

La le la.

Penitent Brothel. Torment me not.

Succubus. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penitent Brothel. Fury!

Succubus. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penitent Brothel. Devil! I do conjure thee once
again,

By that soul-quaking thunder to depart,

And leave this chamber, freed from thy damn'd art.

[*Succubus stamps, and exit.*]

Penitent Brothel. It has prevail'd—Oh my sin-shak-
ing sinews!

What should I think? Jasper, why Jasper—

⁴⁰ *Seiz'd*] Both the Quartos read *sard*; and again, *sears* in the next line. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

Enter JASPER.

Jasper. Sir! how now? what has disturb'd you, sir?

Penitent Brothel. A fit, a qualm. Is mistress Harebrain* gone?

Jasper. Who sir? Mrs. Harebrain?

Penitent Brothel. Is she gone, I say?

Jasper. Gone? why she was never here yet.

Penitent Brothel. No!

Jasper. Why no, sir.

Penitent Brothel. Art sure on't?

Jasper. Sure on't. If I be sure I breathe, and am myself.

Penitent Brothel. I like it not;—where kept'st thou?

Jasper. I'th' next room, sir.

Penitent Brothel. Why she struck by thee, man.

Jasper. You'd make one mad, sir; that a gentlewoman should steal by me, and I not hear her! 'sfoot, one may hear the ruffling of their bums almost an hour before we see 'em.

Penitent Brothel. I will be satisfied,—altho' to hazard.

What tho' her husband meet me? I am honest.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing
daunts 'em. *[Exit.]*

Jasper. What strange humour call you this? he dreams of women, and both his eyes broad open!

[Exit.]

Enter at one door Sir BOUNTEOUS, at another GUM-WATER.

Sir Bounteous. Why, how now, master Gum-water? what's the news with your haste?

Gum-water. I have a thing to tell your worship—

Sir Bounteous. Why, pr'ythee tell me; speak, man.

Gum-water. Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing-up than so.

Sir Bounteous. How, sir?

* Both the old editions call her *Mrs. Hargrave* throughout this scene, and the same confusion is made when they are next introduced. C.

Gum-water. 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, sir—

Sir Bounteous. Oh, oh, oh, cry-you-mercy, now I begin to taste you. Is she come?

Gum-water. She's come, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Recover'd? well and sound again?

Gum-water. That's to be fear'd, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Why, sir?

Gum-water. She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.

Sir Bounteous. Ha, ha, haw,—why that's the fashion, you whoreson Gum-water.

Gum-water. The fashion, sir? live I so long time to see that a fashion,

Which rather was an emblem of dispraise!

⁴¹ It was suspected much in monsieur's days.

Sir Bounteous. Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy time: our age is better hardened now, and put oftener in the fire. We are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an ague in the spring time; we seldom take physic without it. Here, take this key; you know what duties belong to't. Go,—give order for a cullice. Let there be a good fire made in the matted chamber; do you hear, sir?—

Gum-water. I know my office, sir. [Exit.

Sir Bounteous. An old man's ventry is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't.

[Exit.

⁴¹ *It was suspected much in monsieur's days.*] By *monsieur's days*, I apprehend, the author means the time when the duke of Anjou resided in England. That Prince, brother to Charles the Ninth, King of France, on the encouragement he had received from Queen Elizabeth, visited the English Court in the year 1581, and expected to have been united to her Majesty in marriage. The Queen, however, after many affected delays, broke off the treaty, and the duke was obliged to return to his own country, with the disgrace of a direct refusal.

Monsieur's days are mentioned again in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604. Sign. C. "— let Mercers then have conscionable thumbs, when they measure out that smooth glittering divell Sattin, and that old Reveller Velvet, in the *daies of mounsieur*, both which have "devoured many an honest field of wheate and barley."

Enter GUM-WATER with FOLLY-WIT, in CURTEZAN'S disguise, and mask'd.

Gum-water. Come, lady, you know where you are now?

Folly-wit. Yes, good master Gum-water.

Gum-water. This is the old closet, you know.

Folly-wit. I remember it well, sir.

Gum-water. There stands a casket; I would my yearly revenue were but worth the wealth that's lock'd in it, lady; yet I have fifty pound a year, wench.

Folly-wit. Besides your apparel, sir?

Gum-water. Yes, faith, have I.

Folly-wit. But then you reckon your chain, sir.

Gum-water. No, by my troth, do I not, neither: faith, and you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

Folly-wit. Oh, pray away, sir.

Gum-water. Psha, come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith; I have the command of all the house, I can tell you: nothing comes into the kitchen, but comes through my hands.

Folly-wit. Pray do not handle me, sir.

Gum-water. Faith you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vow'd it often to you.

Folly-wit. Vow'd it? no, no, you men are fickle—

Gum-water. Fickle?—'sfoot! bind me, lady—

Folly-wit. Why I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to-morrow at the Flower-de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.

Gum-water. And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

Folly-wit. Why now I'll try you; go-to.

Gum-water. Farewel, sweet lady! [*Kisses her.*]

[*Erit.*]

Folly-wit. Farewel, sweet coxcomb! by my faith, a good induction! I perceive by his overworn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but-for her prey: and I think 'tis better

bestowed upon me, for his soul's health, and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave, I have seen your outside oft, but that's no proof. Some have fair outsides, that are nothing worth: ha!—now, by my faith, a gentlewoman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire: ⁴² *Onyx cum prole Silexque*! if I do not wonder how the quean escap'd tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing, but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing. Well, 'tis better as it is; this is the fruit of old grunting venery. Grandsire, you may thank your drab for this. Oh fie, in your crinkling days, grandsire, keep a curtezan, to hinder your grand-child! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't. Now to my villains that lurk close below:

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs not thief, disease, nor enemy. [Exit.

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS.

Sir Bounteous. Ah, sirrah! methinks I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rubb'd and refresh'd; but i'faith I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered her—to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom of the stairs, and, by the mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco: I smelt much pudding in't. It may be but my fancy, or her physick:

For this I know, her health gave such content,

The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent.

How dost thou now, sweet girl? what, well recovered? sickness quite gone, ha? speak—ha? wench? Frank Gullman! why, body of me, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen—why, Gum-water—

Enter GUM-WATER.

Gum-water. Anon, anon, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Come hither, Gum-water.

⁴² *Onyx cum prole, Silexque*! A line from *Propria quæ maribus*. S.

Gum-water. That were small manners, sir, i'faith !
I'll find a time anon ; your worship's busy yet.

Sir Bounteous. Why, Gum-water !

Gum-water. Foh, nay then you'll make me blush,
i'faith, sir—

Sir Bounteous. Where's this creature ?

Gum-water. What creature is it you would have, sir ?

Sir Bounteous. The worst that ever breathes.

Gum-water. That's a wild boar, sir.

Sir Bounteous. That's a vile* whore, sir ;—where
didst thou leave her, rascal ?

Gum-water. Who ? your recreation, sir ?

Sir Bounteous. My execration, sir !

Gum-water. Where I was wont ; in your worship's
closet.

Sir Bounteous. A pox engross her ! it appears too
true ;

See you this casket, sir ?

Gum-water. My chain, my chain, my chain ! my one,
and only chain. [Exit.]

Sir Bounteous. Thou run'st to much purpose now,

Gum-water. Is not a quean enough to answer for, but
she must join a thief to it ? a thieving quean ! Nay, I
have done with her, i'faith, 'tis a sign she has been sick
a late, for she is a great deal worse than she was ! by
my troth, I would have pawn'd my life upon't. Did she
want any thing ? was she not supply'd ?

Nay, and liberally ; for that's an old man's sin ;

We'll feast our lechery, though we starve our kin.

Is not my name sir Bounteous ? am I not express'd
there ?

Ah, fie, fie, fie ; fie, fie ! but I perceive,
Tho' she have never so compleat a friend,
A strumpet's love will have a waft i'th' end,
And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this ;
But say, I should complain ; perhaps she has pawn'd
em—

* The old spelling of *vilde* for *vile* made this return formerly more
pointed. C.

'Sfoot the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow more money of 'em ; make the old fellow pay for his lechery ; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tried at Newbury the last 'sises.

Well, things must slip and sleep ; I will dissemble it, Because my credit shall not lose her lustre :

But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.

I've done, I've done, I've done with her, i'faith ! [*Erit.*

Master PENITENT BROTHEL knocking within ; enter a

SERVANT.

Servant. Who's that knocks ?

Penitent Brothel. A friend.

Servant. What's your will, sir.

Penitent Brothel. Is master Harebrain at home ?

Servant. No, newly gone from it, sir.

Penitent Brothel. Where's the gentlewoman his wife ?

Servant. My mistress is within, sir.

Penitent Brothel. When came she in, I pray ?

Servant. Who, my mistress ? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.

Penitent Brothel. No ? trust me, I thought I had seen her ; I would request a word with her.

Servant. I'll tell her, sir.

Penitent Brothel. I thank you—⁴³ It likes me worse and worse.

Enter " Mistress HAREBRAIN.

Wife. Why, how now, sir ? 'twas desperately adventured ;

I little look'd for you until the morrow.

Penitent Brothel. No ! why what made you at my chamber then even now ?

⁴³ *It likes me*] i. e. *It pleases me.* See Note 8. to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

⁴⁴ *Mrs. Harebrain*] Both the Quartos read *Mrs. Hargrave*, which was probably the name of the performer of this character.

This conjecture in Mr. Reed's note is not at all warranted, for the husband is also afterwards called *Hargrave*, "enter Hargrave." Besides, Penitent Brothel is here, as in a former scene, called Penitent *Once-ill*, and it will not be easily supposed that there was any actor of the name of *Once-ill* at that time. It is much more likely that Middleton first named them *Hargrave* and *Once-ill*, and subsequently changed the names, before the play was printed in 1608. See also note 50. C.

Wife. I, at your chamber!

Penitent Brothel. Puh—dissemble not; come, come, you were there.

Wife. By my life you wrong me, sir.

Penitent Brothel. What?

Wife. First you are not ignorant what watch is kept over me;

And for your chamber, as I live, I know it not.

Penitent Brothel. Burst into sorrow then, and griefs extremes,

Whilst I beat on this flesh.

Wife. What is it disturbs you, sir?

Penitent Brothel. Then was the devil in your likeness there.

Wife. Ha!

Penitent Brothel. The very devil ⁴⁵assum'd thee formally;

That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,

E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd,

That beaver band, the colour of ⁴⁶that periwig,

The farthingal above the navel; all

As if the fashion were his own invention.

Wife. Mercy, defend me!

Penitent Brothel. To beguile me more,
The cunning Succubus told me, that meeting
Was wrought a purpose by much wit and art;
Wept to me; laid my vows before me; urg'd me;
Gave me the private marks of all our love;
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhimes;

⁴⁵ assum'd thee formally] i. e. assum'd thy form. See Mr. Malone's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 2. S. 5. edit. 1778.

⁴⁶ that periwig] "About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the Article of Dress.—Stowe informs us, that women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." Mr. Steevens's Note on *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

And sung and danc'd about me like a Fairy :
 And, had not worthier cogitations blest me,
 Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.

Wife. What shall become of me ! my own thoughts
 doom me ?

Penitent Brothel. Be honest, then the devil will ne'er
 assume thee :

He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
 Where these two sisters reign not—lust or pride.
 He as much trembles at a constant mind
 As looser flesh at him ;—be not dismay'd ;
 Spring souls for joy ! his policies are betray'd !
 Forgive me, Mrs. Harebrain, on whose soul
 The guilt hangs double ;
 My lust, and thy enticement. Both I challenge ;
 And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
 To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.
 What knows the lecher when he ⁴⁷ clips his whore,
 Whether it be the devil his parts adore ?
 They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
 I could discern no change nor difference.
 No marvel then times should so stretch and turn ;
 None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
 Hot zeal into hot lust is now transform'd ;
 Grace into painting, charity into cloaths ;
 Faith into false hair, and put off as often.
 There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean :
 He that kept open house, now keeps a quean.
 He will keep open still, that he commends ;
 And there he keeps a table for his friends :
 And she consumes more than her sire could hoard,
 Being more common than his house or board :

Enter HAREBRAIN.

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows,

⁴⁷ *clips* i. e. embraces.

The passage as it stood formerly, if not nonsense, was unintelligible :

“ He has no pleasure in that shape to abide

“ Where those two sisters reign, hot lust or pride.”

That is the very shape in which the Devil would abide. The
 quartos both warrant the change. C.

She's part a virgin whom but one man knows:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
Having but one heart, give it but to one.

Wife. I vow it on my knees, with tears true bred,
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed.

Penitent Brothel. Rise, I'm thy friend for ever.

Harebrain. And I thine!

For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, sir, whom
I will love even next unto my soul, and that's my wife.
Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right;
Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight.

Penitent Brothel. A happy inward peace crown both
your joys.

Harebrain. Thanks above utterance to you,—Now
the news?

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Bounteous Progress, sir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
On Tuesday next; his man attends without—

Harebrain. Return both with our willingness and
thanks.

I will intreat you, sir, to be my guest.

Penitent Brothel. Who I, sir?

Harebrain. Faith you shall.

Penitent Brothel. Well, I'll break strife.

Harebrain. A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from
life.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FOLLY-WIT, the CURTEZAN striving from him.

Folly-wit. What so coy, so strict? come, come.

Curtazan. Pray change your opinion, sir, I am not
for that use.

Folly-wit. Will you but hear me?

Curtazan. I shall hear that I would not. [*Exit.*]

Folly-wit. 'Sfoot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a
wench stand upon stricter points; life! she will not
endure to be courted, does she ever think to prosper?
I'll ne'er believe that tree can bring forth fruit, that
never bears a blossom. Courtship is a blossom, and
often brings forth fruit in forty weeks: it were a mad

part in me now to turn over: if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant. Shall I be madder now than ever I have been? I'm in the way, i'faith.

Man's never at high height of madness full,

Until he love, and prove a woman's gull:

I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew

At which end to begin to affect a woman;

Till this bewitching minute, I ne'er saw

Face worth my object, till mine eye met her's;

I should laugh if I were caught i'faith; I'll see her again, that is certain, whate'er comes on't. ⁴⁸ By your favour, ladies.

Enter the MOTHER.

You're welcome, sir.

Folly-wit. Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

Mother. I have best cause to know her, I am her mother, sir.

Folly-wit. Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well; a pretty contrived beauty.

Mother. Ay, nature has done her part, sir.

Folly-wit. But she has one uncomely quality.

Mother. What is that, sir?

Folly-wit. 'Sfoot, she is afraid of a man.

Mother. Alas, impute that to her bashful spirit, she is fearful of her honour.

Folly-wit. Of her honour? 'slid, I am sure I cannot get her maidenhead with breathing upon her, nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

Mother. True, and I have often told her so; but what would you have of a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary state that I am, had she had grace and boldness

⁴⁸ *by your favour, ladies.*] The players of James the First's time seem to have been as censurable for addressing the audience as any of their successors since. This speech is evidently not intended for the bawd who now enters *alone*. In the same manner Sir Bounteous speaks to the auditors; when he says, "An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to it."

to have put herself forward ; always timorsome, always backward ! ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman ! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures, that have been offered her ! we had been ⁴⁹made women for ever ; but what was her fashion ? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but ran and hid herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has a husband, she will even

Be a precedent for all married wives

How to direct their actions and their lives.

Folly-wit. Have you not so much power with her to command her presence ?

Mother. You shall see strait what I can do, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Folly-wit. Would I might be hang'd, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper. Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon flesh, we are always most greedy upon it ; and that makes your merchant's wife oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first ; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench : I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments. You shall have some so impudently aspected, they will out-cry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, and talk him into silence ; and this is counted manly in a woman ; it may hold so, sure womanly it is not. No,

If e'er I love, or any thing move me,

'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Enter MOTHER, bringing in strivingly the CURTEZAN.

Curtezan. Pray let me go ; why, mother, what do

⁴⁹made women] i. e. made our fortunes. So, in Massinger's *A Very Woman*, A. 5. S. 1.

"For which if you desire to be *made men*,

"And by one undertaking, and that easy,

"You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings."

Again, Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2. says, "there would
"this monster *make a man*."

See the Notes of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens on this last passage.

you mean? I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly virgin.

Folly-wit. The wonder of our time sits in that brow: I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now.

Mother. Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wise,

Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not asham'd that any flesh should ^{so} fear thee;
Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman means no other but honest and pure love to thee; how say you, sir?

Folly-wit. By my faith not I, lady.

Mother. Hark you there? what think you now,
Forsooth? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to rear,
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolv'd now better of men's hearts,
Their faiths and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.
To her yourself, sir; the way is broke before you; you have the easier passage.

Folly-wit. Fear not, come, erect thy happy graces in thy look;

I am no ^{si} furious wooer, but in faith
I love thee honourably.

Curtezan. How mean you that, sir?

Folly-wit. 'Sfoot, as one loves a woman for a wife.

Mother. Has the gentleman answered you, trow?

Folly-wit. I do confess it truly to you both,

^{so} fear thee] i. e. affright thee. See Note 136 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

^{si} furious] Both Editions have *curious*. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley. *Curious*, however, is probably the genuine reading; it may mean *inquisitive*, *prying*.

* The quarto of 1640 reads, "I love no curious wooer," which renders it perhaps more probable that Dodsley's change of the word was needless. C.

My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandsire
Will make me lord of thousands at his death.

Mother. I know your grandsire well; she knows
him better.

Folly-wit. Why, then, you know no fiction: my
estate then will be a long day's journey above the
waste, wench.

Mother. Nay, daughter, he says true.

Folly-wit. And thou shalt often measure it in thy
coach,

And with the wheels track make a girdle for't.

Mother. Ah, 'twill be a merry journey.

Folly-wit. What, is't a match? if it be, clap hands
and lips.

Mother. 'Tis done, there is witness on't!

Folly-wit. Why then, mother, I salute you.

Mother. Thanks, sweet son.—Son Follywit, come
hither; if I might counsel thee, we'll even take her while
the good mood is upon her; send for a priest, and
clap it up within this hour.

Folly-wit. By my troth agreed, mother.

Mother. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Tho' beauty be enough wealth for a woman;
She brings a dowry of three hundred pounds with her.

Folly-wit. 'Sfoot, that will serve till my grandsire
dies: I warrant you he'll drop away at fall of the leaf;
if ever he reach to All Hollantide,* I'll be hang'd.

Mother. O yes, son, he is a lusty old gentleman.

Folly-wit. Ah pox, he is given to women: he keeps
a quean at this present.

Mother. Fie!

Folly-wit. Do not tell my wife on't.

Mother. That were needless, i'faith.

Folly-wit. He makes a great feast upon the eleventh
of this month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players
there—I have one trick more to put upon him; my wife
and yourself shall go thither before as my guests, and
prove his entertainment. I'll meet you there at night.

* Or more properly "All Hallowstide." C.

The jest will be here; that feast which he makes will, unknown to him, serve fitly for our wedding dinner: we shall be royally furnish'd, and get some charges by it.

Mother. An excellent course i'faith, and a thrifty. Why, son, methinks you begin to thrive before you are married.

Folly-wit. We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip enough:
Between our hopes there's but a grandsire's puff.

[*Exit.*

Mother. So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

Curtezan. If ever, here: but what for his grandsire? it will scarce please him well.

Mother. Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell,
Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall:

Last, thou'rt made honest.

Curtezan. And that's worth them all. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter busily SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *for the feast.*

Sir Bounteous. Have a care, ⁴⁹ blue coats; bestir yourself, Mr. Gum-water; cast an eye into the kitchen; overlook the knaves a little; every Jack has his friend to-day. This cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat. A man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds. Acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomewtide, that come up with drovers; 'sfoot, I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about. ⁵⁰ Mr. Harebrain, and his sweet bedfellow, you are very copiously welcome.

⁴⁹ blue coats] See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

⁵⁰ Mr. Harebrain] The Quartos read *Mr. Shortrod*, which was

Enter HAREBRAIN and WIFE, and MR. PENITENT BROTHEL.

Harebrain. Sir, here is an especial dear friend of ours; we were bold to make his way to your table.

Sir Bounteous. Thanks for that boldness ever, good Mr. Harebrain; is this your friend, sir?

Harebrain. Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Why then compendiously, sir,—you are welcome.

Penitent Brothel. In octavo I thank you, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Excellently retorted, i'faith, he's welcome for's wit; I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place them courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there is a good fire in the hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly.

Harebrain. Ay, good sir Bounteous.

[Exeunt Harebrain and Wife, and Penitent.]

Enter SEMUS.

Sir Bounteous. You shall indeed, gentlemen. How now, what news brings thee in stumbling now?

Semus. There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship.

Sir Bounteous. Players! by the mass they are welcome, they will grace my entertainment well: but for certain players, there thou liest, boy; they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play; not when to play, for fearful fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools.—Go, call them in.—How fitly the whoresons come upon the feast! troth I was even wishing for them. Oh, welcome, welcome, my friends.

probably the name of the person who performed the part of *Harebrain*.

The old copies only make Sir Bounteous miscall Harebrain *Shortrod*, and he does it twice over; although at the commencement of what Harebrain says here his name is fitly inserted. C.

Enter FOLLY-WIT and his Companions.

Folly-wit. The month of May delights not in her flowers

More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours.*

Sir Bounteous. Well acted on my credit! I perceive he is your best actor.

Semus. He has greatest share sir, and may live of himself, sir.

Sir Bounteous. What! what! put on your hat, sir, pray put on; go to, wealth must be respected: let those that have least feathers stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? nay, keep on your hat still.

Folly-wit. We serve my lord Owemuch, sir.

Sir Bounteous. My lord Owemuch? by my troth the welcomest men alive! Give me all your hands at once: that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away cheerfully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith. Some Bastard for my lord's players!—where be your boys?†

Folly-wit. They come along with the waggon, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business; which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

Folly-wit. I am he, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Art thou he? give me thy hand, hark in thine ear! thou rollest too fast to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that. Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

Folly-wit. A pleasant, witty comedy, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Ay, ay, ay, a comedy in any case, that

* Most likely a quotation from some play or pastoral. Folly-wit and his companions represent players. C.

† The earliest Quarto reads, "where be you boys," as it has hitherto run; but the second edition of 1640 has it "where be your boys?" which is clearly right. C.

I and my guests may laugh a little. What's the name on't?

Folly-wit. 'Tis call'd the Slip.

Sir Bounteous. The Slip? by my troth a pretty name, and a glib one: go all, and slip into it, as fast as you can. Cover a table for the players! First take heed of a lurcher, he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you. Some Sherry for my lord's players there! sirrah, why this will be a true feast, a right ⁶¹ Mitre supper, a play and all. More lights—I call'd for light; here come in two, are light enough for a whole house i'faith. Dare the thief look me in the face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it.

Enter MOTHER and CURTEZAN.

Mother. Bless you, sir Bounteous!

Sir Bounteous. O welcome, welcome! thief, quean, and bawd, welcome all three!

Mother. Nay, here's but two of us, sir.

Sir Bounteous. O' my troth I took her for a couple; I'd have sworn there had been two faces there.

Mother. Not all under one hood, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Yes, faith would I, to see mine eyes bear double.

Mother. I'll make it hold, sir; my daughter is a couple,

She was married yesterday.

Sir Bounteous. Buz!

Mother. Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk, Whene'er you know him.

Sir Bounteous. Away, he cannot be but a rascal. Walk in, walk in, bold guests, that come unsent for;—pox*, I perceive how my jewels went now—to grace her marriage.

Curtezan. Would you with me, sir?

⁶¹ *Mitre*. First Edition *nitre*. The *Mitre* was a Tavern in *Chauce*. See Note 32 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.

This is a mistake, for neither edition reads *nitre*, but both of them *Miter*. In fact, this play was not by any means carefully collated by Mr. Reed.

* Both the old Editions read *post*. C.

Sir Bounteous. Ay, how hapt it, wench, you put the slip upon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you;
I term it neither pilfer, cheat, nor shark.

Curtezan. You are past my reach.

Sir Bounteous. I'm old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

Curtezan. With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir Bounteous. You? give me thy hand, fare thee well. I have done with her.

Curtezan. Give me your hand, sir; you ne'er yet began with me. [Exit.]

Sir Bounteous. Whew, whew! O audacious age!
She denies me, and all! When on her fingers
I spy'd the ruby sit, that does betray her,
And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment.
Feast, mirth, I, harmony, and the play to boot,
A jovial season! How now! are you ready?

Enter FOLLY-WIT.

Folly-wit. Even upon readiness, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Keep you your hat on. [Takes it off.]

Folly-wit. I have a suit to your worship.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

Folly-wit. We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for the credit of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy.

Sir Bounteous. Cuds me! what else, sir?

Folly-wit. But for some defects (as the custom is) we would be bold to require your worship's assistance.

Sir Bounteous. Why, with all my heart; what is it you want? speak.

Folly-wit. One's a chain for a justice's hat, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Why here, here, here, here, whoreson, will this serve your turn? what else lack you?

Folly-wit. We should use a ring with a stone in it.

Sir Bounteous. Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already; talk no more of rings, I pray you: here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once.

Folly-wit. Oh this will serve, sir.

Sir Bounteous. What, have you all now?

Folly-wit. All now, sir—only time is brought in the middle of the play, and I would desire your Lordship's watch, time.

Sir Bounteous. My watch? with all my heart; only give Time a charge, that he be not fiddling with it.

Folly-wit. You shall ne'er see that, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Well, now you are furnish'd, sir, make haste; away. [Exit Sir Bounteous.]

Folly-wit. Even as fast as I can, sir,—I'll set my fellows going first; they must have time and leisure, or they're dull else. I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em. I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go way, and speak never a word to them. My grandsire has given me three shares here; sure I'll do somewhat for them. [Exit.]

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, and all the guests.

Sir Bounteous. More lights, more stools! sit, sit! the play begins.

*Harebrain.** Have you players here, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous. We have 'em for you, sir, fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

Penitent Brothel. Whose men I pray you, sir?

Sir Bounteous. Oh there's their credit, sir: they serve an honourable popular gentleman, ^{as} yclept my lord Owemuch.

Harebrain. My lord Owemuch! he was in Ireland lately.

Sir Bounteous. Oh, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travellers.

Harebrain. How is the comedy call'd, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Bounteous. Marry, sir, the Slip.

Harebrain. The Slip?

Sir Bounteous. Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon us.

Harebrain. 'Tis so indeed, sir Bounteous.

* Throughout this scene Harebrain is called *Short-Rod*. C.
^{as} yclept] See Note 5 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

Enter for a Prologue FOLLY-WIT.

PROLOGUE.

Folly-wit. We sing of wandering knights, what them betide,

Who nor in one place, nor one shape, abide ;

They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,

Being every man well hors'd like a ^{as} bold Beacham.

The play, which we present, no fault shall meet

But one ; you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet :

'Tis given much to dumb shews, which some praise ;

And, like the term, delights much in delays.

So to conclude, and give the name her due,

The play being call'd the Slip, I vanish too. [*Exit.*

Sir Bounteous. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit.

Harebrain. The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

Penitent Brothel. And went off well.

Sir Bounteous. Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah—

Curtezan. A' my troth, and I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper ; I know some in the town that have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into the two-penny room, that the actors have been found in the morning in a less compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.*

Sir Bounteous. But passion of me! where be these knaves ; will they not come away ? methinks they stay very long.

Penitent Brothel. O you must bear a little, sir ; they have many shifts to run into.

Sir Bounteous. Shifts call you them ; they're horrible long things !

^{as} bold Beacham] See Note 19 to *The Goblins*, vol. X.

* The custom for the prostitutes at a theatre afterwards to sup with the players, though not to invite them home to supper, is alluded to in Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1639 : a *Drawer* says, " I have been at Bess Turnups, and she swears all the gentlewomen went to see a play at the Fortune, and are not come in yet ; and she believes they sup with the Players." C.

Enter FOLLY-WIT in a fury.

Folly-wit. A pox of such fortune, the plot's betray'd ! All will come out ! yonder they come, taken upon suspicion, and brought back by a constable. I was accus'd to hold society with such coxcombs ! what's to be done ? I shall be sham'd for ever ! my wife here, and all ! ah pox—by light, happily thought upon ! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter : so, so—

Sir Bounteous. Life, I say, where be these players ? oh, are you come ! troth 'tis time, I was e'en sending for you.

Harebrain. How moodily he walks ; what plays he trow ?

Sir Bounteous. A justice, upon my credit ; I know by the chain there.

Folly-wit. Unfortunate justice !

Sir Bounteous. Ah—a—a—

Folly-wit. In thy kin unfortunate !

Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion ;
Brought by a constable before thee ; his vile affections
with him ;

But so disguis'd, none knows him but myself.

Twice have I set him free from officer's fangs,
And for his sake, his fellows : let him look to't ;

My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir Bounteous. Yea, shall we take justice winking ?

Folly-wit. For this time

I have bethought a means to work thy freedom,
Though hazarding myself ; should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name,
No ; I'd rather lean to danger than to shame.

Enter a Constable with FOLLY-WIT'S Companions.

Sir Bounteous. A very explete justice.

Constable. Thank you, good neighbours ; let me alone with them now.

Lieutenant. 'Sfoot, who's yonder ?

Antient. Dare he sit there ?

Second Companion. Folly-wit !

Third Companion. Captain ! puh—

Folly-wit. How now, constable; what news with thee?

Constable. May it please your worship, sir,—here are a company of auspicious fellows.

Sir Bounteous. To me? puh—turn to the justice, you whoreson hobby horse! this is some new player now; they put all their fools to the constable's part still.

Folly-wit. What's the matter, constable, what's the matter?

Constable. I have nothing to say to your worship.—They were all riding on horseback, an't please your worship.

Sir Bounteous. Yet again? a pox of all asses still! they could not ride a foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Constable. The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, sir.

Folly-wit. Why sure the fellow's drunk?

Lieutenant. We spy'd that weakness in him long ago, sir; your worship must bear with him, the man's much overseen; only in respect of his office we obey'd him, both to appear conformable to law, and clear of all offence: for I protest, sir, he found us but a horseback.

Folly-wit. What! he did?

Lieutenant. As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.

Constable. I'faith, you were not all riding away then?

Lieutenant. 'Sfoot, being a horseback, sir, that must needs follow.

Folly-wit. Why true, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Well said justice, he helps his kinsman well.

Folly-wit. Why, sirrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? what, will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upon the white horse yonder? are your wits steep'd? I'll make you an example for all dizzy constables, how they abuse justice; here, bind him to this chair.

Constable. Ha, bind him, hoe?

Folly-wit. If you want cords, use garters.

Constable. Help, help, gentlemen.

Lieutenant. As fast as we can, sir.

Constable. Thieves! thieves!

Folly-wit. A gag will help all this; keep less noise, you knave.

Constable. Oh help! rescue the constable—oh, O!

Sir Bounteous. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Folly-wit. Why la you, who ⁵⁴ lets you now?

You may ride quietly, I'll see you to——

Take horse myself; I have nothing else to do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Constable. Oh,—oh—oh—

Sir Bounteous. Ha, ha, ha: by my troth, the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Harebrain. I'll be sworn for the madness on't, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I am deceiv'd, if this prove not a merry Comedy and a witty.

Penitent Brothel. Alas, poor constable, his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

Sir Bounteous. Faith, he speaks now, e'en as many, as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha—he turns and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson coxcomb, thou! nay, thou art well enough serv'd i'faith.

Penitent Brothel. But what follows all this whlie, sir? methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

Sir Bounteous. By the mass and you say true, sir,—go, sirrah, step in, I think they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away, they're in a wood, I believe—

Constable. I, I, I.

Sir Bounteous. Hark, the constable says I, they're in a wood,—ha, ha—

Harebrain. He thinks long of the time, sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. How now? when come they?

⁵⁴ lets you] i. e. hinders you.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, sir.

Sir Bounteous. How?

Harebrain. What says the fellow?

Servant. Neither horse, nor man, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Body of me! thou liest.

Servant. Not a hair of either, sir.

Harebrain. How now, sir Bounteous.

Sir Bounteous. Cheated and defeated, ungag that rascal: I'll hang him for's fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.

Constable. Did not I tell your worship this before? brought 'em before you for suspected persons? stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given? made signs that my very jaw-bone aches? your worship would not hear me; call'd me ass; saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

Sir Bounteous. Ha?

Harebrain. I begin to taste it.

Sir Bounteous. Give me leave, give me leave. Why, art not thou the constable i'th' comedy?

Constable. I'th' comedy? why, I am the constable i'th' commonwealth, sir.

Sir Bounteous. I am gull'd i'faith, I am gull'd! when wast thou chose?

Constable. On Thursday last, sir.

Sir Bounteous. A pox go with't! there't goes.

Penitent Brothel. I seldom heard jest match it.

Harebrain. Nor I, i'faith.

Sir Bounteous. Gentlemen, shall I intreat a courtesy?

Harebrain. What is't, sir?

Sir Bounteous. Do not laugh at me seven years hence.

Penitent Brothel. We should betray and laugh at our own folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd in't.

Sir Bounteous. Faith that's some comfort yet; ha, ha, it was feately carried; troth I commend their wits: before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.

Penitent Brothel. ⁶⁵ Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Why they confess so much themselves; they said they'd play the slip; they should be men of their words. I hope the justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.

Harebrain. What, sir?

Sir Bounteous. I, by my troth, sir; besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch, that hung about my neck, sir.

Harebrain. 'Sfoot, what did you mean, sir?

Sir Bounteous. Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so i'faith; they will come, and bring all again, I know; pish, they will, i'faith; but a jest, certainly.

Enter FOLLY-WIT in his own shape and all the rest.

Folly-wit. Pray, grandsire, give me your blessing?

⁶⁶ *Faith they are some counterfeit rogues.*

— *they said they'd play the slip*] We have here a play upon words very common in our ancient writers, and which will be totally unintelligible, unless it is remembered that a *slip* was formerly the name of a piece of counterfeit money. This will appear from the following instances:

Robert Green's *Thieves falling out, True men come by their own*:

"And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*."

The Bankrouts Banquet, by Dekkar: "How shall I pay my Sugar-marchante? How my Grocer? &c. if you pay me thus with *slips*?"

Marston's *Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 1. S. 3: "—and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for a *slip*."

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 5. is the same quibble as in the text: "It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

Again, *Magnetick Lady*, A. 3. S. 6:

"—I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me

"A counterfeit."

So again, Mercutio says to Romeo, A. 2. S. 4:

"You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

"*Rom.* — What counterfeit did I give you?

"*Mer.* The *slip*, sir, the *slip*; can you not conceive?"

Sir Bounteous. Who? son Folly-wit?

Folly-wit. ⁵⁰This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good Countess, our honourable lady and mistress.

Sir Bounteous. Rise richer by a blessing; thou art welcome.

Folly-wit. Thanks, good grandsire; I was bold to bring those gentlemen, my friends.

Sir Bounteous. They're all welcome! salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side. Sir, to begin with you.

Harebrain. Mr. Folly-wit.

Folly-wit. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Nay, then you know me not, sir.

Folly-wit. Sweet Mrs. Harebrain.

Sir Bounteous. You cannot be too bold, sir.

Folly-wit. Our marriage known?

Curtezan. Not a word yet.

Folly-wit. The better.

Sir Bounteous. Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen!

Folly-wit. Why, grandsire?

Sir Bounteous. We had a play here.

Folly-wit. A play, sir? no.

Sir Bounteous. Yes, faith! a pox o'th' author!

Folly-wit. Bless us all! why, were they such vile ones, sir?

Sir Bounteous. I am sure villainous ones, sir.

Folly-wit. Some raw simple fools!

Sir Bounteous. Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.

Folly-wit. What, sir?

Sir Bounteous. Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choose but meet 'em.

⁵⁰ This shows like, &c.] It was formerly the custom for the players, after the performance was ended, to kneel down and pray for their patrons. Many instances of this are produced by Mr. Steevens in a Note to the Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.*

Folly-wit. We met a company with hampers after 'em.

Sir Bounteous. Oh those were they, those were they. A pox hamper 'em!

Folly-wit. Bless us all again.

Sir Bounteous. They have hamper'd me finely, sirrah.

Folly-wit. How, sir?

Sir Bounteous. How, sir! I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watch'd their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

Folly-wit. Are they such creatures?

Sir Bounteous. Harkee, harkee, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket,—there's my watch come again, or the very cousin german to't, whose is't, whose is't? by th' mass 'tis he, hast thou one, son? pr'ythee bestow it upon thy grandsire; I now look for mine again, i'faith: nay, come with a good will or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing, a peace, a peace, gentlemen.

Harebrain. Great or small.

Sir Bounteous. At once I have drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

Penitent Brothel. By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, sir.

Harebrain. Nay, all to come at once!

Lieutenant. A vengeance of this foolery!

Folly-wit. Have I 'scap'd the constable to be brought-in by the watch?

Curtezan. O destiny! have I married a thief, mother?

Mother. Comfort thyself; thou art before-hand with him, daughter.

Sir Bounteous. Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you been my lord Owemuch's servants, i'faith?

Folly-wit. Faith, grandsire, shall I be true to you?

Sir Bounteous. I think 'tis time; thou'st been a thief already.

Folly-wit. I knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination you have to pleasure and pastime,

presum'd upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as—

Sir Bounteous. Whoop! why then you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you?

Folly-wit. Not so neither, sir; and, that you may be seriously assured of my hereafter stableness of life, I have took another course.

Sir Bounteous. What!

Folly-wit. Took a wife.

Sir Bounteous. A wife! 'sfoot, what is she for a fool would marry thee, a madman? where was the wedding kept? in Bedlam?

Folly-wit. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir Bounteous. Stop there, stop there: would I might see her!

Folly-wit. You have your wish, she's here.

Sir Bounteous. Ah, ha, ha, ha; this makes amends for all.

Folly-wit. How now?

Lieutenant. Captain do you hear? is she your wife in earnest?

Folly-wit. How then?

Lieutenant. Nothing, but I pity you, sir.

Sir Bounteous. Speak, son, is't true?

Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you?

Folly-wit. Ha!

Curtezan. What I have been, is past; be that forgiven:

I have a soul true both to thee and heaven.

Folly-wit. Is't come about? Tricks are repaid, I see.

Sir Bounteous. The best is, sirrah, you pledge none but me;

And since I drink the top, take her: and, hark!

I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.

Folly-wit. By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar as any batchelor needs to sip at.

Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice;

Maids without coin, are caudles without spice.

Sir Bounteous. Come, gentlemen, to th' feast; let
not time waste;

We have pleas'd our ear, now let us please our taste.

Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast:

When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.*

* The last of the old copies subjoins, "The end of the fifth and
"last act: marching over the stage hand in hand." C.

*The Catch for the fifth Act, sung by Sir BOUNTEOUS
PROGRESS, to his Guests.**

O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristuppus, sparkling sherry ;
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy,
O these draughts would make us merry !

O for a wench, I deal in faces
(And in other daintier things)
Tickled I am with her embraces ;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings !

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig or coney :
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

Wines indeed, and girls are good
But brave victuals feast the blood :
For wenches wine and lusty cheer
Jove would come down to surfeit here.

* This catch is appended to the Edit. of 1640, and is not found in that of 1608. It is now inserted for the first time. C.

EDITIONS.

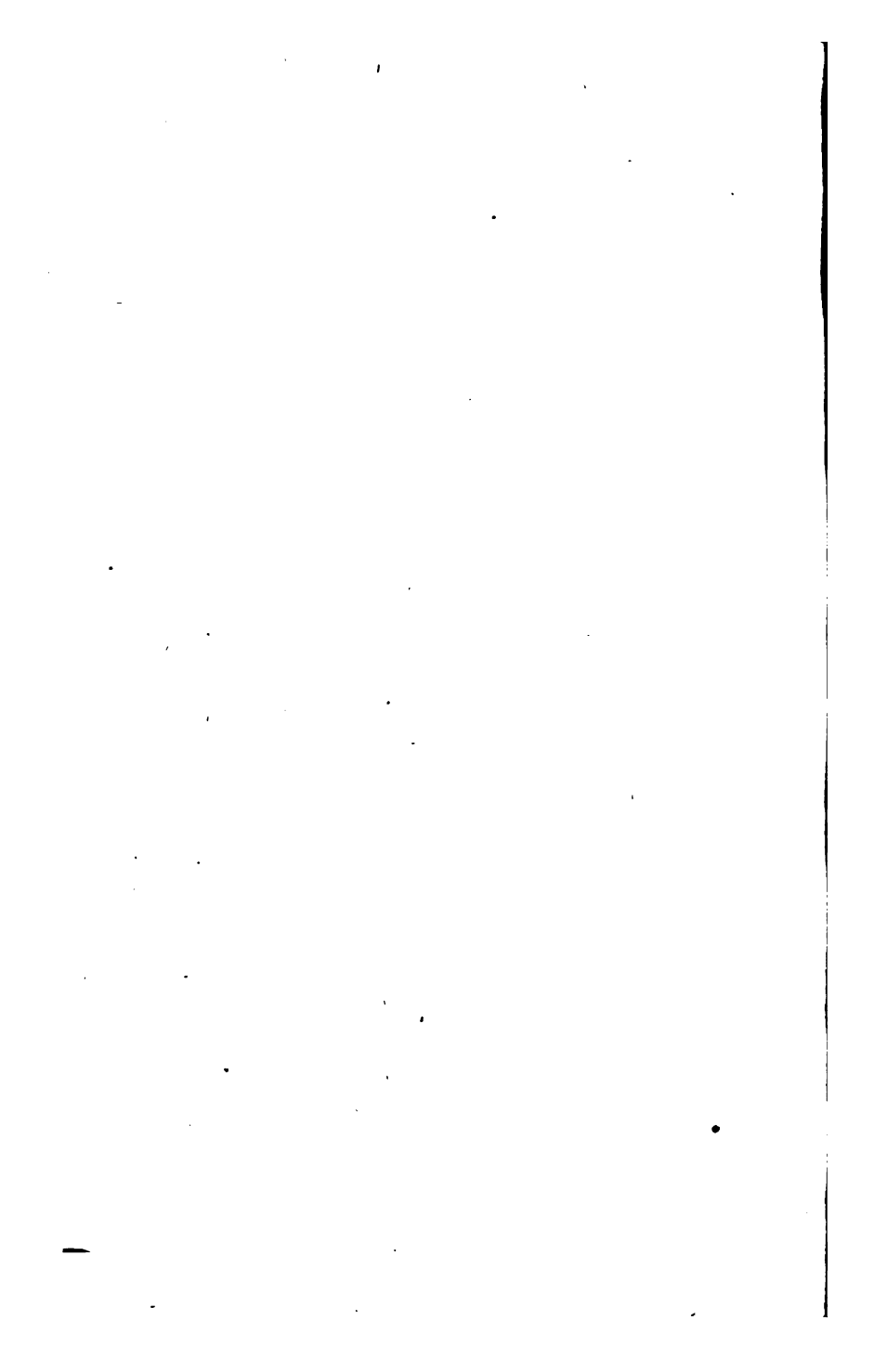
(1.) "A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath bin lately in Action by the Children of Paule's. Composed by T. M. London, Printed by H. B. for Walter Burre; and are to be sold in Paule's Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane. 1608. 4to."

(2.) "A Mad World, my Masters: A Comedy. As it hath bin often acted at the private House in Salisbury-Court by her Majesties Servants. Composed by T. M. Gent. London, Printed for J. S. and are to be sold by James Becket, at his Shop in the Inner-Temple-Gate. 1640. 4to."

RAM-ALLEY:

OR,

MERRY TRICKS.



LUDOWICK BARRY is said to have been a gentleman of Irish birth, and Anthony Wood is pleased to compliment him with the title of Lord, which is very probably a mistake. No circumstances concerning him remain, not even the times of his birth and death; though the latter was not unlikely to be soon after the publication of the following play, the only one which he wrote. The Writer of his Article, in the *Biographia Britannica*, says, that "the plot in this play of William Smallshanks "decoying the Widow Taffeta into marriage, is the "same with that in Killegrew's *Parson's Wedding*, and "both taken from the *English Rogue*." The latter part of this assertion is entirely without foundation, and the least attention to dates would have prevented the Writer's falling into so gross an error. Both plays were published before *The English Rogue* appeared; *Ram-Alley** above fifty years; and *The Parson's Wedding* about ten or twelve.

* There are, as will be seen at the end, two editions of *Ram-Alley*, the first in 1611, and the other in 1636; the latter printed from the former with a number of additional errors. From the most corrupt of the two copies this play has been hitherto reprinted, without any comparison of the two: they have now for the first time been accurately collated, and, in many instances, the correct reading has been restored. C.

PROLOGUE.

*Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,
 The satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,
 Which most do hurt when least suspected,
 By this play are not affected ;
 But if conceit with quick-turn'd scenes,
 Observing all those ancient streams,
¹ Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,
 As time, place, person, and to show
 Things never done with that true life,
 That thoughts and wits should stand at strife ;
 Whether the things now shown be true,
 Or whether we ourselves now do
 The things we but present : if these,
 Free from the loathsome stage disease,
 (So over-worn, so tir'd, and stale,
 Not satyriizing but to rail)
 May win your favours, and inherit
 But calm acceptance for his merit :
 He vows by Paper, Pen, and Ink,
 And by the learned Sister's drink,
 To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
 And never cease his brain to toil,
 Till from the silent hours of night,
 He doth produce, for your delight,
 Conceits so new, so harmless free,
 That Puritans themselves may see
 A play, yet not in publick preach,
 That players, such lewd doctrine teach
 That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
 When they do see a man resemble
 The picture of a villain : this,
 As he a friend to Muses is,
 To you by me he gives his word,
 Is all his Play doth now afford.*

¹ Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,] See Note 26 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

ACTORUM NOMINA.

SIR OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS.
JUSTICE TUTCHIN.
THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.
WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.
BOUTCHER.
LIEUTENANT BEARD.
THROAT.
CAPTAIN FACE.*
DASH.
THREE GENTLEMEN.
A DRAWER.
CONSTABLE, and OFFICERS.

WOMEN.

LADY SOMMERFIELD.
CONSTANTIA SOMMERFIELD.
FRANCES.
TAFFATA.
ADRIANA.
CHAMBER-MAID.

* This character is sometimes called *Captain Face*, and sometimes *Captain Puff* in the body of the play, and probably the former is according to the intention of the author, as it so stands in the *Dramatis Personæ*, and as he is spoken of by the widow Taffata as *Captain Face*. Ben Jonson names the Housekeeper in his *Alchemist*, *Face*. C.

' RAM-ALLEY;

OR,

MERRY TRICKS.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter CONSTANTIA sola, with a letter in her hand.

Constantia. In this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes

Could have a general note, I have forsook
My shape, my mother, and those rich demesnes,
Of which I am sole heir; and now resolve,
In this disguise of Page to follow him,
Whose love first caus'd me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches! methinks this 'a cod-piece
Should betray me: well, I will try the worst.
Hither they say he usually doth come,
Whom I so much affect: what makes he here?
In the skirts of Holborn, so near the field,
And at a garden-house? he has some punk
Upon my life: no more, here he comes.

Enter BOUTCHER.

God save you, sir: your name, unless I err,
Is Master Thomas Boutcher.

¹ *Ram-Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet-street. It formerly among other places claimed to be exempt from the Process of the Courts of Law; a privilege which was taken from it by the Stat. of 9 and 10 William III. c. 27. s. 15.

² *cod-piece*] See Note 60 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Boutcher. 'Tis, sweet boy.

Constantia. I have a letter for you.

[*Const. delivers the letter ; he reads it.*]

Boutcher. From whom is't ?

Constantia. The inside, sir, will tell you ; I shall see
What love he bears me now.

Boutcher. Th'art welcome, boy.

How does the fair *Constantia Sommerfield*,
My noble mistress ?

Constantia. I left her in health.

Boutcher. She gives thee here good words ; and for
her sake,

Thou shalt not want a master : be mine for ever.

Constantia. I thank you, sir. Now shall I see the
Punk. [He knocks.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

William Small-shanks. Who knocks so fast ? I
thought 'twas you ; what news ?

Boutcher. You know my business well ; I sing one
song.

William Small-shanks. 'Sfoot, what would you have
me do ? my land is gone,

My credit of less trust than Courtiers' words,

To men of judgment ; and for my debts

* I might deserve a Knighthood : what's to be done ?

The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe

To call me son ; that little land he gave,

Throat the lawyer swallowed at one gob

For less than half the worth ; and for the City

There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen,

Would hang upon me for their maintenance,

Should I but peep or step within the gates,

That I am forc'd, only to ease my charge,

To live here in the suburbs ; or in the town

To walk in *tenebris*. I tell you, sir,

Your best retired life is an honest Punk

In a thatcht-house with garlick : tell not me,

* I might deserve a Knighthood] See note 6 to *A Mad World, my Masters*.

My Punk's my Punk, and noble lechery
Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.

Boutcher. The pox it will : art thou so senseless
grown,

So much indeared to thy bestial lust,
That thy original worth should lie extinct
And buried in thy shame? Far be such thoughts
From spirits free and noble! Begin to live:
Know thyself, and whence thou art deriv'd.
I know that competent state thy father gave
Cannot be yet consum'd.

William Small-shanks. 'Tis gone by heaven!
Not a denier is left.

Boutcher. 'Tis impossible.

William Small-shanks. Impossible! s'heart! I have
had two suckers,
Able to spend the wealthy Cræsus store.

Enter FRANCES.

Boutcher. What are they?

William Small-shanks. Why, a lawyer, and a whore:—
See here comes one, do'st think this petticoat,
A perfum'd smock, and twice a week a bath,
Can be maintain'd with half a year's revenues?
No, by heaven! we annual younger brothers
Must go to't by wholesale; by wholesale-men
These creatures are maintained: her very face
Has cost a hundred pounds.

Frances. Sir, thank yourself.

Constantia. They keep this whore betwixt them.

Frances. You know, sir,
I did enjoy a quiet country life,
Spotless and free; till you corrupted me,
And brought me to the Court, I never knew,
What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant:
Till you prefer'd me to your aunt the lady,
I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
No Mercury water, ⁴ fucus, or perfumes,
To help a lady's breath, until your aunt

⁴ *fucus*] Is a paint or composition used by the ladies to beautify

Learnt me the common trick.

William Small-shanks. The common trick,
Say you? a pox upon such common tricks!
They will undo us all.

Boutcher. And knowing this,
Art thou so wilful-blind still to persist
In ruin and defame?

William Small-shanks. What should I do?
I've past my word to keep this gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her own content.
And what is a gentleman but his word?

Boutcher. Why, let her go to service.

William Small-shanks. To service!
Why so she does; she is my landress,
And by this light, no puny Inn-a Court
But keeps a landress at his command,
To do him service; and shall not I? ha?

Frances. Sir, you are his friend (I love him too);
Propound a course which may advantage him,
And you shall find such real worth in me,
That rather than I'll live his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The city yields to give me means of life.

William Small-shanks. Why there's it: you hear her
what she says;
Would not he be damn'd that should forsake her?
Says she not well? can you propound a course,
To get my forfeit land from yonder rogue,
Parcel lawyer, parcel devil, all knave,
Throat, Throat?

Boutcher. Not I.

the face and heighten the complexion. It is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, A. 2. S. 1:

“ ——— to-morrow morning

“ I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve

“ And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath

“ To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when

“ I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,

“ Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,

“ Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,

“ As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.”

William Small-shanks. Why so, I thought as much ;
You are like our citizens to men in need,
Which cry, 'tis pity a proper gentleman
Should want money ; yet not an usuring slave
Will lend him a denier, to help his wants.
Will you lend me forty shillings ?

Boutcher. I will.

William Small-shanks. Why god-a-mercy, there's
some goodness in thee :
You'll not repent ?

Boutcher. I will not.

William Small-shanks. With that money
I will redeem my forfeit land, and wed
My cockatrice to a man of worship,
To a man of worship, by this light !

Boutcher. But how ?

William Small-shanks. Thus: in Ram-Alley lies a
fellow, by name
Throat: one that professeth law, but indeed
Has neither law nor conscience ; a fellow
That never saw the bar, but when his life
Was call'd in question for a cozenage:
The rogue is rich ; to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir John Sommerfield—

Constantia. How's that ?

William Small-shanks. Is lately dead, and that my
hopes stand fair
To get his only daughter. If I speed,*
And have but means to steal away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefest friend,
To entertain us till our nuptial rites
May be accomplish'd: and could you but procure
My elder brother meet me on the way,
And but associate me unto his house,
'Twere hit i'faith; I'd give my cunning Throat
An honest slit for all his tricks in law.

* The quarto of 1636 has it " If I spend," which was followed
by Mr. Reed, but the first quarto of 1611 gives the true reading,
" If I speed." C.

Boutcher. Why this shall be perform'd; take; there's
my store,

To friends all things are common.

William Small-shanks. Then at the Court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.

Boutcher. I will as carefully perform thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay upon th' attempt.

William Small-shanks. When shall I hear from you?

Boutcher. Within this hour.

William Small-shanks. Let me alone for the rest:
if I gull not

And go beyond my open throated lawyer,

For all his book-cases of *Tricesimo nono*

And *Quadragesimo octavo*, let me

Like waiting gentlewomen be ever bound,

To sit upon my heels, and pick ^b rushes.

Will you about this geer?

Boutcher. With my best speed.

William Small-shanks. Then fare you well; you'll
meet me?

Boutcher. Without fail.

[*Exeunt Boutcher and Page.**]

William Small shanks. Adieu. Now you pernicious
^ccockatrice,

You see how I must skelder for your 'good:

I'll bring you where you shall have means to cheat,

If you have grace enough to apprehend it.

Frances. Believe me, love, howe'er some stricter wits

Condemn all women which are prone to love,

And think that if their favour fall on any,

By consequence they must be naught with many,

And hold a false position, that a woman

False to herself, can trusty be to no man,

Yet no I say, howe'er my life hath lost

The fame which my virginity aspir'd,

I will be true to thee: my deed shall move,

^a *rushes.*] See Note 7 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

^b Meaning Constantia, so disguised. C.

^c *cockatrice,*] See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

To win from all men pity, if not love.

William Small-shanks. Tut, I know thee a good rascal : lets in,

And on with all your neat, and finest rags.

On with your cloak and ⁷safe-guard, you arrant drab,
You must cheat without all conscience, filch for thee,
and me.

Do but thou act what I shall well contrive,
We'll teach my lawyer a new way to thrive. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mistress Taffata, and Adriana her maid above.

Taffata. Come, lov'd Adriana, here let us sit,
And mark who passes ; now for a wager,
What colour'd beard comes next by the window ?

Adriana. A black man's I think.

Taffata. I think not so,
I think a red, for that is most in fashion.
Lord ! how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants ! sure we never more shall see
A good leg worn in a long silk stocking,
With a long cod-piece : of all fashions
That carried it i'faith. What's he goes by ?

Enter a Citizen.

Adriana. A shivelling Citizen, he is carrying ware
[*Exit.*]

Unto some lady's chamber : but who's this ?

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS reading a letter.

Taffata. I know him not ; he looks just like a fool.

Adriana. He's very brave, he may be a courtier :
What's that he reads ?

Taffata. Ah, how light he treads,
For dirting his silk stockings ! I'll tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish,
All men by their noses, as thus : your nose
Tuscan is lovely, large, and broad,
Much like a goose ; your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose ;
Your scholars nose is very fresh, and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton, in his dish of porrage ;

⁷ safe-guard,] See Note 5 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

Your puritan nose is very sharp, and long,
And much like your widows, and with ease can smell
An edifying capon some five streets off.

Enter BOUTCHER and CONSTANTIA.

Adriana. O mistress! a very proper gentleman.

Taffata. And trust me so he is; I never saw
A man that sooner could captive my thoughts
(Since I writ widow) than this gentleman.

I would he would look up!

Adriana. I'll laugh so loud
That he may hear me.

Taffata. That's not so good.

Boutcher. And spake you with master Small-shanks?

Constantia. I did.

Boutcher. Will he meet his brother?

Constantia. He said he would,
And I believed him. I tell you, master,
I have done that for many of these gallants
That no man in this town would do but I.

Boutcher. What is that boy?

Constantia. Why trust them on their words?
But will you hear the news which now supplies
The city with discourse?

Boutcher. What is it, wag?

Constantia. This sir: they say some of our city dames
Were much desirous to see the baboons
Do their newest tricks, went, saw them, came home,
Went to bed, slept; next morning one of them,
Being to shift a smock, sends down her maid,
To warm her one; mean while she gins to thin k
On the baboon's tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practise some: at last she strove,
To get her right leg over her head, thus;
And by her activity she got it
Cross her shoulder; but not with all her power,
Could she reduce it: at last much struggling
Tumbles quite from the bed upon the floor.
The maid by this return'd with the warm smock,
And seeing her mistress thrown on the ground,
Trust up like a foot-ball, exclaims, calls help,

Runs down amaz'd, swears that her mistress neck
Is broke : up comes her husband, and neighbours,
And finding her thus truss'd, some flatly said
She was bewicht, others she was possest,
A third said for her pride the devil had set
Her face where her rump should stand ; but at last
Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helps her : she ashamed, her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbear,
She tells them of the fatal accident.
To which one answers, that if her husband
Would leave his trade, and carry his wife about
To do this trick in publick, she'd get more gold
Than all the baboons, calves with two tails,
Or ⁷ motions whatsoever.

Boutcher. You are a wag.

Taffata. He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.

Adriana. Shall I cough or sneeze?

Taffata. No, I ha't ; stand aside.

Ah me, my handkerchief ! Adrian, Fabian !

Adriana. Mistress.

Taffata. Run, run, I have let my handkerchief fall.
Gentleman, shall I intreat a curtesy?

Boutcher. Within my power your beauty shall command.

What curtesy is't?

Taffata. To stoop, and take up
My handkerchief.

Boutcher. Your desire is performed.

Taffata. Sir, most hearty thanks : please you come
in,

Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.

Boutcher. I accept your curtesy : ha ! what's this ?
Assailed by fear and hope in a moment !

Boutcher. this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedom : shall smiles, and
eyes

⁷ motions] i. e. puppet shews. See Note 4 to *The Antiquary*,
vol. X.

With their lascivious glances, conquer him,
Hath still been lord of his affections?
Shall simp'ring niceness, load-stones but to fools,
Attract a knowing spirit? it shall, it does.
Not Phœbus, rising from Aurora's lap,
Spreads his bright rays with more majestick grace
Than came the glances from her quick'ning eye :
And what of this ?

Constantia. By my troth I know not.

Boutcher. I will not enter : continued flames burn
strong.

I yet am free, and reason keeps her seat
Above all fond affections, yet is she fair.

Enter ADRIANA.

Adriana. Sir, I bring you thanks for this great cur-
tesy ;

And if you please to enter I dare presume,
My mistress will afford you gracious welcome.

Boutcher. How do men call your mistress ?

Constantia. The man's in love.

Adriana. Her name, sir, is mistress Changeable, late
wife

To master Taffata, mercer, deceas'd.

Boutcher. I have heard she is both rich and beautiful.

Adriana. In th' eyes of such as love her ; judge your-
self,

Please you but prick forward, and enter.

[*Exit Boutcher.*

Constantia. Now will I fall aboard the waiting-maid.

Adriana. Fall aboard of me ! dost take me for a ship ?

Constantia. Ay, and will shoot you betwixt wind
and water.

Adriana. Blurt ! master gunner, your lin stock's too
short.

Constantia. Foot ! how did she know that ? dost hear,
sweet-heart,

Should not the page be doing with the maid,

Whilst the master is busy with the mistress ?

Please you prick forwards ; thou art a wench

Likely to go the way of all flesh shortly.

Adriana. Whose witty knave art thou ?

Constantia. At your service.

Adriana. At mine faith ! I should breech thee.

Constantia. How breech me ?

Adriana. Ay, ^o breech thee ; I have breech'd a taller man,

Than you in my time : come in, and welcome. [*Exit.*

Constantia. Well, I see now a rich well-practis'd bawd

May purse more fees in a summer's progress
Than a well-traded lawyer in a whole term.
Pandarism ! why 'tis grown a liberal science,
Or a new sect, and the good professors,
Will like the ^o Brownist frequent gravel pits shortly,
For they use woods and obscure holes already. [*Exit.*

Enter TAFFATA and BOUTCHER.

Taffata. Not marry a widow ?

Boutcher. No.

Taffata. And why ?

Belike you think it base, and servant-like,
To feed upon reversion : you hold us widows,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end
That hath had many fingers in't before,
And is reserv'd for gross and hungry stomachs.

Boutcher. You much mistake me.

Taffata. Come, in faith you do :

And let me tell you that's but ceremony ;
For though the pie be broken up before,
Yet says the proverb, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capon's wings and legs be carv'd,
The flesh left with the rump I hope is sweet.
I tell you, sir, I have been woo'd, and sued too,
By worthy knights of fair demesnes : nay more,
They have been out of debt ; yet till this hour
I neither could endure to be in love,
Or be beloved ; but profer'd ware is cheap.
What's lawful, that's loath'd, and things denied,

^o breech thee,] i. e. whip thee. See Note 48 to *Edward II.* vol.

II.

^o Brownist] See Note 11 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII.

Are with more stronger appetite pursu'd :
I am too yielding.

Boutcher. You mistake my thoughts :
But know, thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skill'd in unknown fate than was
¹⁰The blind Achaian Prophet, it was foretold,
A widow should endanger both my life,
My soul, my lands, and reputation.
This checks my thoughts, and cools th' essential fire,
Of sacred love, more ardent in my breast
Than speech can utter.

Taffata. A trivial idle jest,
'Tis for a man of your repute and note,
To credit fortune-tellers. A petty rogue,
That never saw five shillings in a heap,
Will take upon him to divine men's fate,
Yet never knows himself shall die a beggar,
Or be hanged up for pilfering table-cloths,
Shirts, and smocks, hang'd out to dry on hedges ;
'Tis ¹¹merely base to trust them : or if there be,
A man in whom the Delphick god hath breath'd
His true divining fire, that can foretel
The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knows
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed, cannot by wit,
Or man's invention be dissolved, or shun'd.
Then give thy love free scope, embrace, and kiss,
And to the distaff sisters leave th' event.

Boutcher. How powerful are their words whom we
affect !

Small force shall need to win the strongest fort,
If to his state the captain be perfidious.
I must entreat you licence my depart
For some few hours.

¹⁰ *The blind Achaian Prophet,*] *Teresias*, the blind Prophet of Thebes. See the *Oedipus of Sophocles*, and that of Dryden and Lee.

¹¹ *merely*] *Absolutely*. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ --- I am as happy
“ In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine.”

Taffata. Choose what you will of time,
There lies your way.

Boutcher. I will intreat her stay.

Taffata. Did you call sir?

Boutcher. No.

Taffata. Then fare you well.

Boutcher. Who gins to love, need's not a second
hell. [*Exit Boutcher.*]

Enter ADRIANA.

Taffata. Adriana, makes he no stay?

Adriana. Mistress!

Taffata. I pray thee see if he have left the house;
Peep close, see, but be not seen: is he gone?

Adriana. No; he has made a stand.

Taffata. I pr'ythee keep close.

Adriana. Nay, keep you close, y'ad best.

Taffata. What does he now?

Adriana. Now he retires.*

Re-enter BOUTCHER.

Boutcher. O you much partial gods!
Why gave you men affections, and not a power
To govern them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect—a widow, a widow.

Taffata. Blows the wind there?

Adriana. A ha, he's in i'faith:

Yo'ave drawn him now within your purlieus, mistress.

Boutcher. Tut, I will not love! my rational
And better parts shall conquer blind affections:
Let passion, children, or weak women sway,
My love shall to my judgment still obey. [*Exit.*]

Taffata. What does he now?

Adriana. He's gone.

Taffata. Gone! Adriana?

Adriana. He went his way and never look'd behind
him.

Taffata. Sure he's taken?

Adriana. A little sing'd or so;

* Perhaps we ought to read, "Now he *returns*," and not "Now
"he *retires*;" but both the old copies are uniform in favour of *re-
tires*. C.

Each thing must have beginning; men must prepare
 Before they can come on, and shew their loves
 In pleasing sorts: the man must do in time,
 For love, good mistress, is much like to wax,
 The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster too;
 Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
 The more he labours, still the deeper in.

Taffata. Come, thou must help me now, I have a
 trick

To second this beginning, and in the nick
 To strike it dead i'faith. Women must woo,
 When men forget what nature leads them to. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter THROAT the Lawyer from his study; books and
 bags of money on a table, a chair and cushion.*

Throat. Chaste Phœbe, *splende*; there's that left
 yet,

Next to my book, *claro micante auro.*

Aye, that's the soul of law; that's it, that's it,
 For which the buckram-bag must trudge all weathers,
 Tho' scarcely fill'd with one poor replication.

How happy are we that we joy the law
 So freely as we do; not bought, and sold,
 But clearly given, without all base extorting,
 Taking but bare ten angels for a fee,

Or upward: to this renown'd estate,
 Have I by indirect and cunning means
 In-woven myself, and now can scratch it out,
 Thrust at a bar, and cry my Lord as loud,
 As e'er a listed gown-man of them all.

I never plead before the honour'd bench:
 But bench right-worshipful of peaceful Justices
 And country-gentlemen; and yet I've found
 Good gettings by the mass; besides odd cheats,
 Will Small-shanks's lands, and many garboiles* more,
 Dash!

* Barry uses this word *garboiles*, in a sense to which it was not usually applied. The Rev. Mr. Todd, in his edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, says, "Bishop Hall has rendered Virgil's *arms*, "i. e. *battles*, by the word *garboil*." This is a mistake; for Hall is

Enter DASH.

Dash. Sir.

Throat. Is that rejoinder done?

Dash. Done, sir.

Throat. Have you drawn't at length, have you dash'd it out,

According to your name?

Dash. Some seven score sheets.

Throat. Is the demurrer drawn 'twixt Snipe and Woodcock?

And what do you say to Peacock's pitiful bill?

Dash. I have drawn his answer negative to all.

Throat. Negative to all! The plaintiff says,
That William Goose was son to Thomas Goose;
And will he swear the general bill is false?

Dash. He will.

Throat. Then he forswears his father: 'tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before ourselves. Has he paid all his fees?

Dash. He left them all with me.

Throat. Then truss my points;
And how think'st thou of law?

Dash. Most reverently,
Law is the world's great light, a second sun,
To this terrestrial globe, by which all things
Have life, and being; and without which
Confusion and disorder soon would seize

laughing at Stanihurst for having so done, in his attempted *hexameter* translation of the *Æneid*.

"Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,

"And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue;

"Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with changed feet," &c.

BOOK I. SAT. 6.

But there are many authorities besides Shakespeare in his Antony and Cleopatra, for its employment. Gascoyne inserts it in the Speech of Hercules, in the *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*—
"A garboyl this, indeed." Drayton also uses it in a passage quoted in *England's Parnassus*, p. 444:

"Such is the garboyle of this conflict then;

"Brave Englishmen encountering Englishmen;"

and T. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, talks of "the head of all
"these garboyles, the chief actor of that black sin," &c. C.

The general state of men: wars outrages,
The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs and cures,
It is the kingdom's eye, by which she sees
The acts and thoughts of men.

Throat. The kingdom's eye!
I tell thee, fool, it is the kingdom's nose,
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors:
Nor is't of flesh, but merely made of wax,
And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please:
Or it may be, as thou say'st, an eye indeed;
But if it be, 'tis sure a woman's eye [*Knocks within.*
That's ever rolling.

Dash. One knocks.

Throat. Go see who 'tis;
Stay, my chair and gown, and then go see who
knocks.

Thus must I seem a lawyer, which am, indeed,
But merely dregs and off-scum of the law.

Enter BOUTCHER, DASH, and CONSTANTIA.

Ay, *tricesimo primo Alberti Magni*,
'Tis very clear.

Boutcher. God save you, sir.

Throat. The place is very pregnant.—Master Bout-
cher,
Most hearty welcome, sir.

Boutcher. You ply this geer,
You are no truant in the law, I see.

Throat. Faith some hundred books in folio I have
Turn'd over to better my own knowledge;
But that is nothing for a student.*

Boutcher. Or a Stationer, they turn them over too,
But not as you do, gentle master Throat.
And what? the Law speaks profit, does it not?

Throat. Faith, some bad angels haunt us now and
then;
But what brought you hither?

Boutcher. Why these small legs?

* Formerly printed *student*, and for the measure it must be read
so. C.

Throat. You are conceited, sir.

Boutcher. I am in law,

But let that go, and tell me how you do :

How does Will Small-shanks, and his lovely bride ?

Throat. In troth, you make me blush ; I should
have ask'd,

His health of you, but 'tis not yet too late.

Boutcher. Nay, good sir Throat, forbear your ¹² quil-
lets now.

Throat. By heaven, I deal most plain ! I saw him not,
Since last I took his mortgage.

Boutcher. Sir, be not nice,

(Yet I must needs herein commend your love)

To let me see him ; for know I know him wed,

And that he stole away Sommerfield's heir :

Therefore, suspect me not, I am his friend.

Throat. How ! wed to rich Sommerfield's only heir !
Is old Sommerfield dead ?

Boutcher. Do you make it strange ?

Throat. By heav'n I know it not.

Boutcher. Then am I griev'd

I spake so much ; but that I know you love him,

I should intreat your secrecy, sir ; fare you well.

Throat. Nay, good sir, stay ; if ought you can dis-
close

Of master Small-shank's good, let me partake,

And make me glad in knowing his good hap.

Boutcher. You much indear him, sir ; and from your
love,

I dare presume you make yourself a fortune,

If his fair hopes proceed.

Throat. Say on, good sir.

Boutcher. You will be secret ?

Throat. Or be my tongue torn out.

Boutcher. Measure for a lawyer ; but to the point,

¹² quillets] i. e. subtilties. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*,
1603, Sign. H. 4 : "---he has his pols and his cedyols, his times
" and his tricks, his quirks, and his quilits, &c."

Euphues, 1581, p. 56. : "---not only the quirks and quiddities of
" the Logicians' but also, &c."

See also Mr. Stevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 1.

He has stole Sommerfield's heir, hither brings her,
As to a man on whom he may rely
His life and fortunes: you hath he named
Already for the Steward of his lands,
To keep his courts, and to collect his rent;
To let out leases, and to raise his fines:
Nothing that may, or love, or profit bring,
But you are named the man.

Throat. I am his slave,
And bound unto his noble curtesy,
Even with my life; I ever said he would thrive,
And I protest I kept his forfeit mortgage,
To let him know what 'tis to live in want.

Boucher. I think no less; one word more in private.

Constantia. Good master Dash, shall I put you now
a case?

Dash. Speak on, good master Page.

Constantia. Then thus it is:

Suppose I am a Page, he is my master,
My master goes to bed, and cannot tell
What money's in his hose; I ere next day
Have filch'd out some, what action lies for this?

Dash. An action, boy, call'd firking the Posteriors.
With us your action seldom comes in question;
For that 'tis known, that most of your gallants
Are seldom so well stor'd, that they forget
What money's in their hose; but if they have,
There is no other help than swear the Page,
And put him to his oath.

Constantia. Then fecks-law;
Dost think he that has conscience to steal,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny?
Then hang him up i'faith.

Boucher. I must meet him.

Throat. Commend me to them; come when they
will,

My doors stand open, and all within is theirs;
And though Ram-Alley stinks with cooks and ale,
Yet say there's many a worthy Lawyer's chamber,
'Buts upon Ram-Alley. I have still an open throat,

If aught I have which may procure his good,
Bid him command, I, though it be my blood. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

Oliver Small-shanks. Is this the place you were appointed to meet him?

Thomas Small-shanks. So Boutcher sent me word.

Oliver Small-shanks. I find it true,
That wine, good news, and a young wholesome wench,
Cheer up an old man's blood. I tell thee, boy,
I am right hearty glad to hear thy brother
Hath got so great an heir: now were myself
So well bestow'd, I should rejoice i'faith.

Thomas Small-shanks. I hope you shall do well.

Oliver Small-shanks. No doubt, no doubt;
Ah, sirrah! has he borne the wench away!
My son i'faith, my very son i'faith!
When I was young, and had an able back,
And wore the bristle on my upper lip,
In good decorum I had as good conveyance,
And could have ferk'd, and ferk'd y'away a wench,
As soon as e'er a man alive; tut, boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smiles, and other quirks,
No courtier like me; your courtiers all are fools,
To that which I could do. I could have done it, boy,
Even to a hair, and that some ladies know.

Thomas Small-shanks. Sir, I am glad this match may
reconcile
Your love unto my brother.

Oliver Small-shanks. 'Tis more than so.
I'll seem offended still, though I am glad.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, BEARD
booted.

H'as got rich Sommerfield's heir.

William Small-shanks. Come, wench of gold!
For thou shalt get me gold, besides odd ends
Of silver: we'll purchase house and land
By thy bare gettings, wench, by thy bare gettings.
How say'st, lieutenant Beard; does she not look
Like a wench newly stole from a window?

Beard. Exceeding well she carries it, by Jove;
And if she can forbear her rampant tricks,
And but hold close a while, 'twill take, by Mars.

Frances. How now, you slave? my rampant tricks,
you rogue!

Nay, fear not me: my only fear is still;
Thy filthy face betrays us; for all men know,
Thy nose stands compass like a bow,
Which is three quarters drawn; thy head
Which is with greasy hair o'er-spread,
And being uncurl'd, and black as cole,
Doth shew some scullion in a hole
Begot thee on a Gipsy, or
Thy mother was some collier's whore:
My rampant tricks, you rogue! thou'lt be descried
Before our plot be ended,

William Small-shanks. What should descry him,
Unless it be his nose? and as for that,
Thou may'st protest he was thy father's butler,
And for thy love is likewise run away:
Nay, sweet lieutenant, now forbear to puff;
And let the bristles of thy beard grow downward:
Reverence my punk, and pandarize a little;
There's many of thy rank that do profess it,
Yet hold it no disparagement.

Beard. I shall do
What fits an honest man.

William Small-shanks. Why, that's enough:
'Foot, my father, and the goose my brother;—
Back you two.

Beard. Back.

William Small-shanks. Retire, sweet Lieutenant,
And come not on till I shall wave you on.

Oliver Small-shanks. Is not that he?

Thomas Small-shanks. 'Tis he.

Oliver Small-shanks. But where's the wench? *

William Small-shanks. It shall be so, I'll cheat him,
that's flat.

Oliver Small-shanks. You are well met: know ye me,
good sir?

Belike you think I have no eyes, no ears,
No nose to smell, and wind out all your tricks,
Y'have stole sir Sommerfield's heir, nay we can find
Your wildest parts, your turnings and returns,
13 Your traces, squats, the mussers, forms and holes
You young men use, if once our sagest wits
Be set a hunting. Are you now crept forth?
Have you hid your head within a suburb hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?

William Small-shanks. 'Tis a stark lie.

Oliver Small-shanks. How?

William Small-shanks. Who told you so did lie;
'Foot! a gentleman cannot leave the city
And keep the suburbs to take a little physick,
But strait some slave will say he hides his head.
I hide my head within a suburb hole!
I could have holes at court to hide my head,
Were I but so dispos'd.

Oliver Small-shanks. Thou varlet knave,
Th'ast stoln away sir John Sommerfield's heir;
But never look for countenance from me,
Carry her whither thou wilt.

William Small-shanks. Father, father,
Heart! will you undo your posterity?
Will you, sir, undo your posterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang myself,
And where is then your house? Make me not despair,
'Foot, now I have got a wench, worth by the year
Two thousand pound, and upwards, to cross my hopes!

* The edition of this play in 1636 omits the word *wench*, and therefore it was not found in the last reprint under the care of Mr. Reed. It is now inserted from the copy of 1611.

13 *Your traces, &c.*] Terms of the chase. *Mussers* are *hiding holes*, or *lurking places*; from the Fr. *musser*, to hide, conceal, &c.

Would e'er a clown in Christendom do't but you?

Thomas Small-shanks. Good father, let him leave
this thundering,

And give him grace.

William Small-shanks. Why law, my brother knows
Reason, and what an honest man should do.

Oliver Small-shanks. Well, where's your wife?

William Small-shanks. She's coming here behind.

Oliver Small-shanks. I'll give her somewhat, though
I love not thee.

William Small-shanks. My father, right: I knew you
could not hold

Out long with a woman; but give something

Worthy your gift, and her acceptance, father.

This chain were excellent by this good light,
She shall give you as good, if once her lands

Enter FRANCES and BEARD.

Come to my fingering.

Oliver Small-shanks. Peace, knave! what's she your
wife?

William Small-shanks. That shall be, sir.

Oliver Small-shanks. And what's he?

William Small-shanks. My man.

Oliver Small-shanks. A ruffian knave he is.

William Small-shanks. A ruffian, sir!

By heaven! as ¹⁴ tall a man as ere drew sword,

Not being counted of the damned crew.

He was her father's butler, his name is Beard;

Off with your mask, now shall you find me true,

And that I am a son unto a knight:

This is my father.

[*To Frances.*

Oliver Small-shanks. I am indeed, fair maid;

My stile is knight: come, let me kiss your lips.

William Small-shanks. That kiss shall cost your
chain.

Oliver Small-shanks. It smacks i'faith:

I must commend your choice.

Frances. Sir, I have given

A larger venture than true modesty

¹⁴ as tall a man] i. e. as brave a man. See Note. 28 to *George Green*, vol. III.

Will well allow, or your more graver wit
Commend.

William Small-shanks. I dare be sworn she has.

Oliver Small-shanks. Not so.

The foolish knave has been accounted wild,
And so have I; but I am now come home,
And so will he.

Frances. I must believe it now.

William Small-shanks. Beg his chain, wench.

Beard. Will you cheat your father?

William Small-shanks. Ay, by this light will I.

Oliver Small-shanks. Nay, sigh not,

For you shall find him loving, and me thankful:

And were it not a scandal to my honour,

To be consenting to my son's attempt,

You should unto my house: mean while take this,

As pledge, and token of my after-love!

How long since died your father?

William Small-shanks. Some six weeks since;

We cannot stay to talk, for slaves pursue.

I have a house shall lodge us till the priest

May make us sure.

Oliver Small-shanks. Well, sirrah, love this woman,

And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,

She shall be welcome.

William Small-shanks. I humbly thank you, sir.

Oliver Small-shanks. I must be gone, I must a woo-
ing too.

William Small-shanks. Jove and Priapus speed you!
you'll return?

Thomas Small-shanks. Instantly.

[*Eseunt SIR OLIVER, and THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.*

William Small-shanks. Why this came cleanly off,

Give me the chain, you little cockatrice;

Why this was luck; 'foot! four hundred crowns,

Got at a clap! hold still your own, you whore,

And we shall thrive.

Beard. 'Twas bravely fetcht about.

William Small-shanks. Ay, when will your nose and
beard perform as much?

Frances. I am glad he is gone, he put me to the blush.

When he did ask me of rich Sommerfield's death.

William Small-shanks. And took not I my Q? was't not good?

Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,

¹⁵ Without a counter-buff? look who comes here,

¹⁶ *And three merry men, and three merry men,*

And three merry men be we-a.

Enter BOUTCHER, and CONSTANTIA.

Boutcher. Still in this vein? I have done you service;
The lawyer's house will give you entertainment,
Bountiful and free.

William Small-shanks. O my second self!
Come, let me buss thy beard, we are all made!
Why art so melancholy, dost want money?
Look, here's gold, and as we pass along
I'll tell thee how I got it: not a word,
But that she's Sommerfield's heir; my brother
Swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman
Does ¹⁷ flap-dragons: he comes; now to my lawyers.

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

Kiss my wife, good brother; she is a wench
Was born to make us all.

Thomas Small-shanks. I hope no less,
You are welcome, sister, into these our parts,
As I may say.

Frances. Thanks, gentle brother.

William Small-shanks. Come now to Ram-alley.

There shalt thou lie,

Till I provide a priest.

Boutcher. O villainy!

I think he will gull his whole generation;

I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,

¹⁵ *Without a counter-buff!*] I imagine an allusion is here intended to the buff coats of the Serjeants belonging to the Counter. See Note 85 to this Play.

¹⁶ *And three merry men, &c.*] These lines are the conclusion of many old songs. Several instances are produced by Mr. Steevens, Sir John Hawkins, and Mr. Tyrwhit, in their Notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3:

Again, in *Laugh and Lie downe*, 1605, Sign. E. 4:—"he plaid
"such a song of the three merry men, that had the dittie beene in a
"strange language, I should have been puzzled in the musick."

¹⁷ *flap-dragons*] See Note 75 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

I'll not forsake him, till his hopes be won. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THROAT, and two Citizens.

Throat. Then y^eare friends?

Both. We are, so please your worship.

Throat. 'Tis well, I am glad, keep your money, for law

Is like a butler's box; while you two strive,
That picks up all your money: you are friends?

Both. We are, so please you, perfect friends.

Throat. Why so.

Now to the next tap-house, there drink down this,
And by the operation of the third pot,
Quarrel again, and come to me for law:
Fare you well.

Both. The gods conserve your wisdom.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Throat. Why so: these * are tricks of the long
fifteens,

To give counsel, and to take fees on both sides;
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them:
Why this thrives well, this is a common trick;
When men have spent a deal of money in law,
Then lawyers make them friends. I have a trick
To go beyond all these. If Small-shanks come
And bring rich Sommerfield's heir,—I say no more;
But 'tis within this ¹⁸ sconce to go beyond them.

Enter DASH.

Dash. Here are gentlemen in haste would speak
with you.

Throat. What are they?

Dash. I cannot know them, sir,
They are so wrapt in cloaks.

Throat. Have they a woman?

Dash. Yes, sir; but she's mask'd, and in her riding
suit.

Throat. Go, make haste, bring them up with reve-
rence.

* Another proof that the edit. of 1636 only was followed by Mr. Reed. The first quarto has it—"Why so: these are tricks," &c. and not "there are tricks," as in the second quarto. C.

¹⁸ sconce] i. e. head. See Note 90 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Oh, are they i'faith? h'as brought the wealthy heir?
These stools and cushions stand not handsomely.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, and BEARD.

William Small-shanks. Bless thee, Throat.

Throat. Master Small-shanks, welcome.

William Small-shanks. Welcome, love; kiss this gentle-woman, Throat.

Throat. Your worship shall command me.

William Small-shanks. Ar't not weary?

Boutcher. Can you blame her, since she has rid so hard?

Throat. You are welcome, gentlemen—Dash!

Dash. Sir.

Throat. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.

William Small-shanks. Ay, that's well said, we are almost weary:

But, master Throat, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this gentlewoman,
We are not here, nor have you heard of us.

Throat. Not a word, sir; here you are as safe
As in your father's house.

Thomas Small-shanks. And he shall thank you.

William Small-shanks. Th'art not merry, love. Good master Throat,

Bid this gentlewoman welcome: she is one
Of whom you may receive some courtesy
In time.

Throat. She is most hearty welcome.
Wilt please you walk into another room,
Where is both bed and fire?

William Small-shanks. I, I, that, that.
Good brother lead her in: master Throat, and I
Will follow instantly. Now master Throat,
[*Exeunt Thomas Small-shanks, Frances, and Beard.*]

It rests within your power to pleasure me:
Know that this same is sir John Sommerfield's heir;
Now if she chance to question what I am,
Say son unto a lord: I pray thee tell her
I have a world of land, and stand in hope
To be created baron; for I protest

I was constrain'd to swear it forty times,
And yet she'll scarce believe me.

Throat. Pauca sapienti :

Let me alone to set you out in length
And breadth.

William Small-shanks. I pr'ythee do't effectually,
Shalt have a quarter share by this good light
In all she has. I pr'ythee forget not
To tell her the Small-shanks have been dancers,
Tilters, and very ancient courtiers'
And in request at court since sir John Short-hose
With his long silk stockings was beheaded.
Wilt thou do this?

Throat. Refer it to my care.

William Small-shanks. Excellent! I'll but shift my
boots, and then

Go seek a priest; this night I will be sure.

If we be sure, it cannot be undone;

Can it, master Throat?

Throat. O, sir, not possible;
You have many precedents and book-cases for't,
Be you but sure, and then let me alone.

Vivat Rex, currat Lex, and I'll defend you.

William Small-shanks. Nay, then, hang care, come
let's in.

[*Exit William Small-shanks.*]

Throat. A, ha!

Have you stole her? *fallere fallentem non est fraus.*

It shall go hard but I will strip you, boy:

You stole the wench, but I must her enjoy. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mistress TAFFATA, and ADRIANA, below.

Come Adriana, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou (for me) the fittest husband?
What say'st thou to young Boutcher?

Adriana. A pretty fellow;
But that his back is weak.

Taffata. What dost thou say
To Throat the lawyer?

Adriana. I like that well,

Were the rogue a lawyer? but he is none,
 He never was of any inn-of-court,
 But inn-of-chancery, where he was known
 But only for a swaggering whifler,
 To keep out rogues and prentices: I saw him,
 When he was stock'd for stealing the cook's fees.
 A lawyer I could like, for 'tis a thing
 Used by your citizens' wives; your husbands dead,
 To get French hoods you straight must lawyers wed.

Taffata. What say'st thou then to nimble sir Oliver
 Small-shanks?

Adriana. Faith, he must hit the hair; a fellow fit
 To make a pretty cuckold: take an old man,
 'Tis now the newest fashion: better be
¹⁹ An old man's darling than a young man's warling;
 Take me the old brisk knight: the fool is rich,
 And will be strong enough to father children,
 Though not to get them.

Taffata. 'Tis true he is the man,
 Yet will I ²⁰ bear some dozen more in hand,
 And make them all my gulls.

¹⁹ *An old man's darling than a young man's warling*] This is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 47. The Scots say, a young man's wonderling. See *Collection of Scots Proverbs*, 8vo. 1731, by James Kelly, who observes it is used as an argument to induce a young girl to marry an old man.

²⁰ *bear some dozen more in hand*] *To bear in hand* was a common phrase, signifying to keep in expectation or dependance. In Dr. Walter Pope's *Life of Bishop Seth Ward*, 1697, p. 104. is the following passage: "My Lord, I might bear you in hand; a western frase, signifying to delay or keep in expectation, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes, that I should cure you in some competent time," &c.

Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, p. 47. "— I have seen divers gentlemen come into prison (after they have laine a fortnight or three weekes at some of their houses, at an excessive rate) without either cloake, sword, or hat, which the Sergeants have got from them, onely bearing them in hand that they will get them baile."

Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, A. 1. S. 1.:

"— still bearing them in hand,

"Letting the cherry knock against their lips,

"And draw it by their mouths and back again."

The phrase frequently occurs in Shakespeare.

Adriana. Mistress, stand aside,

Enter BOUTCHER and CONSTANTIA.

Young Boutcher comes: let me alone to touch him.

Boutcher. This is the house.

Constantia. And that's the chamber-maid.

Boutcher. Where's the widow, gentle Adriana?

Adriana. The widow, sir, is not to be spoken to.

Boutcher. Not spoke to? I must speak with her.

Adriana. Must you?

Come you with authority, or do you come

To sue her with a warrant, that you must speak with
her?

Boutcher. I would intreat it.

Adriana. O you would intreat it?

May not I serve your turn? may not I unfold
Your secrets to my mistress? Love is your suit?

Boutcher. It is, fair creature.

Adriana. And why did you fall off

When you perceived my mistress was so coming?

D'you think she is still the same?

Boutcher. I do.

Adriana. Why so!

I took you for a novice: and I must think

You know not yet the inwards of a woman.

Do you not know that women are like fish,

Which must be struck when they are prone to bite,

Or all your labour's lost? but, sir, walk here,

And I'll inform my mistress your desires. [Exit.

Constantia. Master.

Boutcher. Boy.

Constantia. Come not you for love?

Boutcher. I do, boy.

Constantia. And you would have the widow?

Boutcher. I would.

Constantia. By Jove,

I never saw one go about his business

More untowardly: why, sir, do not you know,

That he which would be ²¹ inward with the mistress,

²¹ inward] See Note 308 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Must make a way first through the waiting-maid ?
If you'll know the widow's affections,
Feel first the waiting-gentlewoman ; do it, master :
Some half a dozen kisses were not lost
Upon this gentlewoman ; for you must know,
These waiting-maids are to their mistresses
Like porches unto doors ; you pass the one,
Before you can have entrance at the other.
Or like your mustard to your piece of brawn,
If you'll have one taste well, you must not scorn
To be dipping in the other. I tell you, master,
'Tis not a few men's tales which they prefer
Unto their mistresses in compass of a year :
Be rul'd by me, untruss yourself to her,
Out with all your love-sick thoughts to her,
Kiss her, and give her an angel to buy pins,
And this shall sooner win her mistress' love,
Than all your protestations, sighs, and tears.

Enter TAFFATA and ADRIANA.

Here they come : to her boldly, master ;
Do, but dally not ; that's the widow's phrase.

Boutcher. Most worthy fair, such is the power of
love,

That now I come t'accept your profer'd grace ;
And with submissive thoughts t'entreat a pardon
For my so gross neglect.

Taffata. There's no offence ;
My mind is changed.

Adriana. I told you as much before.

Constantia. With a hey pass, with a repass.

Boutcher. Dearest of women !

The constant virtue of your nobler mind,
Speaks in your looks : nor can you entertain,
Both love and hate at once.

Taffata. 'Tis all in vain.

Adriana. You strive against the stream.

Constantia. Fee the waiting-maid, master.

Boutcher. Stand thou propitious ; indear me to my
love.

[*Boutcher gives Adriana his purse secretly.*]

Adriana. Dear mistress, turn to this gentleman; I protest,
I have some feeling of his constant love,
Cast him not away; try his love.

Taffata. Why, sir,
With what audacious front can you intreat
To enjoy my love, which yet not two hours since
You scornfully refus'd?

Constantia. Well fare the waiting-maid.

Boutcher. My fate compell'd me; but now farewell
fond fear,
My soul, my life, my lands, and reputation,
I'll hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.

Taffata. Which I shall put to trial; lend me thy ear.

Adriana. Can you love, boy?

Constantia. Yes.

Adriana. What? or whom?

Constantia. My victuals.

Adriana. A pretty knave i'faith! come home to-night,
Shalt have a posset and candied eringoes.
A bed if need be too, I love a life
To play with such baboons as thou.

Constantia. Indeed!

But dost thou think the widow will have my master?

Adriana. I'll tell thee then; wo't come?

Constantia. I will.

Adriana. Remember!

Taffata. Will you perform so much?

Boutcher. Or lose my blood.

Taffata. Make him subscribe it; and then I vow,
By sacred Vesta's ever hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed.

Boutcher. Till then farewell.

Taffata. He's worthy love whose virtues most excel.

Adriana. Remember! what is't a match betwixt you
mistress? [Exit Boutcher and Constantia.

Taffata. I have set the fool in hope: h'as undertook
To rid me of that fleshly captain Face;

Which swears in taverns, and all ordinaries,
I am his lawful wife. He shall allay
The fury of the captain, and I secure
Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THROAT and FRANCES.

Throat. Open your case, and I shall soon resolve
you.

Frances. But will you do it truly?

Throat. As I am honest.

Frances. This gentleman whom I so much affect,
I scarce yet do know; so blind is love
In things which most concerns it. As y'are honest,
Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.

Throat. He is my friend, and I will speak him truly.
He is by birth son to a foolish Knight,
His present state, I think, will be the prison,
And farthest hope to be bail'd out again
By sale of all your land.

Frances. O me accurs'd!

Has he no credit, lands, and manors?

Throat. That land he has lies in a fair church-yard;
And for his manners they are so rude and vile,
That scarce an honest man will keep him company.

Frances. I am abused, cozened, and deceived.

Throat. Why, that's his occupation: he will cheat
In a cloak lin'd with velvet; he will prate
Faster than five barbers and a taylor;
Lie faster than ten city occupiers,
Or cunning tradesmen: goes a trust
In every tavern, where h'as spent a fagot;
Swears love to every whore, squires bawds,
And takes up houses for them as their husband:
He is a man I love, and have done much
To bring him to preferment.

Frances. Is there no trust, no honesty in men?

Throat. Faith, some there is,
And 'tis all in the hands of us lawyers
And women: and those women which have it,
Keep their honesty so close, that not one
Amongst a hundred is perceiv'd to have it.

Frances. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him,
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife?

Throat. O, questionless you may!
You have many precedents and book-cases for't:
Nay, though you were married by a book-case
Of *Millesimo sexcentesimo*, &c.

You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Provided that some fault be in the husband,
As none of them are clear.

Frances. I am resolv'd.
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.
Throat. All that I have is yours; and were I worthy
To be your husband—

Frances. I thank you, sir;
I will rather wed a most perfidious Red-shanks,
A noted Jew, or some mechanic slave,
Than let him joy my sheets.

Throat. He comes, he comes.

Enter W. SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, T. SMALL-SHANKS, BEARD.

William Small-shanks. Now, my Virago, 'tis done,
all's cock-sure.

I have a Priest will mumble up a marriage,
Without bell, book, or candle: * a nimble slave,
An honest Welshman, that was a taylor,
But now is made a curate.

* These words "*bell book and candle*," refer to the mode of excommunication in the Romish Church. In King John, A. III. S. 3. the Bastard says,

"Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

"When gold and silver beckons me to come on."

Dr. Grey in his notes on Shakespeare, vol. I. p. 284. has given the ceremonial on pronouncing an excommunication, by which it appears, that in the performance of this office, three candles were to be extinguished in the different parts of it. In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excommunication, *Anno* 1298, (See Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, vol. 2.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "throughout explained in order in English, with bells tolling and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for Laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences."

Beard. Nay, y'are fitted.

Boutcher. Now, master Throat.

Thomas Small-shanks. Where's your spirit, sister?

William Small-shanks. ²²What, all amort? what's the matter? do you hear?

Boutcher. What's the reason of this melancholy?

Throat. By heaven I know not!

William Small-shanks. Has the gudgeon bit?

Frances. He has been nibbling. [*Aside.*

William Small-shanks. Hold him to it, wench, [*Aside.*

And it will hit by heaven! [*Aside.*] why art so sad?

'Foot, wench, we will be married to-night,

We'll sup at th' Mitre, and from thence

My brother and we three will to the Savoy;

Which done, I tell thee, girl, we'll hand o'er head,

Go to it pell mell for a maidenhead.

Come, you are lusty: you wenches are like bells,

You give no musick till you feel the clapper.

Come, Throat, a torch, we must be gone. [*Exit.*

Frances. Servant.

Beard. Mistress.

Frances. We are undone.

Beard. Now Jove ²³forefend!

Frances. This fellow has no land; and, which is worse,

He has no credit.

Beard. How! are we outstript?

Blown up by wit of man? Let us be gone

Home again, home again, our market now is done.

²² What, all amort? [*All amort* here, and in other places, signifies melancholy. So, in Greene's *History of Fryer Bacon*, 1630, Sign. A. 2:

"Shall he thus *all amort* live malecontent?"

Wily Beguiled, p. 358. Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*, vol. III.

"Why how now, Sophos! *all amort*? still languish in love?"

The *Contention between Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, 1602, makes an addition to this French expression not usually found in English.

"What! is there none that answeres? *Tout a-la-mort*? Sign. B. C.

²³ forefend.] See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismund*, vol. II.

Frances. That were too great a scandal.

Throat. Most true,

Better to wed another than to return
With scandal and defame : wed me a man
Whose wealth may reconcile your mother's love,
And make the action lawful.

Beard. But where's the man ?

I like your counsel could you show the man.

Throat. Myself am he, might I but dare aspire
Unto so high a fortune.

Beard. Mistress, take the man :

Shall we be baffled with fair promises,
Or shall we trudge like beggars back again ?
No, take this wise and virtuous man,
Who, should he lose his legs, his arms, his ears,
His nose, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left, 'twill get his living.
Take me this man.

Throat. Thanks, gentle master Beard.

Frances. 'Tis impossible ; this night he means to
wed me.

Throat. If not by law, we will with pow'r prevent it,
So you but give consent.

Frances. Let's hear the means.

Throat. I'll muster up my friends, and thus I * cast
it :

Whilst they are busy, you and I will hence
Directly to a chapel, where a priest
Shall knit the nuptial knot ere they pursue us.

Beard. O rare invention ! I'll act my part ;
He owes me thirteen pound, I say no more,
But there be catch-poles : speak, is't a match ?*

Frances. I give my liking.

Throat. Dash !

* cast it :] i. e. contrive it. The word is still sometimes used
in the same sense.

* All after the words " O rare invention " has been hitherto
given to Throat without any notice, and although both the quartos
assign it to Beard, who, as appears subsequently, had advanced
the sum he mentions. C.

Dash. Sir.

Throat. Get your sword,

[*Exeunt Frances and Beard.*]

And me my buckler : nay, you shall know

We are *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*,

Bring my cloak, you shall thither, I'll for friends,

Worship and wealth the lawyer's state attends.

²⁵ *Dash*, we must bear some brain to Saint John's-street,

Go, run, fly : and afar off enquire,

If that the lady Sommerfield be there,

If there, know what news, and meet me strait

²⁶ At the Mitre-door, in Fleet-street ; away :

" To get rich wives, men must not use delay."

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Sir OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, JUSTICE TUTCHIN.

Justice Tutchin. A hunting, sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!

Oliver Small-shanks. We old men have our crotchets, our conundrums,

Our figaries, quirks, and quibbles,

As well as youth. *Justice Tutchin*, I go

To hunt no buck, but prick a lusty doe.

I go in truth a wooing.

Justice Tutchin. Then ride with me,
I'll bring you to my sister Sommerfield.

²⁵ *Dash*, we must bear a brain.] So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. "When these wordes of command are rotten we will sow some other military seedes ; you beare a braine and memory."

Again, the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, says,

" Well I do beare a brain."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on this last passage.

²⁶ At the Mitre-door in Fleet-street.] From this line it seems as if the Mitre Tavern had been removed from Cheapside to where it now stands.

Oliver Small-shanks. Justice, not so, by her there hangs a tale.

Justice Tutchin. That's true indeed.

Oliver Small-shanks. She has a daughter.

Justice Tutchin. And what of that?

Oliver Small-shanks. I likewise have a son,
A villainous boy, his father up and down;

What should I say? these velvet-bearded boys

Will still be doing, say what we old men can.

Justice Tutchin. And what of this, sir Oliver? be plain.

Oliver Small-shanks. A nimble spirited knave, the villain boy,

Has one trick of his sire, has got the wench,

Stol'n your rich sister's heir.

Justice Tutchin. Sommerfield's heir?

Oliver Small-shanks. 'Has done the deed, has pierc'd
the vessel's head,

And knows by this the vintage.

Justice Tutchin. When should this be?

Oliver Small-shanks. As I am by my counsel well-informed,

This very day.

Justice Tutchin. Tut, it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maid last night.

Oliver Small-shanks. Maids may be maids to-night,
and not to-morrow.

Women are free, and sell their maidenheads,

As men sell cloth by yard and handful;

But if you chance to see your sister widow,

Comfort her tears, and say her daughter's match'd

With one that has a knocker to his father

An honest noble knight.

Justice Tutchin. Stand close, knight, close,
And mark this captain's humour, his name is Puff.

He dreams as he walks, and thinks no woman

Enter Captain PUFF.

Sees him but is in love with him.

Puff. 'Twere brave,
If some great lady through a window spied me,

And straight should love me. Says he should send
 Five thousand pound unto my lodging,
 And crave my company: with that money
 I would make three several cloaks, and line them
 With black, crimson, and tawny three pil'd velvet;
 I would eat at Chare's ordinary, and dice
 At Antony's: then would I keep my whore
 In beaten velvet, and have two slaves to tend her.

Oliver Small-shanks. Ha, ha, ha.

Puff. What my case of Justices?

What are you eaves-dropping? or do you think
 Your tawny coats with greasy facings here
 Shall carry it? Sir Oliver Small-shanks,
 Know my name is Puff, knight, thee have I sought
 To fright thee from thy wits.

Justice Tutchin. Nay, good sir Puff,
 We have too many mad men already.

Puff. How? I tell thee, justice Tutchin, not all
 Thy bailiffs, serjeants, busy constables,
 Defesants, warrants, or thy mittimussses,
 Shall save his throat from cutting, if he presume
 To woo the widow ²⁶yclipped Taffata:
 She is my wife by oath. Therefore take heed,
 Let me not catch thee in the widow's house:
 If I do, I'll pick thy head upon my sword,
 And piss in thy very visnoimy; beware, beware!
 Come there no more; a captain's word
 Flies not so fierce as doth his fatal sword. [*Erit Puff.*]

Oliver Small-shanks. How like you this? shall we
 endure this thunder,

Or go no further?

Justice Tutchin. We will on, sir Oliver,
 We will on, let me alone to touch him;
 I wonder how my spirit did forbear
 To strike him on the face: had this been spoke
 Within my liberties, h'ad died for it.

Re-enter Captain PUFF.

Sir Oliver Small-shanks. I was about to draw.

Puff. If you come there,

²⁶yclipped] i. e. called.

Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which
I get me heat at tennis.

Justice Tutchin. Is he gone?

[*Exit Puff.*]

I would he durst a stood to this a while.

Well, I shall catch him in a narrow room,

Where neither of us can flinch: if I do,

I'll make him dance a trenchmore to my sword:

Come, I'll along with you to the widow.

We will not be out-braved, take my word,

We'll not be wrong'd while I can draw a sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THROAT, and other GENTLEMEN.

Throat. Let the coach stay at Shoe-lane end; be ready,

Let the boot stand open; and when she's in,

Hurry towards Saint Giles's in the Fields,

As if the devil himself were waggoner.

Now for an arm of oak, and heart of steel,

To bear away the wench, to get a wife,

A gentlewoman, a maid, nay which is more,

An honest maid, and, which is most of all,

A rich and honest maid: *O Jove! O Jove!*

For a man to wed such a wife as this

Is to dwell in the suburbs of heaven.

²⁷ *a trenchmore*! *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, vol. IV. p. 391.) "frequent mention is made by our old dramatic writers: Thus, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. one of the Townsmen says:

"All the windows of the town dance a new *trenchmore*."

"In the *Table Talk* of Selden, title *King of England*, is the following humorous passage: 'The Court of England is much altered.

"At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the

"corantos and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony;

"and at length to *trenchmore* and the cushion dance: Then all the

"company dances. lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, there has

"been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion dance, omnium

"gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite. And in the comedy of

"*The Rehearsal*, the earth, sun, and moon, are made to dance the

"hey to the tune of *trenchmore*. From all which it may be inferred,

"that the *trenchmore* was a lively movement."

The *trenchmore* is mentioned in *The Pilgrim*, A. 4. S. 3.

First Gentleman. Is she so exquisite?

Throat. Sir, she is rich,
And a great heir.

Second Gentlemen. 'Tis the more dangerous.

Throat. Dangerous? Lord! where be those gallant
spirits?

The time has been when scarce an honest woman,
Much less a wench, could pass an Inn-of-Court,
But some of the fry would have been doing
With her: I knew the day when Shreds, a taylor,
Coming once late by an Inn-of-chancery,
Was laid along, and muffled in his cloak,
His wife took in, stitch'd up, turn'd out again,
And he persuaded all was but in jest.
Tut, those brave boys are gone; these which are left
Are wary lads, live poring on their books,
And give their linen to their landresses,
By tale; they now can save their purses:
I knew when every gallant had his man,
But now a twelpenny weekly landress
Will serve the turn to half a dozen of them.

Enter DASH.

Here comes my man; what news?

Dash. As you would wish;
The lady Sommerfield is come to town.
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,
Her only daughter is conveyed away,
No man knows how. Now to it, master,
You and your servant Dash are made for ever,
If you but stick to it now.

Throat. Gentlemen,
Now shew yourselves at full, and not a man
But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, and BEARD with a torch.

First Gentleman. Tut, fear not us; be sure you run
away,
And we'll perform the quarrel.

Throat. Stand close, they come.

William Small-shanks. Art sure he will be here?

Frances. Most sure.

William Small-shanks. Beard.

Beard. Sir.

William Small-shanks. Bear up the torch, and keep
your way apace

Directly to the Savoy.

Throat. Have you a licence?

Look to that, brother, before you marry,
For fear the parson lose his benefice.

William Small-shanks. Tut, our curate craves no
licence; he swears

His living came to him by a miracle.

Boutcher. How by miracle?

William Small-shanks. Why he paid nothing for't:
He swears that few be free from simony,
But only Welshmen, and those he says too
Are but mountain priests.

Boutcher. But hang him, fool, he lies:
What's his reason?

William Small-shanks. His reason is this;
That all their livings are so rude and bare,
That not a man will venture his damnation
By giving money for them: he does protest,
There is but two pair of hose and shoes
In all his parish.

First Gentleman. Hold up your light, sir.

Beard. Shall I be taught how to advance my torch?

William Small-shanks. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Second Gentleman. Your lieutenant's an ass.

Beard. How an ass? ^{as} die men like dogs?

William Small-shanks. Hold, gentlemen.

Beard. An ass! an ass!

Throat. Hold, brother, hold! lieutenant.
Put up as you are men, your wife is gone.

^{as die men like dogs?}] This expression is used by Pistol in the
Second Part of Henry IV. A. 2. S. 4.:

"Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins,

"Have we not Hiren here?"

William Small-shanks. Gone?

Boutcher. Gone.

William Small-shanks. How, which way? this is some plot.

Thomas Small-shanks. Down toward Fleet-bridge.

All. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*]

First Gentleman. So has the wench; let us pursue aloof,

And see the event. This will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd shall have a perfect birth. [*Exit.*]

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, and BEARD, their swords drawn.

William Small-shanks. 'Tis a thing impossible they should be gone

Thus far, and we not see them.

Thomas Small-shanks. Upon my life,
They went in by the Greyhound, and so struck
Into Bridewell.

Boutcher. What should she make there?

Thomas Small-shanks. Take water at the dock.

Beard. Water at dock!

A fico for her dock! you'll not be rul'd,
You'll still be obstinate, I'll pawn my fate,
She took along Shoe-lane, and so went home.

William Small-shanks. Home?

Beard. Aye, home; how could she choose but go,
Seeing so many naked tools at once
Drawn in the street?

Thomas Small-shanks. What scurvy luck was this?

William Small-shanks. Come, we will find her, or
we'll fire the suburbs.

Put up your tools; let's first along Shoe-lane,
Then straight up Holborn; if we find her not,
We'll thence direct to Throat's; if she be lost,
I am undone, and all your hopes are crost. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, JUSTICE TUTCHIN, Mistress TAFFATA, ADRIANA.

Oliver Small-shanks. Widow, I must be short.

Justice Tutchin. Sir Oliver,

Will you shame yourself, ha ? you must be short !

Why, what a word was that to tell a widow ?

Oliver Small-shanks. I meant I must be brief.

Justice Tutchin. Why say so then,
Yet that's almost as ill ; go to, speak on.

Oliver Small-shanks. Widow, I must be brief ; what
old men do,

They must do quickly.

Taffata. Then, good sir, do it,
Widows are seldom slow to put men to it.

Oliver Small-shanks. And old men know their Q's :
my love you know

Has been protested long, and now I come
To make my latest tender ; an old grown oak
Can keep you from the rain, and stands as fair
And portly as the best.

Taffata. Yet search him well,
And we shall find no pith or hearty timber
To underlay a building.

Justice Tutchin. I would that oak
Had been a-fire : forward, good sir Oliver,
Your oak is naught : stick not too much to that.

Oliver Small-shanks. If you can like, you shall be
ladyfied,

Live at the court, and soon be got with child.
What, do you think we old men can do nothing ?

Justice Tutchin. This was somewhat like.

Sir Oliver Small-shanks. You shall have jewels,
A baboon, parrot, and ²⁰ an Iceland dog,

²⁰ an Iceland dog,] Or as it was sometimes called an *Island*, or
Jeling. So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, A. 4. S. 1 :

" Hang hair, like hemp, or like the *Isling cur's*."

Massinger's Picture, A. 5. S. 1 :

" — would I might lie

" Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,

" So I might have my belly full of that

" Her *Island cur* refuses."

Abraham Fleming, in his Tract " Of Englishe Dogges, the diversities, the names, the natures, and the properties," 1576, speaks of the introduction of *Iceland dogs*, and describes them. " Use and custome hath entertained other dogges of an outlandish kinde, but a few, and the same being of a pretty bygnesse, I meane *Iseland*

And I myself to bear you company.
Your jointure is five hundred pound by year,
Besides your plate, your chains, and household stuff,
When envious fate shall change this mortal life.

Taffata. But shall I not be overcloy'd with love?
Will you not be too busy? shall I keep
My chamber by the month, if I be pleas'd
To take physick, to send for visitants,
To have my maid read ³⁰ *Amadis de Gaul*,
Or *Donzel del Phæbo* to me? shall I have
A coach of the last edition,
The coach-man's seat a good way from the coach,
That if some other ladies and myself
Chance to talk bawdy, he may not o'erhear us?

Oliver Small-shanks. All this, and more.

Taffata. Shall we have two chambers?
And will you not presume unto my bed,
'Till I shall call you by my waiting-maid?

Oliver Small-shanks. Not I by heaven!

Taffata. And when I send her,
Will you not intice her to your lust,
Nor tumble her before you come to me?

Adriana. Nay, let him do his worst, make your match
sure,

And fear not me; I never yet did fear
Any thing my master could do to me. [*Knock.*]

Taffata. What noise is that? go, see, *Adriana*,
And bring me word: I am so haunted
With a swaggering captain, that swears God bless us.

Enter ADRIANA.

³¹ Like a very Termagant; a rascal knave,

dogges, curled and rough all over, which by reason of the length of their heare, make shewe neither of face nor of body. And yet these curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times in the roome of the spaniell, gentle, or comforter." C.

³⁰ *Amadis de Gaul*, &c.] Heroes of Romance.

³¹ Like a very Termagant] *Termagant*, or *Termagant*, was, as Dr. Percy observes, a Saracen Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. He is frequently mentioned and alluded to in our ancient dramas and poems. Bishop Hall's Satires begin thus:—

That says he will kill all men which seek to wed me.

Adriana. O mistress! captain Puff, half drunk, is
now

Coming up stairs.

Oliver Small-shanks. O God! have you no room
Beyond this chamber? h'as sworn to kill me,
And piss in my very visnomy.

Taffata. What are you afraid, sir Oliver?

Oliver Small-shanks. Not afraid;
But of all men I love not to meddle with a drunkard:
Have you any room backwards?

Taffata. None, sir.

Justice Tutchin. Is there ne'er a trunk or cupboard
for him?

Is there ne'er a hole backwards to hide him in?

Captain Puff without. I must speak with her.

Oliver Small-shanks. O God! he comes!

Adriana. Creep under my mistress's farthingale,
knight.

That's the best and safest place in the chamber.

Justice Tutchin. Aye, there, there, that he will never
mistrust.

Adriana. Enter knight, keep close, gather yourself
Round like a hedge-hog, stir not, whate'er you hear
See, or smell, knight. God bless us! here he comes.

"Not Ladie's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,

"Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;

"Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt

"Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt."

I have heard it doubted whether Dr. Percy might not be mistaken in his assertion, that *Termagant*, the Saracen deity, was to be found in some of the old moralities. My reading in these kind of pieces is not sufficient to confirm or refute the observation. Mr. Tyrwhitt says, the character is to be met with in an old romance, MSS. Bod. 1624, where it is constantly spelt *Tervagan*. (See notes to Chaucer, v. 13741.)

See also *King and no King*, A. 4. and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, A. 5.

Again, Hamlet says; "I would have such a fellow whipt for
"o'erdoing *Termagant*."

See Notes on this passage, edit. 1778: also Mr. Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 226.

Enter CAPTAIN PUFF.

Captain Puff. Bless thee, widow and wife.

Taffata. Sir, get you gone,

Leave my house, or I will have you conjur'd
With such a spell you never yet have heard of.

Have you no other place to vent your froth,

But in my house? is this the fittest place

Your captain-ship can find to puff in, ha?

Captain Puff. How? am I not thy spouse? didst
thou not say

These arms should ³²clip thy naked body fast

Betwixt two linen sheets, and be sole lord

Of all thy pewter-work? thy word is past,

And know, that man is powder, dust, and earth,

That shall once dare to think thee for his wife!

Taffata. How now, you slave? One call the constable.

Captain Puff. No constable with all his halberdiers

Dare once advance his head or peep up stairs,

If I cry but keep down: have I not liv'd,

And march'd on sieged walls,

In thunder, lightning, rain, and snow,

And eke in shot of powdered balls,

Whose costly marks are yet to shew.

Taffata. Captain Puff, for my last husband's sake,

With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,

I am content to wink at these rude tricks;

But hence! trouble me no more; if you do

I shall lay you fast, where you shall see

No sun or moon.

Captain Puff. Nor yet the northern pole.

A fico for the sun and moon, let me live in a hole,

So these two stars may shine.

Taffata. Sir, get you gone,

Your swaggering cheating ³³Turn-bull-street rogue,

Or I will hale you to the common gaol,

Where lice shall eat you.

³² clip] embrace.

³³ Turn-bull-street] See Note 47 to *The Muses Looking Glass*, vol. IX.

Captain Puff. Go to, I shall spurn
And flash your petticoat.

Taffata. Run to the Counter,
Fetch me a ³⁴red-bearded serjeant: I'll make
You, captain, think the devil of hell is come
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.

Captain Puff. Damn thee and thy serjeants, thou
mercier's punk,
Thus will I kick thee and thy farthingales.

Oliver Small-shanks. Hold, captain!

Captain Puff. What, do you cast your whelps?
What, have I found you, sir? have not I plac'd
My sakers, culverings, demi-culverings,
My cannons, demi-cannons, basilisks,
Upon her breach, and do I not stand
Ready with my pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her?

Oliver Small-shanks. Good captain, hold.

Captain Puff. Are not her bulwarks, parapets,
trenches,
Scarfs, counter-scarfs, fortifications,
Curtains, shadows, mines, counter-mines,
Rampires, forts, ditches, works, water-works,
And is not her half-moon mine? and do you bring
A rescue, good man knight?

Taffata. Call up my men.

Enter two or three with clubs.

Where be these knaves, have they no ears or hearts?
Bear hence this rascal; some other fetch a warrant,
I'll teach him to know himself.

Justice Tutchin. Down with the slave.

Oliver Small-shanks. 'Tis not your beard shall carry
it; down with the rogue.

Captain Puff. Not Hercules 'gainst twenty.

Justice Tutchin. Ah, sirrah! [*Exit Puff.*]

I knew* my hands no longer could forbear him:

³⁴ red bearded Serjeant] See Note 211 to *The Spanish Tragedy*,
vol. III.

* Before printed *know*, adhering to the error of the edition of
1636. C.

Why did you not strike the knave, sir Oliver?

Oliver Small-shanks. Why so I did.

Justice Tutchin. But then it was too late.

Oliver Small-shanks. What would you have me do,
when I was down,

And he stood thundering with his weapon drawn

Enter ADRIANA.

Ready to cut my throat?

Adriana. The rogue is gone,
And here's one from the lady Sommerfield,
To intreat you come with all the speed you can
To Saint John's-street.

Justice Tutchin. Which I will do.

Taffata. Gentlemen,

I am sorry you should be thus disturbed
Within my house, but now all fear is past,
You are most welcome: supper ended,
I'll give a gracious answer to your suit;
Mean while let nought dismay, or keep you mute.

[*Erit.*

Enter THROAT, FRANCES, and DASH.

Throat. Pay the coachman, Dash, pay him well,
And thank him for his speed. Now *Vivat Rex*,
The knot is knit, which not the law itself,
With all his Hydra heads, and strongest nerves,
Is able to disjoin: now let him hang,
Fret out his guts, and sweat the stars from heaven,
He never shall enjoy you; you shall be rich.
Your lady mother this day came to town
In your pursuit: we will but shift some rags,
And straight go take her blessing.

Frances. That must not be;
Furnish me with jewels, and then myself,
Attended by your man, and honest Beard,
Will thither first, and with my lady mother
Crave a peace for you.

Throat. I like that well;
Her anger somewhat calm'd, I brisk and fine,
Some half hour after will present myself
As son-in-law unto her, which she must needs

Accept with gracious looks.

Frances. I, when she knows
Before by me, from what an eminent plague
Your wisdom has preserv'd me.

Throat. I, that, that,
That will strike it dead : but here comes Beard.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What are you sure, tied fast by heart and
hand ?

Throat. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
Seal'd and deliver'd by an honest priest
At Saint Giles' in the Fields.

Beard. God give you joy, sir.

Throat. But where's mad Small-shanks ?

Beard. O hard at hand,
And almost mad with loss of his fair bride ;
Let not my lovely mistress be seen ;
And see if you can draw him to compound
For all his title to her : I have serjeants
Ready to do the feat when time shall serve.

Throat. Stand you aside, dear love ;* nay, I will firk
My silly novice, as he was never firk'd
Since midwives bound his noddle : here they come.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, and BOUTCHER.

William Small-shanks. O, master Throat, unless you
speak good news,
My hopes are crost, and I undone for ever !

Throat. I never thought you'd come to other end,
Your courses have been always so prophane,
Extravagant, and base.

William Small-shanks. Nay, good sir, hear :
Did not my love return ? came she not hither ?
For Jove's love, speak.

Throat. Sir, will you get you gone,
And seek your love elsewhere ? for know, my house
Is not to entertain such customers
As you and your comrades.

* To *Frances* who probably places herself out of view, or perhaps
makes her exit, which however is not marked. C.

William Small-shanks. Is the man mad,
Or drunk? Why, master Throat, know you to whom
You talk so saucily?

Throat. Why unto you

And to your brother Small-shanks: will you be gone?

Boutcher. Nay, good, sir, hold us not in this suspense;

Answer directly came not the virgin hither?

Throat. Will you be gone directly? are you mad?

Come you to seek a virgin in Ram-alley,
So near an Inn-of-Court, and amongst cooks,
Ale-men, and landresses? why, are you fools?

William Small-shanks. Sir, leave this fir of law, or
by this light

I'll give your throat a slit. Came she not hither?

Answer to that point.

Throat. What, have you lost her?

Come, do not gull your friends.

William Small-shanks. By heaven she's gone,
Unless she be return'd since we last left you.

Throat. Nay, then, I cry you mercy, she came not
hither,

As I am an honest man: is't possible,
A maid so lovely fair, so well demean'd,
Should be took from you? what you three,
So young, so brave, and valiant gentlemen?
Sure it cannot be!

Thomas Small-shanks. Afore God 'tis true.

William Small-shanks. To our perpetual shame 'tis
now too true.

Throat. Is she not left behind you in the tavern?
Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunk,
And so forgot her?

William Small-shanks. A pox on all such luck!
I will find her, or by this good light

I'll fire all the city. Come let's go;

Whoever has her shall not long enjoy her,

I'll prove a contract; let us walk the round,

I'll have her if she keep above the ground. [Exit.

Throat. Ha, ha, ha, he makes me sport i'faith.

The gull is mad, stark-mad : Dash, draw the bond,
And a release of all his interest
In this my loved wife.

Beard. Aye, be sure of that,
For I have certain goblins in ³⁵ buff jerkins,
Re-enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS with the Serjeants.
Lie in ambuscado for him.

Officer. I arrest you, sir.

William Small-shanks. Rescue ! rescue !

Throat. O he is caught.

William Small-shanks. I'll give you bail :
Hang off, honest catch-poles. Master Throat, good,
wise,

Learned, and honest master Throat, now, now,
Now or never help me.

Throat. What's the matter ?

William Small-shanks. Here are two retainers, hang-
ers-on, sir,

Which will consume more than ten liveries ;
If by your means they be not strait shook off,
I am arrested.

Throat. Arrested ! what's the sum ?

William Small-shanks. But thirteen pounds, due to

Beard the butler :

Do but bail me, and I will save you harmless.

Throat. Why, here's the end of riot : I know the
law ;

If you be bail'd by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will undertake.

William Small-shanks. Law there, rogues ;
'Foot ! I know he would not let me want
For thirteen pounds.

Throat. Provided you seal a release
Of all your claim to mistress Sommerfield.

William Small-shanks. Serjeants do your kind, hale
me to the hole,

Seal a release ? serjeants come : to prison !
Seal a release for mistress Sommerfield ?

³⁵ buff jerkins] The dress of the Serjeants at that time.

First I will stink in jail, be eat with lice,
Indure an object worse than the devil himself,
And that's ten serjeants peeping through the grates
Upon my lousy linen. Come to jail :
'Foot, a release!

Thomas Small-shanks. There's no conscience in it.

Boutcher. 'Tis a demand uncharitable.

Throat. Nay, choose.

Enter FRANCES.

Frances. I can hold no longer; impudent man—

William Small-shanks. My wife, 'foot! my wife! let
me go serjeants.

Frances. O thou perfidious man! dar'st thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maid,
A silly harmless maid? what glory is't
That thou hast thus deceived a simple virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honour was't
For thee to make the butler lose his office,
And run away with thee? Your tricks are known;
Didst thou not swear thou shouldst be baroniz'd?
And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou
want'st.

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, that's not my fault, I
would have lands

If I could get 'em.

Frances. I know your tricks,
And know I now am wife unto this man.

Omnes. How?

Throat. I thank her, sir, she has now vouchsaf'd
To cast herself on me.

Frances. Therefore subscribe;
Take somewhat of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man:
If not, I do protest by earth and heaven,
Although I starve, thou never shalt enjoy me.

Beard. Her vow is past, nor will she break her
word;

Look to it, mitcher.

Frances. I hope he will compound.

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, shall I give two thousand pounds a year
For nothing?

Thomas Small-shanks. Brother, come; be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little than lose all.

Boutcher. You see she's resolute; y'had best compound.

William Small-shanks. I'll first be damn'd ere I will lose my right,
Unless he give me up my forfeit mortgage,
And bail me of this action.

Frances. Sir, you may choose:
What's the mortgage worth?

William Small-shanks. Let's have no whispering.

Throat. Some forty pounds a year.

Frances. Do it, do it;
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him
At any rate.

Throat. Dash, go fetch his mortgage. [*Exit Dash.*]
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claim
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loved wife:
I will restore the mortgage, pay this debt,
And set you free.

William Small-shanks. They shall not.

Boutcher. We will.
Come draw the bonds, and we will soon subscribe
them.

Enter DASH.

Throat. They're ready drawn; here's his release:
Serjeants, let him go.

Dash. Here's the mortgage, sir.

William Small-shanks. Was ever man thus cheated
of a wife!
Is this my mortgage?

Throat. The very same, sir.

William Small-shanks. Well, I will subscribe. God
give you joy,
Although I have but little cause to wish it,

My heart will scarce consent unto my hand.

'Tis done.

Throat. You give this as your deeds.

Omnes. We do.

Throat. Certify them, Dash.

William Small-shanks. What! am I free?

Throat. You are: serjeants, I discharge you;
There's your fees.

Beard. Not so; I must have money.

Throat. I'll pass my word.

Beard. Foutre! words are wind;

I say I must have money.

Throat. How much, sir.

Beard. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to-morrow.

Throat. There's your sum. Now, officers, be gone,
Each take his way; I must to Saint John's-street,
And see my lady-mother: she's now in town,
And we to her shall straight present our duties.

Thomas Small-shanks. O Jove, shall we lose the
wench thus!

William Small-shanks. Even thus.

Throat farewell; since 'tis thy luck to have her,
I still shall pray, you long may live together.
Now each to his affairs.

Throat. Good night to all.

[*Exeunt W. S. T. S. and Boute.*]

Dear wife, step in. Beard and Dash come hither:
Here take this money; go borrow jewels
Of the next goldsmith: Beard, take thou these books,
Go both to the brokers in Fetter-lane,
Lay them in pawn for a velvet jerken
And a double ruff: tell him, he shall have
As much for loan to-night, as I do give
Usury for a whole circuit; which done,
You two shall man her to her mother's: go.

[*Exeunt Beard and Dash.*]

My fate looks big: methinks I see already,
Nineteen gold chains, seventeen great beards, and ten
Reverend bald heads, proclaim my way before me.

My coach shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forc'd to hurry through the streets
For fear of serjeants; nor shall I need to try,
Whether my well grass'd tumbling foot-cloth nag
Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catch-pole.
I now in pomp will ride, for 'tis most fit,
He should have state that riseth by his wit. [Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter Sir OLIVER, JUSTICE TUTCHIN, TAFFATA, and
ADRIANA.

Sir Oliver. Good meat the belly fills, good wine the
brain;

Women please men, men pleasure them again :
Ka me, Ka thee, one thing must rub another,
English love Scots, Welchmen love each other.

Justice Tutchin. You say very right, sir Oliver, very
right;

I have't in my noddle i'faith. That's all the fault
Old justices have, when they are at feasts,
²⁶ They will bib hard; they will be fine sun-burnt,
Sufficient fox'd or columber'd, now and then;
Now could I sit in my chair at home, and nod,
A drunkard to the stocks, ²⁷ by virtue of
The last statute rarely.

Taffata. Sir, you are merry.

Justice Tutchin. I am indeed.

Taffata. Your supper, sir, was light,
But I hope you think you welcome.

²⁶ *They will bib hard, &c.*] These are cant phrases for being in-
toxicated.

²⁷ — by virtue of

The last statute rarely] The Statute here referred to is the 4th of
James the First, 1606, which directs that any persons convicted of
being drunk shall pay five shillings, or be set in the stocks during
the space of six hours for the first offence; and for the second be
bound in a recognisance for his good behaviour.

Justice Tutchin. I do.

A light supper quoth you ; pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am sure it lies
As heavy in my belly as moult lead ;
Yet I'll go see my sister Sommerfield.

Sir Oliver. So late, good justice ?

Justice Tutchin. Aye, even so late.

Night is the mother of wit, as you may see
By poets, or rather constables,
In their examinations at midnight.
We'll lie together without marrying,
Save the curates fees* and the parish a labour ;
'Tis a thriving course.

Sir Oliver. That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.

Justice Tutchin. That's true, they fly indeed like wild
geese

In flocks, one in the breech of another ;
But the best is, a small matter stays them :
And so farewell.

Sir Oliver. Farewel, good justice Tutchin.

[*Erit Justice Tutchin.*]

Alas, good gentleman, his brains are crazed,
But let that pass. Speak, widow, is't a match ?
Shall we clap it up ?

Adriana. Nay, if't come to clapping,
Good night i'faith : mistress look before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maid or widow,
Than sudden clappings up ; nothing hath spoiled
So many proper ladies, as clappings up.
Your shittle-cock, striding from tables to ground,
Only to try the strength of the back,
Your riding a hunting, I, though they fall
With their heels upward, and lay as if
They were taking the height of some high star
With a cross staff ; no nor your jumbings

* The word *fees* was till now accidentally omitted, though inserted in both the old copies. C.

In horslitters, ³⁸ coaches or carouches,
Have spoil'd so many women as clappings up.

Sir Oliver. Why, then, we'll chop it up.

Taffata. That's not allowed,
Unless you were son to a Welch curate.
But faith, sir Knight, I have a kind of itching
To be a lady; that I can tell you wooses,
And can persuade with better rhetoric,
Than oaths, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or person :
I have some debts at Court, and marrying you,
I hope the courtiers will not stick to pay me.

Sir Oliver. Never fear thy payment. This I will say
For courtiers, they'll be sure to pay each other,
Howe'er they deal with citizens.

Taffata. Then here's my hand ;
I am your wife, condition we be joined
Before to-morrow's sun.

Sir Oliver. Nay, even to-night
So you be pleas'd ; with little warning, widow,

³⁸ *coaches and carouches*] These names, which are generally considered as synonymous, appear from this passage to signify different kinds of vehicles, or different sizes of the same. About this time they were come into general use. Dr. Percy, in his Notes to the Northumberland Household Book, p. 448, says, from Anderson's Origin of Commerce, that coaches were introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580; but from the following passage in the Works of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630, p. 240. they appear to have been used some years earlier. "For in the yeere 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeth's coachman; for indeeds a coach was a strangemonster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement: some said 't was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagin'd it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the Cannibals adored the diuell: but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade: So that now all the world may see, they are as common as whores, and may be hired as easie as Knights of the Post." Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn with two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses, which (Wilson tells us, Life of King James, 1658, fol. p. 130.) "was wondered at then as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." About the same time he introduced Sedan Chairs.

We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
 Before the time that chanticleer
 Shall call, and tell the day is near.
 When wenches, lying on their backs,
 Receive with joy their love-stol'n smacks;
 When maids awak'd from their first sleep,
 Deceiv'd with dreams, begin to weep,
 And think, if dreams such pleasure know,
 What sport the substance them would show;
 When ladies 'gin white limbs to spread,
 Her love but new stol'n to her bed,
 His cotten shoes yet scarce put off,
 And dares not laugh, speak, sneeze, or cough;
 When precise dames begin to think,
 Why their gross louring* husbands stink;
 What pleasure 'twere then to enjoy,
 A nimble vicar, or a boy;
 Before this time thou shalt behold
 Me quaffing out our bridal bowl.†
Adriana. Then belike before the morning sun
 You will be coupled.

Taffata. Yes faith, *Adriana.*

Adriand. Well, I will look you shall have a clean
 smock,

Provided that you pay the fee, sir Oliver.
 Since my mistress, sir, will be a lady,
 I'll lose no fees due to the waiting maid.

Sir Oliver. Why is there a fee belonging to it?

Adriana. A knight, and never heard of smock-fees?
 I would I had the monopoly of them,
 So there were no impost set upon them.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

Sir Oliver. Whom have we here? what, my mad-
 headed son;

What makes he here so late? Say I am gone;

* The 4to of 1611 reads,

"Why their gross *souring* husbandstink:"

which is perhaps right. C.

† *Bridal bowl* is the reading of 1611, and not *bride ale-bowl* as Mr.
 Reed gave it. C.

And I the whilst will step behind the hangings.

William Small-shanks. God bless thee, parcel of man's flesh.

Taffata. How, sir.

William Small-shanks. Why parcel of man's flesh; art not a woman?

But, widow, where's the old stinkard my father?

They say, widow, you dance all together

After his pipe.

Taffata. What then?

William Small-shanks. Th'art a fool,
I'll assure thee, there's no music in it.

Taffata. Can you play better?

William Small-shanks. Better, widow?

Blood, dost think I have not learnt my ²⁰prick-song?

What not the Court prick-song? One up, and another
down;

Why I have't to a hair; by this light,

I hope thou lovest him not.

Taffata. I'll marry him, sir.

William Small-shanks. How, marry him! 'foot, art
mad, widow?

Woo't marry an old crazed man,
With meagre looks, with visage wan,
With little legs, and crinkled thighs,
With chap-fall'n gums, and deep-sunk eyes?
Why a dog, seiz'd on ten days by death,
Stinks not so loathsome as his breath;
Nor can a city common jakes,
Which all mens' breeches undertakes,
Yield fasting stomachs such a savour,
As doth his breath, and ugly favour.

Sir Oliver. Rogue!

[*Aside.*

Adriana. That's all one, sir; she means to be a lady.

William Small-shanks. Does she so? and thou must
be her waiting-woman?

Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,

To sit at a chamber-door, and look fleas

²⁰ prick-song] See Note 5 to *Microcosmus*, vol. IX.

In my lady's dog, while she is shewing
Some slippery breech'd courtier rare faces
In a by-window: 'foot, widow,
Marry me, a young and compleat gallant.

Taffata. How a compleat gallant? what? a fellow,
With a hat tuck'd up behind, and what we use
About our hips to keep our coats from dabbling,
He wears about his neck a farthingale;
A standing collar to keep his neat band clean,
The whilst his shirt doth stink, and is more foul
Than an inn-of-chancery table-cloth:
His breeches must be pleited as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poor half-penny purse
Will carry all his treasure; his knees all points,
As if his legs and hams were tied together;
A fellow that has no inside, but prates
By rote, as players and parrots use to do,
And, to define a compleat gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a taylor makes him,
A player gives him spirit.

William Small-shanks. Why so in my conscience to
be a countess

Thou wouldst marry a hedge-hog: I must confess,
'Tis state to have a coxcomb kiss your hands,
While yet the chamber-lie is scarce wip'd off;
To have an upright usher march before you
Bare-headed in a tuftafata jerkin,
Made of your old cast gown, shews passing well,
But when you feel your husband's pulse, that's hell;
Then you fly out, and bid straight smocks farewell.

Taffata. I hope, sir, whate'er our husbands be,
We may be honest.

William Small-shanks. May be! nay y'are:
Women and honesty are as near allied
As Parsons lives are to their doctrines;
One and the same. But, widow, now be rul'd;
I hope the heavens will give thee better grace
Than to accept the father, and I yet live;
To be bestowed: if you wed the stinkard,
You shall find the tale of Tantalus

To be no fable, widow.

Sir Oliver. How I sweat!

I can hold no longer. Degenerate bastard!
I here disclaim thee, cashier thee; nay more,
I disinherit thee both of my love
And living: get thee a gray cloak and hat,
"And walk in Paul's among thy cashiered mates
As melancholy as the best.

Taffata. Come not near me,
I forbid thee my house, my out-houses,
My garden, orchard, and my back-side;
Thou shalt not harbour near me.

[*Exeunt Taffata and Adriana.*]

Sir Oliver. Nay to thy grief,
Know, varlet, I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there nor once be grac'd
With a "piece of rosemary. I'll cashier thee;
Do not reply, I will not stay to hear thee.

[*Exit Sir Oliver.*]

William Small-shanks. Now may I go put me on a
clean shirt,
And hang myself. 'Foot, who would have thought
The fox had earth'd so near me; what's to be done?
What miracle shall I now undertake
To win "respective grace with God and men?
What if I turn'd courtier and liv'd honest?
Sure that would do: I dare not walk the streets,

"And walk in Paul's] St. Paul's Cathedral, which at this period was open all day, and the resort of all the idle, profligate, or necessitous people in town.

Bishop Carleton tells us (*Thankful Deliverance*, quarto, 1625, p. 101.) that Babington's and Ballard's Conspiracy was "conferred upon in Paul's Church." O. G.

"piece of rosemary] See Note 50 to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

"respective] i. e. respectful. So, in *The Second Part of Amonio and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 4:

"I give the noble duke *respective* thanks."

Every Man out of his Humour, A. 5. S. 4:

"I am bound to pledge it *respectively*, sir."

Cynthia's Revels, A. . S. :

"Methinks he did not this *respectively* enough."

For I dwindle at a serjeant in buff
Almost as much as a new player does
At a plague bill certified forty.*
Well, I like this widow ; a lusty plump drab,
Has substance both in breech and purse,
And pity and sin it were she should be wed
To a furr'd cloak and a night-cap. I'll have her :
This widow I will have : her money
Shall pay my debts and set me up again.
'Tis here, 'tis almost forg'd, which if it take,
The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate. [Exit..

Enter BEARD, DASH, FRANCIS, SERJEANTS,
DRAWERS.

Beard. Serjeants, beware ; be sure you not mistake,

For if you do—

Dash. She shall be quickly bail'd,
She shall *corpus cum causa* be remov'd ;
Your action entered first below shall shrink,
And you shall find, sir Serjeant, she has friends
Will stick to her in the common place.

Serjeant. Sir,
Will you procure her bail ?

Beard. She shall be bail'd.

Drawer, bring up some wine, use her well,
Her husband is a gentleman of sort.

Serjeant. A gentleman of sort ! why what care I ?
A woman of her fashion shall find
More kindness at a lusty Serjeant's hand
Than ten of your gentlemen of sort.

Dash. Sir, use her well ; she's wife to master Throat.

Serjeant. I'll use her, sir, as if she were my wife :
Would you have any more ?

Beard. Drink upon that,
Whilst we go fetch her bail. Dash, fellow Dash,
With all the speed thou hast run for our master ;

* Meaning a bill announcing that the plague had occasioned forty deaths. During the plague the theatres were closed ; and, to a new player, such an event was doubly calamitous. C.

Make haste, lest he be gone before thou comest
To lady Sommerfield's : I'll fetch another ;
She shall have bail.

Dash. And a firking writ
Of false imprisonment ; she shall be sure
Of twelvepence damage, and five and twenty pound
For suits in law : I'll go fetch my master.

Beard. And I another. [*Exeunt Beard and Dash.*]

Serjeant. Drawer, leave the room.
Here, mistress, a health.

Frances. Let it come, sweet rogue.

[*The Drawer stands aside.*]

Drawer. Aye, say you so ? then must I have an eye ;
These Serjeants feed on very good reversions,
On capons, teals, and sometimes on a woodcock,
⁴³ Hot from the shrieve's own table ; the knaves feed
well,

Which makes them horrid letchers.

Frances. This health is pledged ;
And, honest serjeant, how does master Gripe,
The keeper of the Counter ? I do protest
I found him always favourable to me,
He is an honest man ; has often stood to me,
And been my friend ; and let me go o' trust
For victual when he has denied it knights. But come,
Let's pay, and then begone ; th' arrest you know
Was but a trick, to get from nimble Dash
My husband's man.

Serjeant. True : but I have an action
At suit of mistress Smell-smock, your quondam bawd :
The sum is eight good pound, for six weeks board,
And five weeks loan for a red taffata gown,
Bound with a silver lace.

Frances. I do protest,
By all the honesty 'twixt thee and me,
I got her in that gown in six weeks space

⁴³ Hot from the Shrieve's own table ;] It was formerly customary for the Counters in London to receive the remains of the Sheriff's dinners, for the use of the prisoners confined there. See Stow's *Survey*, vol. I. B. 3. p. 51. Edit. 1721.

Four pound; and fourteen pence given by a clerk
Of an Inn-of-chancery, that night I came
Out of her house; and does the filthy jade
Send to me for money? But, honest serjeant,
Let me go, and say thou didst not see me,
I'll do thee as great a pleasure shortly.

Serjeant. Shall we embrace to-night?

Frances. With all my heart.

Serjeant. Sit on my knee, and kiss.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What news, boy? why stand you centinel?

Drawer. Do but conceal yourself, and we shall catch
My serjeant napping.

Beard. Shall maids be here deflowered?

Serjeant. Now kiss again.

Drawer. Now, now.

Enter Captain; and seeing, the hurly-burly, runs away.

Beard. Deflower virgins! rogue? avant, ye slave,

Are maids fit subjects for a serjeant's mace?

So now are we once more free: there's for the wine.

[Exit Serjeant.]

Now to our rendezvous: three pounds in gold
These "slops contain; we'll quaff in "Venice glasses,
And swear some lawyers are but silly asses.

[Exeunt Beard and Frances.]

Enter Captain FACE.

Captain. Is the coast clear? are these combustions
ceas'd?

And may we drink canary sack in peace?

Shall we have no attendance here, you rogues?

Where be these rascals that skip up and down

Faster than "virginal jacks? drawers!

"slops] are breeches. The term occurs in almost every writer of the times.

"Venice glasses,] In *Philocothomista*, 1635. p. 46. it is said "Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from Venice and other places, "some made in the Citie by strangers." The manufactory of glass at Venice was then very considerable. See *Howell's Letters*, 1754, p. 56.

"virginal jacks?] See Note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Drawer. Sir!

Captain. On whom wait you, sir rogue?

Drawer. Faith, captain,
I attend a conventicle of players.

Captain. How players, what is there e'er a cuckold
among them?

Drawer. Jove defend else; it stands with policy,
That one should be a notorious cuckold,
If it be but for the better keeping
The rest of his company together.

Captain. When did you see sir Theophrastus Slop,
The city dog-master?

Drawer. Not to-day, sir.

Captain. What have you for my supper?

Drawer. Nothing ready,
Unless you please to stay the dressing, captain.

Captain. Zownds! stay the dressing! you damned
rogue,

What, shall I wait upon your greasy cook,
And wait his leisure? go down stairs, rogue;
Now all her other customers be serv'd,
Ask if your mistress have a snip of mutton
Yet left for me.

Drawer. Yes, sir.

Captain. And good-man rogue,
See what good thing your kitchin-maid has left
For me to work upon, my barrow-guttlings grumble
And would have food: [*Exit Drawer.*] Say now the
vintner's wife

Should bring me up a pheasant, partridge, quail;
A pleasant banquet, and extremely love me,
Desire me to eat, kiss, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it; say she should drink
Herself three quarters drunk to win my love,
Then give me a chain worth some three score pounds;
Say t'were worth but forty; say but twenty;
For citizens do seldom in their wooing
Give above twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
I'll go sell some fifteen pounds worth of the chain
To buy some cloaths, and shift my lousy linen,

And wear the rest as a perpetual favour
 About my arm in fashion of a bracelet.
 Say then her husband should grow jealous,
 I'd make him drunk, and then I'll cuckold him.
 But then a vintner's wife, some rogue will say,
 Which sits at bar for the receipt of custom,
 That smells of chippings, and of broken fish,
 Is Love to captain Face; which to prevent,
 I'll never come but when her best stitcht hat,
 Her bugle gown, and best wrought smock is on;
 Then does she neither smell of bread, of meat,
 Or droppings of the tap; it shall be so.

*Enter BOUTCHER, WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, and
 CONSTANTIA.*

Boutcher. Now leave us, boy; bless you, captain
 Face.

Captain. "I'll have no musick."

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, dost take us for fiddlers?

Captain. Then turn straight. Drawer, run down
 the stairs,

And thank the gods he gave me that great patience
 Not to strike you.

Boutcher. Your patience, sir, is great,
 For you dare seldom strike. Sirrah, they say,

"I'll have no musick."] Formerly there were a set of itinerant Musicians who used to earn a scanty pittance by going about in winter evenings to taverns and inns, playing for the entertainment of the company they found there. Sir John Hawkins (*History of Musick*, vol. V. p. 66) mentions a person who was an excellent performer, and yet submitted to get his living by this practice so late as the year 1735. It is said, that some Musicians attended the greater inns so constantly, that they might in some sort be styled retainers to the houses.

A very curious and rare tract with the title of "The Actors Remonstrance or Complaint for the Silencing of their Profession," 1643, has the following apposite passage: "Our musike that was held so delectable and precious that they scorned to come to a taverne under twenty shillings salary for two houres, now wander with their instrumentes under their cloaks, I mean such as have any, to all houses of good fellowship, saluting every roome where there is company with *will you have any musike, gentlemen*." Such was one consequence of the severity of puritan discipline.
 C.

You needs will wed the widow Taffata,
Nolens volens.

Captain Face. Do not urge my patience,
 Awake not fury new rak'd up in embers!
 I give you leave to live.

William Small-shanks. Men say y'ave tricks,
 Y'are an admirable ape, and you can do
 More feats than three baboons: we must have some.

Captain Face. My patience yet is great; I say be
 gone,
 My tricks are dangerous.

Boutcher. That's nothing,
 I have brought you furniture. Come get up,
 Upon this table, do your feats,
 Or I will whip you to them; do not I know
 You are a lousy knave?

Captain Face. How! lousy knave;
 Are we not English bred?

Boutcher. Y'are a coward rogue,
 That dares not look a kitling in the face,
 If she but stare or mew.

Captain Face. My patience yet is great:
 Do you bandy tropes, by Dis I will be knight,
 Wear a blue coat on great Saint George's-day,*
 And with my fellows drive you all from Paul's
 For this attempt.

Boutcher. Will you yet get up?
 I must lash you to it.

Captain Face. By Pluto, gentlemen,
 To do you pleasure, and to make you sport,
 I'll do't.

William Small-shanks. Come, get up then quick.

Boutcher. I'll dress you, sir.

Captain Face. By Jove 'tis not for fear,

* I find *blue coats* used to be worn on St. George's day, but what order of people the fashion was confined to, I have not been able to discover. It is mentioned in epigram 33 of *Rubbe* and a great cast. *The second bowle*, by *Thomas Freeman*, 4to. 1614.

"With's coram nomine keeping greater sway,
 "Then a court blue coat on Saint George's day."

But for a love I bear unto these tricks,
That I perform it.

Boutcher. Hold up your snout, sir.
Sit handsomely; by heaven, sir, you must do it.
Come, boy.

William Small-shanks. No; by this good light, I'll
play
Him that goes with the motions.

Drawer. Where's the Captain's gentlemen?

William Small-shanks. Stand back, boy, and be a
spectator. Gentlemen,
You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast,
That has but two legs, bearded like a man,
Nosed like a goose, and tongued like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Cataia.*
A beast of much understanding, were it not given
Too much to the love of venery. Do I not do it well?

Boutcher. Admirably!

William Small-shanks. Remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
Hark, he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not;
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?

[*He holds up his hands instead of praying.*]

Constantia. Sure this baboon is a great Puritan.

Boutcher. Is not this strange?

William Small-shanks. Not a whit; by this light
Banks his horse and he were taught both in a stable.

Drawer. O rare!

Captain Face. Zounds! I'll first be damn'd: shall
sport
Be laught at? by Dis, by Pluto, and great Proserpine,
My fatal blade once drawn, falls but with death:
Yet if you'll let me go, I vow by Jove,
No widow, maid, wife, punk, or cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your ghosts.

* Both the old copies name this country *Catita*, but the change is probably right. C.

⁴² Banks his horse! See Note 28 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XL.

Boutcher. 'Twill not serve, sir,
You must show more.

Captain Face. I'll first be hang'd and damn'd.*

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, can he jump so well?

Boutcher. Is he so quick?

I hope the slave will haunt no more the widow.

William Small-shanks. As for that take no care, for
by this light

She'll not have thee.

Boutcher. Not have me?

William Small-shanks. No, not have thee.

By this hand, flesh, and blood, she is resolv'd

To make my father a most fearful cuckold,

And he's resolv'd to save his soul by her.

Boutcher. How, by her?

William Small-shanks. Thus: all old men which
marry

Young wives shall questionless be sav'd,

For while they're young they keep other men's wives,

And when they're old they keep wives for other men,

And so by satisfaction procure salvation.

Why, thou dejected tail of a crab!

Does not the fair Constantia Sommerfield†

Doat on thy filthy face; and wilt thou wed

A wanton widow? what can'st thou see

To doat on her?

Boutcher. Only this; I love her.

William Small-shanks. Do'st love her? then take a
purgation,

For love, I'll assure thee, is a binder.

Of all things under heaven, there's no fitter parallels
than a Drunkard and a Lover; for a Drunkard loses
his senses, so does your Lover; your Drunkard is
quarrelsome, so is your Lover; your Drunkard will
swear, lye, and speak great words, so will your Lover;
your Drunkard is most desirous of his lechery, and so
is your Lover: Well, the night grows old, farewell.

* Here the Captain most likely jumped from the table, and
made his escape; but we are left to infer it. C.

† The metre of this line was spoiled by the omission of the arti-
cle in it, arising from a non-attention to the old copy. C.

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While fair Constantia is resolv'd to wed thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, and others.

Thomas Small-shanks. 'Foot, shall we let the wench go thus?

My masters, now show yourselves gentlemen,
And take away the lawyer's wife.

'Foot, though I have no wit, yet I can

Love a wench, and choose a wife.

Gentlemen. Why, sir, what should you do with a wife, that are held none of the wisest? you'll get none but fools.

Thomas Small-shanks. How! fools? why may not I, a fool, get a wise child, as well as wise men get fools;* all lies but in the agility of the woman. In troth, I think all fools are got when their mother sleep; therefore I'll never lie with my wife, but when she is broad waking. Stand to't, honest friends; knock down the lieutenant, and then hurry the wench to Fleet-street; there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter BEARD and FRANCES.

Gentlemen. Stand close, they come.

Beard. By Jove, the night grows dark, and Luna looks

As if this hour some fifty cuckolds were making;
Then let us trudge.

Gentlemen. Down with 'em, down with 'em, away with her, master Small-shanks, to Fleet-street; go, the curate there stays for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Beard. And stays the curate?

What's here? knock'd down, and blood of men let out?
Must men in darkness bleed? then Erebus look big,
And Boreas blow the fire of all my rage
Into his nose. Night, thou art a whore,
Small-shanks a rogue; and is my wench took from me?

Sure I am gull'd; this was no cockatrice,

*Till now it ran, "Why may not I, a fool, get a wise child, as a wise man get fools." According to the corrupt reading of the copy of 1638.

I never saw her before this day-light peep'd :
What dropp'st thou head? this surely is the heir,
And mad Will Small-shanks lay in ambuscado,
To get her now from me. Beard! Lieutenant Beard,
Thou art an ass; what a dull slave was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty!
Pate, I do not pity thee: hadst thou brains,
Lieutenant Beard had got this wealthy heir
From all these rogues: blood! to be thus o'er-reach'd,
In pate and wench! Revenge! Revenge! come up,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard.
Small-shanks I will betray thee. I now will trudge
To Saint John-street, to inform the lady Sommerfield
Where thou art; I will prevent the match.
Thou art to Fleet-street gone, revenge shall follow;
And my incensed wrath shall, like great thunder,
Disperse thy hopes, and thy brave wife asunder. [Exit.

Enter Lady SOMMERFIELD and Justice TUTCHIN.

Tutchin. Say as I say, widow, the wench is gone,
But I know whither; stol'n she is; well:
I know by whom; say as I say, widow:
I have been drinking hard, why say so too,
Old men they can be fine with small ado.
The law is not offended, I had no punk;
Nor ⁴⁰ in an ale-house have I made me drunk;
The statute is not broke, I have the skill,
To drink by law: then say as I say still.

Lady Sommerfield. To what extremes doth this licentious time
Hurry unstayed youth! Nor gods nor laws,
Whose penal scourges are enough to save
Ev'n damn'd fiends, can in this looser age
Confine unbounded youth. Who durst presume
To steal my youth's delight, my age's hope,
Her father's heir, and the last noble stem
Of all her ancestors? fear they or Gods, or Laws?

⁴⁰ Nor in an ale-house have I made me drunk;

The statute is not broke! In the Statute of 4 James I. C. 5. S. 4. is a penalty on any person continuing drinking or tipping in Inns, Victualling-houses, or Ale-houses, &c.

Justice Tutchin. I say as you say, sister; but for the laws,

There are so many, that men do stand in awe
Of none at all. Take heed they steal not you.
Who woos a widow with a fair full moon
Shall surely speed; beware of full moons, widow:
Will Small-shanks has your daughter, no word but
mum,

My warrant you shall have when time shall come.

Lady Sommerfield. Your warrant?

Justice Tutchin. Aye, my warrant, widow;
My warrant can stretch far; no more, but so,
'Twill serve to catch a knave, or fetch a doe.

Enter SERVING-MAN.

Serving-man. Here's a gentleman much desirous to
see you, madam.

Lady Sommerfield. What is he for a man?

Serving-man. Nothing for a man, but much for a
beast;

I think him lunatic, for he demands

'What plate of his is stirring i'the house.

He calls your men his butlers, cooks, and steward,
Kisses your women, and makes exceeding much
Of your coachman's wife.

Justice Tutchin. Then he's a gentleman, for 'tis a
true note of a gentleman to make much of other men's
wives: bring him up; ah, sirrah, makes he much of
your coachman's wife? this geer will run a wheels
then shortly, a man may make much more of another
man's wife than he can do of's own.

Lady Sommerfield. How much, brother?

Justice Tutchin. A man may make with ease a punk,
a child, a bastard, a cuckold, of another man's wife all
at a clap; and that is much, I think.

Enter SERVING-MAN and THROAT.

Serving-man. That's my lady.

Throat. For that thou first hast brought me to her
sight,

I here create thee clerk of the kitchen,
No man shall beg it from thee.

Serving-man. Sure the fellow's mad.

Lady Sommerfield. What would you, sir? I guess
your long profession

By your scant suit; your habit seems to turn
Your inside outward to me; y'are I think,
Some turner of the law.

Throat. Law is my living,
And on that ancient mould I wear this outside:
Suit upon suit wastes some, yet makes me thrive,
First law, then gold, then love, and then we wive.

Justice Tutchin. A man of form, like me. But
what's your business?

Lady Sommerfield. Be brief, good sir; what makes
this bold intrusion?

Throat. Intrude I do not, for I know the law,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coin, coin gets me friends,
Your son-in-law hath law at's fingers ends.

Lady Sommerfield. My son-in-law!

Throat. Madam, your son-in-law.

Mother, I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your favour,
And win your approbation of my choice:
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renown'd
For beauty, virtue, and a wealthy dower)
I have espous'd.

Lady Sommerfield. How? you espouse my daughter?

Throat. *Noverint universi*, the laws of heaven,
Of nature, church, and chance, have made her mine;
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

Justice Tutchin. How's this? made her yours, sir?
per quam regulam?

Nay we are letter'd, sir, as well as you,
Redde rationem, per quam regulam.

Throat. *Femini ludificantur viros:*

By that same rule these lips have taken seizin:
Tut, I do all by statute law, and reason.

Lady Sommerfield. Hence, you base knave! you
petty-fogging groom!
Clad in old ends, and piec'd with brokery:

You wed my daughter!

Justice Tutchin. You, sir Ambo-dexter;
A summer's son, and learn'd in Norfolk wiles,
Some common bail, or Counter lawyer,
Marry my niece! your half sleeves shall not carry her,
Throat. These storms will be dissolv'd in tears of
joy,

Mother, I doubt it not: Justice to you,
That jerk at my half sleeves, and yet yourself
Do never wear but buckram out of sight;
A flannel waist-coat, or a canvass truss,
A shift of ~~the~~ shift, I use it: let's be friends,
You know the law has tricks, ka me, ka thee,
Viderit utilitas, the motto: these half arms,
Corpus cum causa need no bumbasting:
We wear small hair, yet have we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close-breech'd have bodies politic.

Lady Sommerfield. Speak, answer me, sir Jack:
stole you my daughter?

Throat. Short tale to make, I fingered have your
daughter:

I have ta'en livery and seisin of the wench.
Deliver her then, you know the statute laws,
She's mine without exception, bar, or clause;
Come, come, restore.

Lady Sommerfield. The fellow's mad, I think.

Throat. I was not mad before I married;
But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not.

Justice Tutchin. Fellows come in there.

Enter two or three SERVANTS.

By this, sir, you confess you stole my niece,
And I attach you here of felony.
Lay hold on him! I'll make my mittimus,
And send him to the gaol; have we no bar
Nor clause to hamper you? away with him,
Those claws shall claw you to a bar of shame,
Where thou shalt shew thy ⁵⁰goll. I'll bar your claim,

⁵⁰ goll] i. e. hand. See Note 17 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*,
vol. XI.

If I be justice Tutchin.

Throat. Hands off! you slaves:

Oh! favour my jerkin, though you tear my flesh.

I set more store by that: my *Audita*

Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorari*

I'll fetch her from you with a pox.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What's here to do? is all the world in arms?

More tumults, brawls, and insurrections,

Is blood the theme whereon our time must treat?

Throat. Here's Beard your butler: a rescue, Beard;
draw.

Beard. Draw? not so: my blade's as ominously
drawn

Unto the death of nine or ten such grooms,

As is a knife unsheath'd, with th' hungry maw,

Threat'ning the ruin of a chine of beef:

But for the restless toil it took of late,

My blade shall sleep awhile.

Throat. Help.

Beard. Stop thy throat,

And hear me speak, whose bloody characters

Will shew I have been scuffling. Briefly thus:

Thy wife, your daughter, and your lovely niece,

Is hurry'd now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew

With gloves and clubs have rapt her from these arms;

Throat, thou art bobb'd; although thou bought'st the
heir,

Yet hath the slave made a re-entry.

Justice Tutchin. Sirrah, what are you?

Throat. My lady's butler, sir.

Beard. Not I by heaven!

Throat. By this good light he swore it,

And for your daughter's love he ran away.

Beard. By Jove I gull'd thee, Throat.

Justice Tutchin. More knavery yet?

Lay hands on him, pinion them both,

And guard them hence towards Fleet-street: come
away!

Beard. Must we be led like thieves, and pinion'd walk?

Spent I my blood for this? is this my hire?

Why then burn rage, set Beard and Nose on fire.

Justice Tutchin. On, on, I say.

Throat. Justice, the law shall firke you.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

William Small-shanks. On this one hour depends my hopes and fortunes.

'Foot, I must have this widow: what should my dad

Make with a wife that scarce can wipe his nose,

Untruss his points, or hold a chamber-pot

Steady till he pisses? the doors are fast,

'Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chain

Procure access, and conference with the widow.

What though I cheat my father; all men have sins,

Though in their several kinds, all ends in this,

So they get gold, they care not whose it is.

Begging the court, Use bears the city out,

Lawyers their quirks; thus goes the world about:

So that our villainies have but different shapes,

Th' effects all one, and poor men are but apes,

To imitate their betters: this is the difference,

All great men's sins must still be humoured,

And poor men's vices largely punished.

The privilege that great men have in evil,

Is this, they go unpunish'd to the devil:

Therefore I'll in; this chain I know will move;

Gold and rich stones win coyest ladies' love. [*Knocks.*]

Enter ADRIANA.

Adriana. What would you, sir, that you do knock so boldly?

William Small-shanks. I must come in to the widow.

Adriana. How! come in?

The widow has no entrance for such mates.

William Small-shanks. Dost hear, sweet chamber-maid? by heaven I come
With letters from my father; I have brought her stones,
Jewels, and chains, which she must use to-morrow.

Adriana. Y'are a needy knave, and will lye :
Your father has cashier'd you, nor will he trust you,
Be gone, lest I do wash you hence.

William Small-shanks. Dost hear?
By this good night, my father and I are friends,
Take but this chain for token, give her that,
And tell her I have other things for her,
Which by my father's will I am commanded
To give to her own hands.

Adriana. Say you so?
In troth I think you'll prove an honest man,
Had you once got a beard; let me see the chain.

William Small-shanks. Dost think I lye? by this
light, Adriana,
I love her with my soul; here's letters
And other jewels sent her from my father.
Is she a bed?

Adriana. By my virginity,
She is uncas'd, and ready to slip in
Betwixt the sheets; but I will bear her this,
And tell her what you say. [Exit.

William Small-shanks. But make some haste.
Why so 'twill take: heart! how a waiting-maid
Can shake a fellow up that is cashier'd,
And has no money? 'Foot, should she keep the chain,
And not come down, I must turn citizen,
Be bankrout, and crave the King's protection.
But here she comes.

Enter TAFFATA and ADRIANA.

Taffata. What would you, sir, with us,
That on the sudden, and so late you come?

William Small-shanks. I have some secrets to acquaint you with,
Please you to let the chamber-maid shake off,
And stand as centinel.

Taffata. It shall not need,

I hope I have not brought her up so ill,
But that she knows how to contain your secrets,
As well as I her mistress: therefore on.

William Small-shanks. It is not fit forsooth that I
should on,
Before she leave the room.

Adriana. 'Tis not indeed,
Therefore I'll wait in the with-drawing room
Until you call.

[*Exit.*

Taffata. Now, sir, what's your will?

William Small-shanks. Dear widow, pity the state of
a young,

Poor, yet proper gentleman: by Venus pap,
Upon my knees I'd creep unto your lap,
For one small drop of favour; and though this face
Is not the finest face, yet t'as been prais'd
By ladies of good judgment in faces.

Taffata. Are these your secrets?

William Small-shanks. You shall have secrets
More pleasing: nay hear, sweet widow;
Some wantons do delight to see men creep,
And on their knees to woo them.

Taffata. I am none of those;
Stand up, I more desire a man should stand,
Than cringe and creep, that means to win my love:
I say stand up, and let me go, ye'ad best.

William Small-shanks. For ever let me creep upon
the ground,
Unless you hear my suit.

Taffata. How now, sir sauce,
Would you be capring in your father's saddle?
Away, you cashier'd younger brother, be gone!
Do not I know the fashions of you all?
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy;
But when wise maids dissemble, and keep close,
Then you poor snakes come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselves
Before our beauties sun, where once but warm,
Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings.

And then forsake us. I know your tricks, be gone!

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, I'll first be hang'd :

nay, if you go,

You shall leave your smock behind you, widow ;

Keep close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,

Nor speak, cough, sneeze, or stamp, for if you do,

By this good blade I'll cut your throat directly.

Peace! stir not, by heaven I'll cut your throat

If you but stir ; speak not, stand still, go to,

I'll teach coy widows a new way to woo.

Come you shall kiss, why so ; I'll stab, by heaven

If you but stir ; now, hear, first kiss again,

Why so ; stir not. Now come I to the point,

My hopes are past, nor can my present state

Afford a single half-penny : my father

Hates me deadly ; to beg, my birth forbids ;

To steal, the law, the hangman, and the rope,

With one consent deny : to go o'trust,

The city common-council has forbid it,

Therefore my state is desperate ; stir not :

And I by much will rather choose to hang,

Than in a ditch or prison-hole to starve.

Resolve, wed me, and take me to your bed,

Or by my soul I'll straight cut off your head .

Then kill myself, for I had rather die,

Than in a street live poor and lousily :

Do not I know you cannot love my father ?

A widow that has known the *quid* of things,

To doat upon an old and crazed man

That stinks at both ends, worse than an elder pipe !

Who, when his blood and spirit are at the height,

Hath not a member to his palsy body,

But is more limber than a King's-head pudding

Took from the pot half sod ; do I not know this ?

Have you not wealth enough to serve us both ?

And am not I pretty handsome fellow

To do your drudgery ? come, come, resolve,

For by my blood, if you deny your bed,

I'll cut your throat without equivocation.

If you be pleased hold up your finger ; if not,

By heaven I'll gar my ⁴¹ whyniard through your womb?
Is't a match?

Taffata. Hear me but speak.

William Small-shanks. You'll prate too loud.

Taffata. No.

William Small-shanks. Nor speak one word against
my honest suit?

Taffata. No, by my worth.

William Small-shanks. Kiss upon that, and speak.

Taffata. I dare not wed; men say y'are naught,
you'll cheat,

And you do keep a whore.

William Small-shanks. That is a lye;
She keeps herself and me; yet I protest,
She's not dishonest.

Taffata. How could she maintain you?

William Small-shanks. Why, by her comings-in; a
little thing

Her friends have left her, which with putting to best use,
And often turning, yields her a poor living.

But what of that? she's now shook off; to thee

I'll only cleave, I'll be thy merchant,

And to this wealthy fair I'll bring my ware,

And here set up my standing: therefore resolve,

Nought but my sword is left: if't be a match,

Clap hands, contract, and straight to bed:

If not, pray, forgive, and straight goes off your head.

Taffata. I take thy love.

William Small-shanks. Then straight let's both to
bed.

Taffata. I'll wed to-morrow.

William Small-shanks. You shall not sleep upon't,
An honest contract is as good as marriage.

A bird in hand—you know the proverb, widow.

Taffata. To let me tell thee, I'll love thee while I live

For this attempt: give me that lusty lad,

That wins his widow with his well-drawn blade,

And not with oaths and words: a widow's wooing

Not in bare words, but should consist in doing.

I take thee to my husband.

⁴¹ *whyniard*] i. e. sword. See Note 6 to the *Antiquary*, vol. X.

William Small-shanks. I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there we'll end this strife.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir OLIVER, and Fiddlers.

Sir Oliver. Warm blood, the young man's slave, the
old man's God,

Makes me so stir thus soon; it stirs i'faith,
And with a kind of itching pricks me on
To bid my bride *bon jour*; O this desire
Is even another filch'd Promethean fire,
By which we old men live; performance then,
I, that's poor old men's bane; that in old men
Comes limping off more lame, God knows, than he,
Which in a close, a hot, and dangerous fight,
Has been dismembered, and craves by letters patents:
Yet scarce a woman that considers this:
Women have tricks, firks, and farthingales,
A generation are they full of subtlety,
And all most honest where they want the means
To be otherwise. Therefore I'll have an eye,
My widow goes not oft to visit kins-folk:
By birth she is a Ninny; and that I know
Is not in London held the smallest kindred.
I must have wits and brains; come on my friends,
Out with your tools, and to't, a strain of mirth,
And a pleasant song to wake the widow.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS above in his shirt.

William Small-shanks. Musicians! minstrels! 'foot
rogues,
For God's love leave your filthy squeaking noise,
And get you gone: the widow and myself,
Will ²⁹scamble out the shaking of the sheets
Without musick; we have no need of fiddlers
To our dancing. 'Foot, have you no manners?
Cannot a man take his natural rest
For your scraping? I shall wash your gut-strings,
If you but stay a while: yet honest rascals.

²⁹ *Will scramble out the shaking of the sheets*] *The shaking of the sheets* was a dance. A double entendre is designed here, and the same is often to be found in old plays. See *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. *The City Madam*, A. 2. S. 1. *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, A. 1. S. 1.

If you'll let us have t'other crash,
The widow and I'll keep time : there's for your pains.

Sir Oliver. How's this ? will the widow and you keep time ?

What trick ? what quiddit ? what segare is this ?
My cashier'd son speak from the widow's chamber,
And in his shirt ? ha ! sure she is not there !
'Tis so ; she has took him in for pity,
And now removes her chamber. I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eat cloves, eringoes, and drink some aqua vitæ
To sweeten breath, and keep my weam from wambling ;
Then, like the month of March, come blust'ring in,
Marry the widow, shake up this springal,
And then as quiet as a sucking lamb,
Close by the widow will I rest all night.
As for my breath, I have crotches and devises,
" Ladies' rank breaths are often help'd with spices."

Enter ADRIANA, and another "strewing herbs."

Adriana. Come, strew apace ; Lord shall I never live

To walk to church on flowers ? O 'tis fine,
To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
" As if her new choppines would scorn to bruise

* The copy of 1636 makes nonsense of these two lines, thus ;

" And then *lie* as quiet as a sucking lamb,

" Close by the widow *will I rest* all night :"

and thus it stood till now. C.

³³ *strewing herbs*] It appears to have formerly been a custom to strew herbs and flowers from the house where persons betrothed resided to the church where they were married. See Armin's *Two Maids of Mortlake*, A. 1. S. 1.

³⁴ *As if her new choppines*] A *choppine*, or *chioppine*, was a high shoe worn by the Italians. Tom Coriate calls them *chapineys*, and gives the following account of them : " There is one thing used " of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities " and townes subject to the Signiory of Venice, that is not to be " observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome ; " which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever " goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of " wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some " redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they weare under " their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted ; some also I

A silly flower : and now I pr'ythee tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman ?

First Woman. A mary-gold, I think.

Adriana. Why a mary-gold ?

First Woman. Because a little heart makes it to
spread,

And open wide his leaves.

Adriana. Th'art quite wide ;

A mary-gold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night ; I hope thou knowest
All wenches do the contrary : but, sirrah,
How does thy uncle the old doctor ?
Dost think he'll be a bishop ?

First Woman. O questionless !

For h'as got him a young wife, and carried her
To Court already : but now I pr'ythee say,
Why will the widow wed so old a knight ?

Adriana. Why ? for his riches.

First Woman. For riches only ?

Why, riches cannot give her her delight.

Adriana. Riches I hope can soon procure her one,
Shall give her her delight : that's the devil,
That's it i'faith makes us waiting-gentlewomen
Live maids so long.

First Woman. Think you so ?

Adriana. Yes in faith,

Married women quite have spoiled the market,
By having secret friends besides their husbands ;

" have seene fairely gilt ; so uncomely a thing (in my opinion)
" that it is pittie this foolish custom is not cleane banished and ex-
" terminated out of the citie. *There are many of these chapineys of*
" *a great heighth, even half a yard high, which maketh many of*
" *their women that are very short seeme much taller than the*
" *tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this*
" *is observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman*
" *is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentle-*
" *women, and most of their wives and widowes that are of any*
" *wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women*
" *when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are*
" *borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might*
" *quickly take a fall.*" *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262. See also Mr.
Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2.

For if these married wives would be content
To have but one a piece, I think in troth,
Thera would be doings enough for us all ;
And, till we get an act of parliament
For that, our states are desperate.

Enter BOUTCHER and CONSTANTIA.

Come strew apace.

Constantia. So ho, ho, master.

Boutcher. Boy.

Constantia. In troth I thought y'ad been more fast
asleep,

Than a midwife, or a puritan taylor
At a Sunday evening's lecture : but, sir,
Why do you rise so soon ?

Boutcher. To see the widow.

Constantia. The weaker you ; you are forbid a widow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.

Me thinks a young clear skin'd country gentlewoman,
That never saw baboons, lions, or courtiers,
Might prove a handsome wife ; or what do you say
To a citizen's daughter, that never was in love
With a player, that never learnt to dance,
That never dwelt near any inn-of-court ;
Might not she in time prove an honest wife ?
Faith take a maid, and leave the widow, master :
Of all meats I love not a gaping oyster.

Boutcher. God speed your works, fair maids.

Adriana. You much mistake,

'Tis no work.

Boutcher. What then ?

Adriana. A preparation

To a work, sir.

Boutcher. What work, sweet ladies ?

Adriana. Why to a marriage ; that's a work I think.

Boutcher. How ? a preparation to a marriage ?
Of whom, kind maids, of whom ?

Adriana. And why kind maids ?

I hope you have had no kindness at our hand
To make you say so : but, sir, understand,
That sir Oliver Small-shanks the noble knight,

And mistress Taffata, the rich widow,
Must this day be coupled, conjoined,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or, as the puritan says, put together;
And so, sir, to the shifting of our clean-smocks,
We leave you. [*Exeunt Adriana, and the other woman.*]

Boutcher. Married! and to-day?
Dissension, jealousy, hate, beggary,
With all the dire events which breed dislike
In nuptial beds, attend her bridal steps.
Can vows and oaths with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their souls were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Have I for her contemn'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my fair hopes, and scorn'd the love
Of beauteous, virtuous, and honour'd Constantia?

Constantia. Now works it with my wish: my hopes
are full. [*aside.*]

Boutcher. And I engag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffoln face, to have men scorn,
And point at my disgrace? first will I leave to live!
There take my purse, live, thou to better fate,
[*Boutcher hangs himself.*]

Better thus die than live unfortunate.

Constantia. Aye me accurst! help, help, murther!
murther!

Curst be the day and hour that gave me breath!

Murther, murther! if any gentleman

Can hear my complaints, come forth, and assist me.

William Small-shanks. "What out-cries call me from
my naked bed?"

Who calls Jeronimo? speak, here I am.

Constantia. Good sir, leave your struggling and acting,
And help to save the life of a distressed man;
O help, if you be gentlemen!

William Small-shanks. What's here?

A man hang'd up, and all the murtherers gone,

⁴⁴ *What outcries, &c.*] The lines printed in Italicks are taken
from *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 130, &c.

*And at my door, to lay the guilt on me ?
This place was made to pleasure citizens wives,
And not to hang up honest gentlemen.*

Enter Taffata.

Taffata. Where be these lazy knaves ? some raise
the house.

What meant the cry of murther ? where's my love ?

William Small-shanks. Come, Isabella, help me to
lament,

For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.

These cloaths I oft have seen, aye me, my friend !

Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.

Constantia. It shall not need, he stirs ; give him
breath.

William Small-shanks. Is there yet life, Horatio, my
dear boy

Horatio ! Horatio, what hast thou misdome,

To lose thy life, when life was new begun ?

Boutcher. Heart ! a man had as good be hang'd
out-right,

As to endure this clapping. Shame to thy sex,

Perfidious perjur'd woman, where's thy shame ?

How can thy modesty forbear to blush,

And know'st I know thee an adulteress ?

Have not thy vows made thee my lawful wife

Before the face of heaven ? where is thy shame ?

But why speak I of shame to thee, whose face

Is steel'd with custom'd sin, whose thoughts want grace

The custom of thy sin so lulls thy sense :

Women ne'er blush, though ne'er so foul th' offence.

To break thy vow to me, and straight to wed

A doating stinkard !

William Small-shanks. But hold your tongue,

Or by this light I'll truss you up again.

'Heart ! rail on my wife ! am I stinkard,

Or do I doat ? speak such another word,

And up you truss again. Am I a stinkard ?

Boutcher. The knight your father is.

William Small-shanks. Why, who denies it ?

He supplants thee, and I supplanted him :

Come, come, you shall be friends, come forgive her;
For by this light there is no remedy,
Unless you will betake you to my leavings.

Constantia. Rather than so, I'll help you to a wife,
Rich, well born, and by some accounted fair;
And for the worth of her virginity,
I dare presume to pawn my honesty:
What say you to *Constantia Sommerfield*?

William Small-shanks. Dost know where she is, boy?

Constantia. I do; nay more,
If he but swear to embrace her constant love,
I'll fetch her to this place.

William Small-shanks. He shall do it, boy.

Enter Sir OLIVER, and fiddlers.

He shall do it, go fetch her boy. 'Foot, my father,

[*Exit Constantia.*

Stand to't now, old wench, stand to't now.

Sir Oliver. Now fresh and youthful as the month of
May,

I'll bid my bride good-morrow. Musicians, on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood spurs,
This year you shall have my protection,
And yet not buy your livery coats yourselves.
Good-morrow, bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,
I come to kiss thee on thy wedding day.

William Small-shanks. Saving your tale, sir, I'll shew
you how,

April showers bring May flowers,

So merrily sings the cuckoo.

The truth is, I have laid my knife aboard.

The widow, sir, is wedded.

Sir Oliver. Ha!

William Small-shanks. Bedded.

Sir Oliver. Ha!

William Small-shanks. Why, my good father, what
should you do with a wife?

Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head
In one of Vulcan's helmets? will you perforce
Wear a city cap, and a court feather?

Sir Oliver. Villain, slave, thou hast wrong'd my wife.

William Small-shanks. Not so ;
Speak, my good wench, have I not done thee right ?

Taffata. I find no fault ; and I protest, sir Oliver,
I'd not have lost the last two hours sleep,
I had by him for all the wealth you have.

Sir Oliver. Villain, slave, I'll hang thee by the statute,
Thou hast two wives.

William Small-shanks. Be not so furious, sir :
I have but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honest lawyer.

Sir Oliver. Thou villain, slave, thou hast abus'd
thy father.

Boutcher. " Your son i'faith, your very son i'faith,
" The villain boy has one trick of his sire,
" Has firkt away the wench, has pierc'd the hogshead,
" And knows by this the vintage."

Sir Oliver. I am undone.

Boutcher. You could not love the widow, but her
wealth.

Sir Oliver. The devil take my soul but I did love her.

Taffata. That oath doth shew you are a Northern
knight,

And of all men alive, I'll never trust

A Northern man in love.

Sir Oliver. And why ? and why, slut ?

Taffata. Because the first word he speaks is, the
devil

Take his soul ; and who will give him trust
That once has given his soul unto the devil ?

William Small-shanks. She says most true, father,
the soul once gone

The best part of man is gone.

Taffata. And, i'faith,

If the best part of a man is gone,
The rest of the body is not worth a rush,
Though it be ne'er so handsome.

*Enter Lady SOMMERFIELD, THROAT, and BEARD
bound, and Justice TUTCHIN.*

Lady Sommerfield. Bring them away.

William Small-shanks. How now ?

My lawyer pinion'd ! I begin to stink
Already.

Lady Sommerfield. Cheater, my daughter !

William Small-shanks. She's mad.

Throat. My wife, sir, my wife !

William Small-shanks. They're mad, stark mad :

I am sorry, sir, you have lost those happy wits,
By which you liv'd so well. The air grows cold,
Therefore I'll take my leave.

Lady Sommerfield. So stay him officers :

Sir, 'tis not your tricks of wit can carry it.

Officers, attach him, and this gentleman,
For stealing away my heir.

William Small-shanks. You do me wrong ;
'Heart, I never saw your heir.

Throat. That's a lie :

You stole her, and by chance I married her.

William Small-shanks. God give you joy, sir.

Throat. Ask the butler else. Therefore, widow, release me, for by no law, statute, or book-case of *Vicesimo Edwardi secundi*, nor by the statute of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*, nor by any book-case of *decimo* of the late queen, am I accessory, part, or party confederate abetter, helper, seconder, persuader, forwarder, principal, or maintainer of this late theft : But by law, I forward, and she willing, clapt up the match, and by a good statute of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*, She is my lawful, lawful, and my true married wife, *teste* Lieutenant Beard.

William Small-shanks. Who lives, would think that
you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you ? 'foot, he talks
With as much ease as if he were in's shirt.

Sir Oliver. I am witness thou had'st the heir.

Justice Tutchin. So am I.

Throat. And so is my man Dash.

Boutcher. Hear me but speak ;
Sit you as judges. Undo the Lawyer's hands,
That he may freely act, and I'll be bound

That William Small-shanks shall put your throat to silence,

And overthrow him at his own weapon.

Justice Tutchin. Agreed, take each his place, and hear the case

Argued betwixt them two.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Justice Tutchin. Now, Throat, or never, stretch yourself.

Throat. Fear not.

William Small-shanks. Here stand I for my client this gentleman.

Throat. I for the widow.

William Small-shanks. Begin.

Throat. Right worshipful, I say that William Small-shanks, mad-man, is by a Statute made in Octavo of Richard Cordelion, guilty to the Law of felony, for stealing this ladies heir; that he stole her, the proof is most pregnant, he brought her to my house, confest himself, he made great means to steal her. I like her, and finding him a novice (truth to tell), married her myself, and as I said, by a statute Richardi Quarti, she is my lawful wife.

William Small-shanks. For my client, I say the wench I brought unto your house, Was not the daughter to rich Sommerfield.

Sir Oliver. What proof of that?

William Small-shanks. This gentleman.

Throat. Tut, tut,

He is a party in the cause. But, sir, If't were not the daughter to this good widow, Who was it? answer that.

William Small-shanks. An arrant whore Which you have married, and she is run Away with all your jewels, this is true; And this Lieutenant Beard can testify: It was the wench I kept in Hosier-lane.

Beard. What was it she?

William Small-shanks. The very same.

Justice Tutchin. Speak, sirrah Beard; if all he says be true.

Beard. She said she was a punk, a rampant whore, Which in her time had been the cause of parting
Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in the suburbs.
Yet I do think this wench was not the same.

Boutcher. The case is clear with me.

Omnes. O strange!

Throat. Sir, sir,
This is not true: how liv'd you in the suburbs,
And scapt so many searches?

William Small-shanks. I answer,
That most constables in our out-parishes
Are bawds themselves, by which we scapt the searches.

Sir Oliver. This is most strange!

Lady Sommerfield. What's become of this woman?

Beard. That know not I. As I was squiring her
Along the street, Master Small-shanks set upon me,
Beat me down, and took away the maid,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widow.

William Small-shanks. He lies; let me be hang'd
if he lie not.

Sir Oliver. What confusion is this?

Enter CONSTABLE.

Constable. Bring them forward.

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS and FRANCES.
God preserve your worship. And it like you, madam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we took a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you: and hearing there
You were come hither, hither we brought them:

Sir Oliver. The one is my son; I do acknowledge
him.

What woman's that?

Thomas Small-shanks. The widow's daughter, sir.

William Small-shanks. Blood! is he gull'd too.

Thomas Small-shanks. My brother stole her first,
Throat cozen'd him, and I had cozen'd Throat,
Had not the constable took us in the watch.
She is the widow's daughter, had I had luck.

Throat. And my espoused wife.

Lady Sommerfield. Unmask her face.
My daughter? I defy her.

William Small-shanks. Your worship's wife.

Throat. I am gull'd, and abus'd; and by a statute
Of *Tricesimo* of the late Queen,
I will star-chamber you all for cozenage,
And be by law divorc'd.

William Small-shanks. Sir, 'twill not hold :
She's your leeful, lawful, and true wedded wife,
Teste Lieutenant Beard.

Beard. Was't you that brake my head?

William Small-shanks. But, why shouldst think much
to die a cuckold,
Being born a knave? As good lawyers as you
Scorn not horns.

Throat. I am gull'd, aye me accurs'd !
Why should the harmless men be vex'd with horns,
When women most deserve them?

William Small-shanks. I'll shew you, sir :
The husband is the wife's head, and I pray
Where should the horns stand but upon the head.
Why wert not thou begot (thou foolish knave)
By a poor sumner on a serjeant's widow ?
Wert not thou a Puritan, and put in trust
To gather relief for the distress'd Geneva ?
And didst not thou leave thy poor brethren,
And run away with all the money? Speak,
Was not that thy first rising? Go,
Y'are well coupled, by Jove ye are. She is
But a younger sister newly come to town :
She's current mettle, not a penny the worse
For a little use, whole within the ring
By my soul.

Beard. Will he take her, think'st thou?

Butcher. Yes, 'faith, upon her promise of amend-
ment.

Justice Tutchin. The lawyer is gull'd.

Throat. Am I thus over-reach'd, to have a wife,
And not of the best neither?

Frances. Good sir, be content,
A lawyer should make all things right and straight ;

All lyes but in the handling. I may prove
A wife that shall deserve your bestof love.

Sir Oliver. Take her, Throat, you have a better jewel
now

Than ever. Kiss her, kiss her, man; all friends.

Lady Sommerfeld. Yet in this happy close, I still
have lost

My only daughter.

William Small-shanks. Where's thy page, Boutcher?

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Here I present the page: and that all doubt
May here be clea ed, here in my proper shape,
That all your joys may be compleat, and full,
I must make one. With pardon, gentle mother,
Since all our friends so happily are met,
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man,
Whom since I left your house in shape of Page,
I still have followed.

William Small-shanks. 'Foot, would I had known so
much,

I would have been bold to have lain with your Page.

Constantia. Say am I welcome?

Boutcher. As is my life and soul.

Lady Sommerfeld. Heaven give you joy,
Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.

William Small-shanks. Then are we all pair'd, I,
and my lass;

You, and your wife; the Lawyer, and his wench;

And, tather, fall you aboard of the widow:

But then my brother——

Thomas Small-shanks. 'Faith, I am a fool.

William Small-shanks. That's all one: if God had
not made

Some elder brothers fools, how should witty

Younger brothers be maintain'd?

Strike up, musick; let's have an old song:

Since all my tricks have found so good success,

We'll sing, dance, dice, and drink down heaviness.

EPILOGUS.

*Thus two hours have brought to end
What many tedious hours have penn'd
He dares not glory nor distrust ;
But he (as other writers must)
Submit the tenses of his pains
To those whose wit and nimble brains,
Are able best to judge : and as for some,
Who fill'd with malice, hither come
To belch their poison on his labour,
Of them he doth intreat no favour ;
But bids them hang, or soon amend,
For worth shall still itself defend.
And for ourselves we do desire,
You'll breathe on us that growing fire,
By which in time we may obtain
Like favours which some others gain ;
For be assur'd our loves shall tend
To equal theirs, if not transcend.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) " Ram-Alley : or, Merrie Tricks : A Comedy.
" Divers times heretofore acted by the Children of the
" King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. At London.
" Printed by G. Eld, for Robert Wilson, and are to be
" sold at his shop in Holborne, at the new gate of
" Graye's-Inne, 1611, 4to."

(2.) " Ram-Alley : or Merry Trickes : A Comedy.
" Divers times heretofore acted by the Children of the
" King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. London,
" Printed by John Norton, for Robert Wilson, 1636.
" 4to."



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